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WAR AND PEACE

A HISTORICAL NOVEL

BY 1782

COUNT LÉON TOLSTOÏ

TRANSLATED INTO FRENCH
BY A RUSSIAN LADY

AND

FROM THE FRENCH BY CLARA BELL

BEFORE TILSIT

1805 — 1807

TWO VOLUMES — VOL. I.

REVISED AND CORRECTED IN THE UNITED STATES

NEW YORK
WILLIAM S. GOTTSBERGER, PUBLISHER
11 MURRAY STREET
1887

5909 1

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1885
BY WILLIAM S. GOTTSBERGER
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington

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WAR AND PEACE.

BEFORE TILSIT.

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CHAPTER I.

"Well, Prince, what did I tell you? Genoa and Lucca have become the property of the Bonapartes. Now, I give you fair warning, you will forfeit your position as my friend — as my faithful slave, as you choose to say — if you persist in disbelieving in war and are still determined to defend all the horrors and atrocities perpetrated by this Antichrist — for that he is Antichrist I am convinced! — Well, well, and now you are my dear friend? I see I have quite frightened you. Come, sit down and chat."

The time was July 1805, the place St. Petersburg, and the speaker Anna Paulovna Schérer, maid of honor to her majesty the Empress-dowager of the Russias, and one of the more intimate court circle. Her words were addressed to Prince Basil, a personage of official gravity, and the first to arrive at her soirée. Made-

moiselle Schérer had been coughing for some few days: it was the influenza—a *grippe* she called it, (*grippe* being at that time a new and fashionable word.)

A footman in red livery—the court livery—had been round the town that morning, carrying a number of notes each saying in the same terms, and in French:

"If you have nothing better to do this evening M. le Comte, or M. le Prince, and are not too much alarmed at the prospect of spending it with a hapless invalid, I shall be delighted to see you between seven and eight.

"ANNA SCHÉRER."

"Mercy on us what a terrible attack!" said the prince, not in the least upset by this reception. He wore a court uniform embroidered with gold and sparkling with orders, silk stockings, and buckled shoes; his flat face wore an affable smile; he spoke French—that elaborate French which to the Russians of a generation or two back was the language even of their thoughts—and his voice had the deliberate and patronizing tones of a man influential at court and grown old in its atmosphere.

He came up to Anna Paulovna, and kissed her hand, bending his bald and perfumed head over it; then he seated himself comfortably on the sofa.

"First of all let me entreat you to give me good news of your health," he said in a gallant tone which nevertheless betrayed a shade of irony, not to say of indifference, under the formalities of politeness.

"How can I be well when my spirits are so ill at ease? Every feeling soul must suffer in these days — but you have come to spend the evening I hope?"

"No, I regret to say. It is Wednesday; the English ambassador is giving a great ball and I must show myself there. My daughter is coming to fetch me."

"I fancied the party had been put off, and I must confess that all these entertainments and fireworks are beginning to bore me dreadfully."

"If only your wish had been known the reception would of course have been put off," replied the prince mechanically, as if he were a well-regulated watch, and without the smallest expectation of being supposed to be in earnest.

"Come now, do not tease me; and tell me, for you know everything, what is settled about the despatch from Novosiltzow?"

"What can I tell you?" said the prince, looking weary and bored. "You insist on knowing what they have concluded? Well, they have concluded that Bonaparte has burnt his ships, and we, it would seem, are about to do the same."

Prince Basil always talked with cool indifference, like an actor rehearsing an old part. Mademoiselle Schérer, on the contrary, affected extreme sprightliness in spite of her forty years. She had made a social reputation for enthusiasm and she sometimes worked herself up without any sense of excitement, simply in order not to disappoint her acquaintance. The half-suppressed smile that her face always wore was, to be sure, a little

out of keeping with her worn features, but it expressed her consciousness of an amiable weakness which, like a spoiled child, she could not or would not correct. The tone of this political dialogue had thoroughly provoked Anna Paulovna.

"Oh! do not talk to me about Austria. Of course I may know nothing about it, but I don't believe Austria wants, or ever has wanted war! She is betraying us, and Russia will have to deliver Europe single-handed! Our benefactor fully realizes his glorious mission, and he will prove equal to it. I believe it, I cling to it with all my soul! A splendid part lies before our good, kind, generous sovereign, and God will not abandon him! He will fulfil his mission and crush the Hydra of revolution which is more hideous than ever, if possible, under the mask of this monster, this assassin! It will be our fate to ransom the blood of the righteous! Whom can we trust, I ask you? England is too mercantile to understand the magnanimous soul of Alexander! She has refused to surrender Malta. She is waiting and looking for some selfish motive behind our actions. What did they say to Novosiltzow? Nothing. — No, no; they do not understand the devotion of the emperor, who wants nothing for himself and cares only for the public good.— What have they promised? Nothing — and their promises are worth nothing. Has not Prussia declared that Bonaparte is invincible and that Europe is helpless to fight him! I do not believe in Hardenberg — no, nor in Haugwitz. Your famous Prussian neutrality is nothing but a snare.

But I trust in God and in the high standing of our beloved emperor — the saviour of Europe!"

She suddenly broke off smiling blandly at her own excitement.

"What a pity that you are not in Wintzingerode's place. Your eloquence would have taken the king of Prussia's consent by storm; but — will you give me some tea?"

"Directly. — By the way," she added more calmly, "I expect two very interesting men this evening: the Vicomte de Mortemart who is connected through the Rohans with the Montmorencys — one of the best families in France; he is one of the best of the emigrants, and genuine. The other is the Abbé Morio, one of the deepest thinkers. — The emperor, you know, received him. . . ."

"I shall be delighted! — But tell me," he went on with greater indifference than ever, as though the question on his lips had but this instant occurred to him, while it was in fact the chief object of his visit. "Is it true that her majesty the Empress-dowager has asked for the appointment of Baron Founcke to be first secretary at Vienna. The baron strikes me as quite second-rate!"

Prince Basil coveted the appointment for his son, and efforts were being made to obtain it for Baron Founcke through the influence of the Empress Maria Féodorovna. Anna Paulovna's eyelids drooped till they were almost closed, to convey that neither she nor anyone else could know what would or would not please the empress.

the introduction, and then withdrew to bring up some one else. Everyone had to go through the same ceremony with this obscure and quite useless old lady, for whom no one cared a straw, while Anna Paulovna listened approvingly to their exchange of civilities with a half-solemn half-melancholy look. The aunt always repeated the same formula, asking after her visitor's health, reporting on her own and on that of her Majesty the Empress-dowager, "which was better thank God." The victim politely tried to betray no undue haste to escape, but took good care not to come near the old lady again during the rest of the evening.

Princess Bolkonsky had brought some needlework in a little velvet work-bag embroidered with gold. Her upper-lip — a bewitching little lip, shaded with the faintest trace of down — could never be persuaded to close on her lower lip; but this little defect, which was quite original and peculiar, this half-open mouth, only made her more charming — a gift which is the exclusive privilege of a perfectly fascinating woman. Every one admired the young creature so full of life and health, and so graciously happy. All men, whether young and bored or old and morose, after a few words of conversation with her felt as though they had caught some of her charm, or at any rate had made themselves particularly agreeable, so infectious was the bright smile which showed her pearly teeth as she spoke.

The little princess made her way round the table with short tripping steps; then, shaking out the folds of her dress, she sank into the sofa close to the *samovar*,

with the air of a person whose only aim in life is to please herself and others.

"I brought my work," she said, opening her bag and addressing the circle generally. "Annette, I hope you are not going to play me false; you wrote 'to meet a few friends,' so you see . . ." and she held up her arms to display an elegant grey morning-dress trimmed with lace and fastened round the waist with a broad belt.

"Do not let that trouble you, Lisa, you will always be the prettiest whatever you wear."

"And do you know," Lisa went on in just the same tone, but turning to a general officer, "that my husband is going to desert me? He is going to get himself killed! What is the good of this horrible war?" she added to Prince Basil. But she did not wait for an answer and went on talking to his daughter Helen.

"What a sweet little person it is!" said Prince Basil in a low voice to the mistress of the house.

A few minutes after a tall and burly young man with a closely-cropped head was shown in. He wore spectacles and was dressed in light-colored trousers of fashionable cut, a brown coat and an immense shirt-frill. This was the natural son of Count Bésoukhow, a fine gentleman of some notoriety in the days of the Empress Catherine, and who, at this time was ill — dying slowly — at Moscow. The young gentleman had as yet taken up no particular career, and had but lately returned from abroad where he had been educated; this was his first appearance in St. Petersburg society.

Anna Paulovna received him with the degree of

civility and warmth which she bestowed on her least important guests; nevertheless, and in spite of this very second-rate greeting — as she looked at Pierre, a look of anxiety and alarm crossed her face: an expression of the feeling we experience in seeing some colossal object quite out of place. Pierre was, no doubt, much taller than any other man in the room; but Anna Paulovna's feeling had another source; it was his shy but candid glance, at once keen and true, that startled his hostess, and distinguished him from the rest of her guests.

"It is more than kind of you, Monsieur Pierre, to come to see a poor invalid," she said glancing uneasily at her aunt as she introduced him to the old lady.

Pierre muttered some incoherent reply while his eyes wandered round the room. Suddenly a bright smile lighted up his face, he nodded to the little princess as if they were the best friends, and bowed abruptly to '*ma tante.*' Indeed, Anna Paulovna had cause for her alarms, for he turned on his heel and left the aunt without even waiting for the end of her speech about the empress' health.

His hostess stopped him.

"Do you know the Abbé Morio?" she asked. "He is a very interesting man."

"Yes, I have heard of his schemes for a perennial peace; it is very clever — but hardly practical."

"Do you think so?" said Anna Paulovna vaguely. And Pierre was guilty of a second blunder: he had quitted one lady before she could finish her sentence, and now he detained another who was wanting to be

rid of him, bending over her, with his big feet apparently rooted to the floor, while he proceeded to explain why the Abbé Morio's dreams were utopian.

"We will discuss it another time," said Mlle. Schérer smiling.

Having shaken off this young man who had no manners, she resumed her duties — listening, looking on, ready at any moment to strengthen a weak point and give fresh impetus to a flagging conversation. She worked like the overseer of a spinning-mill, who walks up and down among the machinery noting every spindle that has stopped, or creaks, or rattles, and hastening to ease it or to stop it. Anna Schérer moved about her drawing-room, going first to a silent circle, and then to a group of eager gossips: a word, or a skilful shifting of the figures, gave a fresh start to the talking-machine which then went on again at an even and easy pace. But her doubt and dread of Pierre were perceptible through it all; she kept her eye upon him and saw him first go to listen to what was going on round Mortemart, and then join the circle of which Morio was the centre. Pierre himself, a total stranger, was going through his first experience of St. Petersburg society; he knew that all the intellect of the capital was assembled here and he wandered wide-eyed from one group to another, like a child in a toy-shop, so fearful was he lest he should miss something in the conversation that bore the hall-mark of talent. As he looked at all these faces, stamped with distinction and self-confidence, he expected every word to be profound or

witty. The abbé's conversation finally attracted him and he paused, awaiting an opportunity for giving his opinion. It is the weakness of all young people.

Anna Paulovna's soirée was fairly started — all the spindles were twirling. Excepting "*ma tante*" who was sitting apart with another old lady with a tear-worn face that looked rather out of place in this gay circle, the company had fallen into three groups. The abbé was the centre of one, composed chiefly of men; the second, young men for the most part, had gathered round the splendidly-beautiful Helen and the fascinating little Princess Bolkonsky — who was so fresh and pretty, though rather too fat; the third had formed round Mortemart and Mlle. Schérer.

The viscount, who had a gentle face and pleasing manner, wore the mien of a celebrity, but he modestly left it to the company to do the honors of his person. Anna Paulovna took every advantage of this, with the air of a *maitre d'hôtel* who recommends a dish as particularly choice and elegant which, cooked by a less skilful hand, would have proved uneatable; she had served up the viscount first to her guests, to be followed by the abbé — two refined and delicate morsels.

Round Mortemart the conversation turned on the death of the Duke d'Enghien. The viscount maintained that the duke had died a victim to his own magnanimity, and that Bonaparte had a private and personal spite against him.

"Indeed — tell us all about it!" cried Anna Paulovna.

Mortemart smiled and bowed assent; Anna bid her company come to listen.

"The viscount," she whispered to her neighbor, "knew the duke intimately; the viscount," she repeated, turning to another, "tells a story delightfully; the viscount," she added, to a third, "has moved in the best society, that is evident at a glance."

And this was how the viscount was handed round and offered to the company as a rare treat, in the most graceful and tempting manner; he smiled consciously as he began his story.

"Come and sit down here, my dear Helen," said Anna to the fair girl who formed the centre of the other circle. Princess Helen rose, her face still lighted up by the smile it had worn ever since she came in, and which was the natural adjunct of her unrivalled beauty. As she moved across the room, her white dress with its garlands of ivy and wild flowers lightly sweeping past the men who made way for her, she was a radiant vision of sparkling gems, shining hair and glistening shoulders — the living symbol of festivity. She did not look at any one but smiled on all, vouchsafing to them, as it were, the privilege of gazing at her splendid figure, and the dazzling fairness of her shoulders and throat fully displayed by her fashionably low dress. Helen was so surprisingly lovely that she could not have a grain of petty vanity; if she had felt awkwardly conscious of such perfect and triumphant beauty and had wished to mitigate its effect she could not have done it.

"What a beautiful creature!" was on every lip. The

viscount's eyes fell, as if some supernatural vision had struck his sight, when Helen took a seat near him and turned on him the charms of that perpetual smile.

"I feel quite shy," he said, "before such an audience."

Helen, leaning her pretty arm on the table, did not think it necessary to answer; she only smiled and waited. All the while the narrator was speaking she sat upright looking sometimes at her dimpled hand, or at her white bosom, adjusting her diamond necklace, patting the skirt of her dress, and turning at the more exciting parts to look at her hostess, whose expression she would for a moment copy and then relapse into that placid smile.

The little princess had come forward, too, from the tea-table.

"Wait a moment," she exclaimed, "till I get out my work.— Well, what are you about — what are you thinking of?" she added to Hippolyte. "Give me my bag, please."

Laughing and talking she made a general stir in the room.

"There, now I am quite comfortable," she added, seating herself and taking her bag from Prince Hippolyte who drew a chair to her side and sat down.

The young prince—*le charmant Hippolyte* as he was called — was strikingly like his sister, though she was "fair beyond compare" and he was decidedly ugly. Their features were alike; but in her they were transfigured by that perennial, brilliantly-youthful and self-

satisfied smile, and by the classical proportions of her whole face and figure; while he looked almost idiotic and always sulky, his frame was feeble and unhealthy, his eyes, nose, mouth all lost their individuality in a sour and bored expression, while his hands and feet were never still, but twisted into impossible attitudes.

"Is it a ghost-story?" he added, sticking his glass in his eye, as if that would help him to express himself.

"Nothing of the sort," replied the viscount quite taken aback.

"Oh!—only I hate them," said Hippolyte; and it was clear from his manner that it was not till after he had spoken that he understood the full meaning of his words. Still, he had such complete assurance that it was always hard to tell whether he was clumsy or witty. He wore a dark-green frock-coat and inexpressibles of a pinkish-drab color—"*chair de nymphe émue*" as he called it: "maiden's blush" to translate it freely—with stockings and buckled shoes.

The viscount told his story with much grace. The Duke d'Enghien, it was said, had come secretly to Paris to see Mlle. Georges, and had there met Napoleon, on whom the great actress also bestowed her favors. The consequence of this unlucky accident was one of those long fainting-fits to which Bonaparte was subject, and which put him in the power of the enemy. The duke had taken no advantage of his position, and Bonaparte had revenged himself for this magnanimous behavior by having the duke assassinated. The story was dramatic, and particularly exciting at the

point where the rivals met. The ladies were much moved.

"It is delightful!" said Anna Paulovna, trying to read the little princess' eyes.

"Quite charming!" said the little princess, taking up her work with renewed energy, to show that the interest of the narrative had made her forget it.

Mortemart fully appreciated the implied compliment and was going on with his story, when Anna Paulovna, who had kept one eye on Pierre, perceived that he and the abbé were engaged in a sharp skirmish and flew to avert mischief. Pierre had succeeded in getting the abbé into conversation on the subject of the balance of power, and the abbé, evidently enchanted by his listener's ingenuous ardor, was dilating at full length on his cherished scheme; both were talking loud with eager enthusiasm, and this had jarred on the maid of honor.

"By what means? Why by the balance of power in Europe and the rights of men," the abbé was saying. "A single empire, as powerful as Russia, with a reputation for barbarism, frankly setting herself at the head of an alliance with the avowed purpose of maintaining that balance, — and the world would be saved!"

"But how will you establish that balance?" persisted Pierre at the very moment when his hostess, with a look of stern reproof at him, asked the Italian how he bore the northern climate. The abbé's face changed at once; he put on the softened and affected expression which he commonly wore when addressing a woman.

"I am too keenly alive to the charms of wit and

culture, especially among the women of the society into which I have the honor of being admitted, to have had time to think of the climate," he said, while Mlle. Schérer manœuvred to draw him and Pierre into the general circle so as not to lose sight of them.

At this instant a new actor appeared on the scene; this was Prince André Bolkonsky, the little princess' husband, a good-looking young man of middle height, with marked, hard features. Everything about him, from his weary eyes to his firm and measured step, was the very opposite of his wife, who was vivacious and bustling. He knew every one in the room and was bored to death by them all — nay, he would have given a handsome sum never to see or hear any one of them again, his wife included. She, indeed, seemed more antipathetic to him than any one, and he turned away from her with a grimace that disfigured his handsome features. He kissed Mlle. Schérer's hand, and looked round at the company with a frown.

"So you are preparing to fight, Prince?" she said.

"General Koutouzow is kind enough to wish to have me as his aide-de-camp," replied Bolkonsky.

"And your wife?"

"She will go into the country."

"I wonder you are not ashamed to deprive us of the fascinating little woman?"

"André," cried Lisa, just as coquettish with her husband as with every one else, "if only you had heard the pretty story the viscount has just been telling us about Mlle. Georges and Bonaparte."

Prince Amélie made a face again and turned away. Pierre, whose worry, kindly eyes had not withdrawn one moment since the explosion, now came up to him and took his hand. "The prince's brown did not wince at the sight of the cockroaches," but when, a moment later, he recognized the black face, the eyes lighted up with a peculiar smile.

"Ah! you here, Albert, on the side of Christ?"

"I knew I should meet you here. I will go later on myself with you if I may?" He spoke low, but in American. Nevertheless Pierre was still startled.

"Sh, you must talk of course," said Jean laughing and wringing the hand so close how can I make the question now." He was about to say more when Prince Emil and his daughter rose and the waltz began and no words were to them.

"Excuse me for leaving you," said Prince Emil to the ministers and following him, to me, "your escape has at the English Embassy excites me as a counter and congrats me to Monsieur your. I am so sorry my dear Anna Francesca is so obliged to quit your delightful party."

Miss Anna was not among the most willing to her guest with her hand and many courts of which Prince gave, a few standing Lordships I a mother engaged with me.

"She is very handsome," said Prince Emil.

"Yes," was all Prince answered.

Prince Emil shook hands with him a so passed him.

"Take that young bear in hand and finish his education," he said, turning to Mlle. Scherer. "He has been in my house for months and this is the first time I have seen him in company. Nothing forms a young man like the society of clever women."

CHAPTER II.

The lady smiled and promised to take Pierre in hand, knowing that his father and Prince Basil were related. The old lady, who had remained by the rum, now started up and pursued Prince Basil into the anteroom. Her kind, worn face had lost the expression of attentive interest that she had assumed; it betrayed anxiety and alarm.

"And what can you tell me, Prince, of my Boris? I cannot stay in St. Petersburg any longer. Tell me, I entreat you, what news I may take to my poor boy."

In spite of Prince Basil's obvious displeasure and cross want of politeness in listening to her, she smiled in his face, and clung to his hand to detain him. "What effort would it cost you to say a word to the Emperor; and he would be admitted into the Guard at once."

"I assure you, Princess, that I will do everything in my power, but there are difficulties in the way of my preferring such a request to his majesty. I advise you

Prince André made a face again and turned away. Pierre, whose merry, kindly eyes had been watching him ever since his entrance, now came up to him and took his hand. The prince's frown did not vanish at the sight of the new-comer; but when, a moment later, he recognized the frank face, his own lighted up with a cordial smile.

"Ah! you here, afloat on the tide of fashion!"

"I knew I should meet you here. I will go home to supper with you if I may?" He spoke low, not to interrupt Mortemart who was still speaking.

"No, you may not, of course," said André laughing, and wringing his hand to show how unnecessary the question was. He was about to say more, when Prince Basil and his daughter rose and there was a little stir to make way for them.

"Excuse our leaving you," said Prince Basil to the viscount, not allowing him to rise; "this tiresome ball at the English Embassy deprives us of a pleasure and compels us to interrupt you. I am so sorry, my dear Anna Paulovna, to be obliged to quit your delightful party."

Helen made her way among the seats, holding up her gown with one hand and never ceasing to smile. Pierre gazed at her dazzling loveliness in a rapture mingled with awe.

"She is very handsome," said Prince André.

"Yes," was all Pierre answered.

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"I assure you, Princess, that I will do everything in my power, but there are difficulties in the way of my preferring such a request to his majesty. I advise you

rather to get at Roumianzow through Galitzine. It would be more to the purpose."

The old lady was a Princess Droubetzkoï — one of the oldest names in Russia, but she was poor, and having lived out of the world for years, had lost all her former connections. She had now come to St. Petersburg solely with a view to gaining an appointment in the Imperial guard for her only son; and it was in the hope of meeting Prince Basil that she had accepted Mlle. Schérer's invitation. Her face, which had once been handsome, betrayed some annoyance, but only for a moment; then she smiled again and clasped Prince Basil's arm.

"Listen, Prince," she said. "I have never asked you for anything before, and I will never ask you for anything again; I have never taken any advantage of the friendship which once bound you to my father. But now, for God's sake, do this for my boy and you will be our Providence.— Nay, do not be angry, but just promise. I have asked Galitzine and he refused. Be a dear good fellow, as you used to be," she added, trying to smile while her eyes were full of tears.

"Papa, we shall be late," said Princess Helen, who was waiting at the door, and she turned her lovely face on her father.

Power is capital, and only to be used with economy. No one knew this better than Prince Basil: the surest way to get nothing for himself was to petition for all who applied to him — he had learnt that very early. Hence he rarely exerted his personal influence; but

Princess Droubetzkoï's earnest prayers had stirred some faint remorse in the depths of his conscience. She had reminded him of the fact that it was to her father that he had owed his first introduction to a successful career. He had observed, too, that she was one of those women — of those mothers, who neither pause nor rest till the object of their desires is gained, and who, if the occasion requires it, are ready at any moment with fresh entreaties and recriminations. This last reflection turned the scale.

"My dear Anna Mikhaïlovna," he said in his usual bored tone and with his habitual familiarity, "it is next to impossible to do what you want; however, I will try, in token of my regard for you and my respect for your father's memory. Your son shall enter the guard, I give you my word — now, are you satisfied?"

"My dear friend, you are my benefactor! I expected no less, for I know how good you are.— Stop, one word," she cried, seeing him about to go. "When he is appointed . . ." but she paused in some confusion. "You are on the best terms with Koutouzow I know— you will recommend Boris for the post of aide-de-camp? Then I shall be quite happy and never again . . ."

Prince Basil smiled.

"That I cannot promise. Since Koutouzow was appointed to the chief command he has been stormed with applications. He told me himself that all the ladies in Moscow had offered him their sons as aides-de-camp."

"No, no; you must promise — my friend, my protector; promise, or I will not let you go."

"Papa," said the fair Helen in the same tone, "we shall be late."

"Good-bye — good-bye. You see — I cannot . . ."

"Then you will speak to the emperor to-morrow?"

"Without fail; but as to Koutouzow I promise nothing."

"My dear Basil," persisted Anna Mikhaïlovna with a coquettishly-persuasive smile, forgetting that these graces of a past date were now out of harmony with her worn features. She was not thinking of her age indeed, and was merely, without a thought, falling back on every feminine resource. But as soon as the prince had turned his back her face was cold and anxious again.

She rejoined the circle who were still listening to the viscount, watching, now that her task was accomplished, for a favorable moment for disappearing from the scene.

"And what have you to say to the latest farce, the coronation at Milan?" asked Mlle. Schérer. "With the people of Genoa and Lucca coming to do homage to Monsieur Bonaparte. Monsieur Bonaparte seated on a throne and accepting the homage of Nations! It is delicious! It is enough to turn one's brain; the whole world must have gone mad together!' Prince André looked at her and smiled:

"'God has given it me, beware of touching it,'" he said; they were Napoleon's words as he set the

crown on his head. "They say he looked splendid as he spoke," he added, and he repeated the words in Italian: "*Dio mi la dona, guai a chi la toca.*"

"I only hope," said Mlle. Schérer, "that this will be the drop too much. Really and truly the sovereigns of Europe ought no longer to endure this man, who is a living threat to them all."

"The sovereigns!" echoed the viscount sadly, "I do not include Russia," he added politely. "The sovereigns of Europe? What did they do for Louis XVI., for the Queen, for Madame Elizabeth? Nothing — and, believe me, they are suffering now for having betrayed the cause of the Bourbons. The sovereigns! Why they send ambassadors to present their compliments to the usurper!" And he shifted his attitude with an exclamation of contempt.

Prince Hippolyte, who had not ceased gazing at Mortemart through his eye-glass, turned himself stiffly towards the little princess of whom he requested a needle with which he scratched the outline of the arms of the Condé family, and then he blazoned them with the utmost gravity, as if she had requested it:

"A baton and bordure engrailed, gules on azure," he said.

She listened placidly.

"If Bonaparte remains a year longer on the throne of France," the viscount went on, like a man who is accustomed to follow out his own train of thought without heeding the reflections of others on a familiar subject, "things will only go on in the same way. French so-

ciety — good society, I mean — will be utterly disintegrated by intrigue, violence, exile, and sequestrations — and then . . ."

He threw up his hands with a shrug.

Pierre was about to speak, but his hostess, who was watching him, anticipated him.

"The Emperor Alexander," she said with her usual tone of melancholy reverence, "has declared that he will leave it to the French to choose their own form of government, and I am fully convinced that the whole nation, when once they are delivered from the usurper, will throw themselves into the arms of the legitimate monarch."

She was anxious, it will be seen, to flatter the royalist emigrant.

"That is not very likely," said Prince André. "The viscount is right in thinking that matters have gone very far and that it will be difficult to revert to the past."

"I have heard," said Pierre, coming forward, "that most of the nobles have gone over to Napoleon."

"The Bonapartists may say so," replied the viscount without looking at Pierre. "It is impossible to know what public opinion in France really is."

"It was Napoleon, at any rate, who said it," replied Prince André satirically, for he did not like the viscount whose retorts were aimed at him. "'I showed them the path to glory and they would not tread it'— those are the words attributed to him — 'I opened my

ante-room and they rushed in in crowds.'— I do not know how far he had a right to say so."

"He had none whatever," exclaimed Mortemart. "After the murder of the Duke d'Enghien the most enthusiastic ceased to regard him as a hero; and if ever he had seemed one to certain people," he continued, addressing Anna Paulovna, "after that there was a martyr the more in heaven and a hero the less on earth."

These last words had hardly been uttered, and rewarded with an approving smile, before Pierre rushed into the arena, without giving Mlle. Schérer, who apprehended something tremendous, time to prevent him.

"The execution of the duke," he began, "was a political necessity, and Napoleon showed his magnanimity by assuming the whole responsibility for the act."

"Good Heavens! Good Heavens!" murmured Anna Paulovna in dismay.

"What, M. Pierre, can you find any 'magnanimity' in a murder?" said the little princess, shaking up her work.

"Oh! oh!" said several.

"Capital!" said Prince Hippolyte, slapping his hand on his knee. The viscount merely shrugged his shoulders.

Pierre looked at them over his spectacles.

"I say this," he went on, "because the Bourbons fled at the revolution, leaving the country a prey to anarchy. It was Napoleon who understood and quelled the revolution and that is why, when public order was

in danger, he could not pause to save the life of a single individual."

"Will you come to the other table?" suggested Anna Paulovna. But Pierre, growing more excited, went on with his speech without heeding her.

"Yes, Napoleon is great because he has risen superior to the revolution, has remedied its abuses and preserved what was good in it: the equality of good citizens, and liberty of the press and of speech — that is how he gained his power."

"If he had restored the legtimate king to the throne, instead of taking advantage of his power to commit a murder, I should have called him a great man," said the viscount.

"That was out of his power. The nation had given him the throne on purpose that he might rid her of the Bourbons; she recognized him as a master-mind. The revolution was a great fact," continued Pierre, betraying his extreme youthfulness by his persistency in trying to explain his views and uttering advanced and irritating ideas.

"The Revolution and the Regicide! After that! — But will you not come to the other table?" repeated the hostess.

"*Le Contrat social!*" said Mortemart with a resigned smile.

"I do not allude to the Regicide — I mean the idea."

"The idea of robbery, of murder, and of regicide!" said an ironical voice.

"Those are the extremes; but the real marrow of the idea is emancipation from prejudice and the equality of men, and Napoleon maintained it in its integrity."

"Liberty and equality!" retorted the viscount scornfully, for he was bent on proving to the young man the weakness of his argument. "Those high-sounding words have already lost their value. Who would not love the reality? The Saviour himself preached them!— But have we been any happier since the revolution? On the contrary. We asked for liberty; Napoleon has confiscated it."

Prince André stood smiling and looking first at Pierre and the viscount and then at the mistress of the house, who, with all her experience of the world, had been shocked and alarmed at Pierre's sallies; however, when she saw that these sacrilegious views did not make the Frenchman angry, and also that it was impossible to check them, she made common cause with the noble exile and, in her turn fell upon the orator.

"But, my dear M. Pierre," she said, "how can you account for the conduct of a great man who has a duke —or the commonest man—put to death when the victim has committed no crime, and without even a trial?"

"And I should like, too, to ask you," said the viscount, "to account for the 18th Brumaire. Was it not an act of treason, or rather of trickery, utterly unlike any impulse of a great man?"

"And the Turkish prisoners that were massacred

by his orders," cried the little princess. "It is perfectly fearful!"

"He is a low fellow, say what you will," Prince Hippolyte threw in.

Pierre, having no answer ready, looked at them all and smiled — not a pinched, unmeaning smile, but a frank sincere smile which lent his usually stern and rather morose face an expression of kindly candor, like that of a child who pleads to be forgiven.

The viscount, who had never seen him before, understood at once that this Jacobin was less terrible than his words. There was a brief silence.

"How is he to answer you all at once?" said Prince André suddenly. "Is there no difference between the actions of a private gentleman and a statesman — a general or a ruler? To me, at any rate, there seems to be a great difference."

"Why, certainly," said Pierre, delighted at this unexpected support.

"Napoleon on the bridge at Arcola or giving his hand to his plague-stricken soldiers is great as a man, and it is impossible to refuse to recognize it; but there are other things, it is true, which can hardly be justified," continued Prince André, who was evidently bent on making up for Pierre's blundering and who, as he spoke, rose, thus giving his wife a hint to take leave.

Prince Hippolyte did the same, but with a wave of his hand seemed to beg the rest to remain seated.

"By the way," he began eagerly, "I heard a delightful Russian story to-day — I really must tell it you.

Excuse me, Viscount, but I must tell it in Russian; it would lose all its point . . ." And he began his anecdote in Russian with an affectedly strong French accent;

"At Moscow there lives a grand lady who is extremely stingy and who wanted to drive with two tall footmen behind her carriage. Well, and this lady had a very tall waiting-maid — it was her whim . . ." At this point Prince Hippolyte stopped to think, as if he had some difficulty in going on with his story: "So she said to her — yes, she said to her: 'Girl — whatever her name was — dress up in livery and stand up behind the carriage, I am going to pay some calls.'"

Here Prince Hippolyte burst out laughing, but unluckily no one echoed his laughter and the story-teller seemed much damped by this failure. A few, however, managed to smile, among them the old lady and Mlle. Schérer.

"So they set out. But suddenly the wind rose; the girl's hat blew off and her long hair came down . . ." Then, unable to control himself any longer, he fell into such a fit of laughing as almost choked him.— "Yes, yes," he said, rolling in his seat, "all her hair came down, and the whole town knew it."

This was the end of the story. No one could see the point of it or why it had to be told in Russian; but Anna Paulovna and some others were grateful to the narrator for having so happily interrupted M. Pierre's unpleasant and tiresome harangues. The conversation was diverted into more trivial channels — remarks on

balls past and to come, and on the theatres, with fifty questions as to when and where they might meet again.

After this the company thanked their hostess for a delightful evening and withdrew in detachments.

Pierre, besides being unusually tall, square-shouldered, and awkward, had, among other physical blemishes, very large red hands; he had no idea of how to come into a room and still less of how to get out of it with a proper modicum of polite speeches. In his utter absence of mind, when he rose to leave he took up, instead of his own hat, the cocked and plumed hat of a general officer, which he stood twirling in his hands till the owner, in some alarm, succeeded in rescuing it. Still, it must be said, all this clumsiness and blundering were atoned for by his thorough good-nature, frankness, and modesty.

Mlle. Schérer bid him good-night with an air of forgiveness bestowed as became a Christian.

"I hope," she said, "that I may have the pleasure of seeing you here again; but I also hope that before then you will have amended your opinions."

He made no reply, but as he bowed, his honest, simple smile seemed to say: "Well, after all, an opinion is but an opinion, and you see I am a thorough good fellow." Which was so true that every one, including Mlle. Schérer, felt it instinctively.

Prince André had followed his wife and Hippolyte into the ante-room, where a footman was putting his cloak over his shoulders.

"Go into the drawing-room, Annette," said the little

lady, "you will take cold . . . It is quite understood!" she added in an undertone.

Anna Paulovna had found an opportunity for speaking to Lisa of the marriage she was scheming between her sister-in-law and Anatole.

"I rely on you," she replied, also in a whisper. "You will write her a line, and then you must let me know what her father thinks of it. Good-night . . ." And she disappeared. Prince Hippolyte came up to the princess, and leaning over her, stood chattering in her ear. Two men-servants — his carrying an officer's cloak, and hers holding a shawl — were waiting till they should have finished their téte-á-téte in French which the servants appeared to be listening to, though it was unintelligible to them — nay, and to understand without showing it. The little princess was talking, smiling, laughing, all in a breath.

"I am so glad I did not go to the English Embassy," said Hippolyte. "It would have been such a bore, and we have had such a delightful evening. Delightful, hasn't it been?"

"But they say it is to be a splendid ball," said the princess with a curl of that downy lip, "and all the pretty women in St. Petersburg are there."

"Not all, since you are not," said the prince laughing. Then, taking the shawl out of the footman's hands and pushing him aside, he wrapped it round the princess. His hands fumbled with it for some little time round her throat, and he almost seemed to embrace her — was it intentional or mere clumsiness? No

one could have decided.— She drew back a little, still smiling, and looked up at her husband whose eyes were shut and who looked tired and half-asleep.

"Are you ready?" he said, with a side-glance at his wife. Prince Hippolyte hastily flung on his cloak, which being in the latest fashion fell below his heels, and stumbling and struggling with it he rushed forward to help the princess into her carriage.

"*Au revoir*, Princess," he said, his tongue as clumsy as his feet. The princess picked up her dress and settled herself in the dark corner of the carriage; her husband was taking up his sword. Prince Hippolyte, who seemed to be helping them, was only in the way.

"I beg your pardon . . ." said Prince André in a dry, sharp tone and in Russian, for Hippolyte stood in his path. "Now, Pierre, you will follow us," he added warmly.

The postilion started and the carriage rolled clattering away.

Hippolyte, standing on the step, giggled uncomfortably; he was waiting for the viscount whom he had promised to take home.

"Well, my dear fellow, your little princess is very nice, very nice indeed," said Mortemart as he seated himself in the carriage, "very nice indeed *ma foi!*" and he kissed the tips of his fingers. Hippolyte chuckled complacently. "And you, do you know you are dangerous with your innocent ways? I pity the poor husband — a little officer who gives himself as many airs as a sovereign prince."

Hippolyte went into fits of laughter.

"And you said that Russian women were nowhere, as compared with French women!" he sputtered. "You must know how to take them, that is all."

CHAPTER III.

Pierre, having reached the house first, went straight into Prince André's private room as an intimate in the house; he stretched himself on a sofa, as was his wont, and took up a book — it happened to be *Caesar's Commentaries* — which he opened in the middle.

"What have you been doing at Mlle. Schérer's?" said Prince André. "You will really make her ill." He came in rubbing his hands which were small and white.

Pierre turned over, all at once, making the sofa groan under his weight; and looking up at his friend with his bright, eager face, he said with an indifferent shrug:

"That abbé is really a very interesting man only he has got hold of the wrong end of the matter . . . I have not a doubt that a permanent peace is quite possible, but I cannot see my way to it; not by a balance of power at any rate . . ."

Prince André, who did not look like a man to

trouble himself about abstract questions, interrupted him:

"My dear fellow, the thing that is absolutely impossible is that we should everywhere and at all times say exactly what we think. Now, have you made up your mind? will you be a horse-guardsman or a diplomatist?"

"Would you believe that I really do not know yet. Neither prospect smiles upon me," said Pierre, sitting up on his heels on the divan like a Turk.

"Still, you must come to some decision; your father is waiting."

Pierre had been sent abroad at the age of ten with an abbé for a tutor; he had remained absent till he was five-and-twenty. On his return his father had dismissed the abbé, and said to the young man:

"Now, go to St. Petersburg, enquire for yourself and choose. I will agree to anything you wish. Here is a letter to Prince Basil, and here is money. Write to me and rely on my doing what I can for you."

Since then for three months Pierre had been looking about him and doing nothing.

He passed his hand over his forehead: "He must be a freemason?" he said, alluding to the Italian abbé.

"That is all nonsense," said Prince André. "I want to talk about your affairs. Did you go to see the mounted brigade?"

"No, I did not go. But I thought over one thing which I meant to tell you. We are at war with Napoleon; if we were fighting for liberty I should be the first

to join, but when it means helping England and Austria to crush the greatest man now living, I do not see my way to it."

Prince André raised his shoulders at this childish sally; he scorned to answer it seriously, and only said:

"If we only fought for our convictions there would be an end of war."

"Nothing could be better," retorted Pierre.

"Possibly, but it will never come to pass," said André smiling.

"But come now, what are we going to war about?"

"I have not the faintest idea. We must; and what is more I am going to the front . . ." he paused, "because the life I lead here . . . does not suit me."

The rustle of a dress was audible in the adjoining room. The sound seemed to bring Prince André to himself; he drew himself up and put on the expression his face had worn all the evening at Mlle. Schérer's. Pierre slipped his feet off the couch. The princess came in; she had changed the dress she had been wearing for a loose gown equally fresh and elegant; her husband rose and politely pushed forward an easy-chair.

"I often wonder," she began, seating herself briskly, "why Annette never married. You are very foolish, you men, not to have asked her. Begging your pardon, you really know nothing about women.— What a wrangler you are, M. Pierre."

"I might wrangle with your husband, too, for I cannot understand why he is going to fight," said

Pierre, addressing her without any sign of the embarrassment which is sometimes perceptible in a young man with a young woman. She shuddered slightly; Pierre's remark had touched her to the quick.

"That is just what I tell him, too. I cannot conceive why men cannot live without fighting. Why do we wish for nothing, ask nothing — we women? Now, I appeal to you. I am always telling him that his position here as my uncle's aide-de-camp is all he could wish; every one knows him, every one values him. Only the other day at the Apraxines' I heard a lady say: 'That is the famous Prince André'— on my word she did." And she shouted with laughter. "And it is the same wherever he goes; he can be aide-de-camp to the emperor any day he pleases — for the emperor, you know, has spoken most graciously to him. We were talking it over just now, Annette and I — it would be so easy to manage. What do you think?"

Pierre looked at André, and seeing that his friend looked annoyed he made no reply.

"When do you start?" he asked.

"Oh! do not talk of his starting; I will not hear a word about it!" exclaimed the princess, with that odd mixture of waywardness and light-heartedness that she had shown to Prince Hippolyte, and which was strangely discordant in the intimacy of home. "To-day, as I thought that I should have to break off all these dear connections — and besides — André," and she winked her eyes with a little shiver, "I am afraid."

Her husband looked at her in a bewildered way, as

if he had only just become aware of her presence; he answered her with cold politeness:

"What are you afraid of, Lisa? I do not understand."

"How like a man! Selfish — they are all selfish! He has taken this fancy into his head so he deserts me, God knows why, and shuts me up all alone, in the country."

"With my father and sister, remember."

"It comes to the same thing; I shall be alone, away from my own friends — and then he expects me to be satisfied!"

She spoke petulantly and her short upper lip no longer gave her face a smiling expression but, on the contrary, a look that suggested some vicious little rodent. But she was silent, not liking to assign the real reason of her terrors before Pierre.

"I cannot imagine what you have to fear," her husband went on, fixing his eyes on her. She colored, and with a little desperate shrug she exclaimed: "André, André, why are you so changed?"

"Your doctor tells you not to sit up late; you ought to go to bed."

The princess made no reply but her lips quivered; her husband rose and began to walk up and down the room. Pierre, frankly astonished, watched them alternately; at last he was about to go, but he stopped.

"What do I care whether M. Pierre is present or not," exclaimed Lisa, her face puckered up like that of a child just going to cry. "I have been meaning to

ask you for a long time, André, why you are quite different to me from what you once were? What harm have I done? You are going off to the army; you have no pity for me — why?"

"Lisa!" said Prince André. The word conveyed an entreaty, a threat, and a warning that she would presently regret her speech. But she went recklessly on:

"You treat me like an idiot or a child. I can see . . . it was not so six months ago!"

"Lisa, be silent, I beg," said her husband raising his voice.

Pierre, whose painful excitement had gradually increased during this dialogue, rose and went up to the young woman. He could not bear to see her tears and seemed almost ready to cry, too.

"Be calm, Princess," he said. "These are fancies — I know, I have felt the same kind of thing — and I assure you — excuse me, I am in the way, a stranger. But pray be calm.— Good-night."

Prince André detained him.

"No, stay; the princess is too kind to deprive me of the pleasure of an evening in your society."

"Yes, he thinks of no one but himself," she muttered, unable to control her tears of vexation.

"Lisa," repeated Prince André, his hard stern tone showing plainly that his patience was wearing thin. Suddenly her pretty little face — like that of a squirrel in a rage — took a quite different expression; the cowed doubtful look of a dog with its tail down wagging noiselessly on the floor.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" she sighed, with a sidelong scowl at her husband; then, gathering up her dress, she went up to him and kissed his forehead.

"Good-night," he said, and he rose and kissed her hand as if she had been a stranger.

The friends were silent; neither of them could make up his mind to speak. Pierre stole a glance at Prince André who was rubbing his forehead slowly with his slim hand.

"Come to supper," he said leading the way. They went into a splendid dining-room recently redecorated; the glass, plate, china, and damask all were unmistakably new — the sign of a recently-established household. In the middle of supper Prince André put his elbows on the table, and began talking with a nervous irritability which was new to Pierre; like a man who has had something on his mind for a long time, and has determined at last to make a clean breast of it.

"My dear fellow, do not marry till you have done everything in life that you care to do, till you have ceased to love the woman you mean to marry, and have studied her thoroughly: if you do, you will make a fatal and irreparable mistake. Better wait till you are old and good for nothing else; then you will not run the risk of wasting everything good and noble in your soul. Yes, it all gets frittered away in small change! — It is so, I assure you; you need not look so astonished. If you ever hoped and believed that you would do anything worth doing, you will feel at every turn that it is all at an end; that every door is closed but

those into drawing-rooms where you elbow court toadies and idiots.— But what is the use . . . ?" He let his hand fall heavily on the table.

Pierre took off his spectacles, and this, which completely altered his face, revealed still more plainly his amiability and his astonishment.

"My wife," Prince André went on, "is a good little wife, a woman in whose hands her husband's honor is perfectly safe. But what would I not give at this moment, Great Heavens, not to be married! You are the first and only soul to whom I have confessed it — for I love you."

As he spoke André was less and less like the Prince Bolkonsky who had sat bolt upright in his chair at Mlle. Schérer's, firing off short sentences in French, in a low tone and with his eyes half-shut. Every muscle of his thin, keen face quivered with feverish excitement, and his eyes, in which the fire seemed always dead, shone and sparkled vividly. It was easy to guess that he would be violent in his short bursts of morbid irritation in proportion to his habitual apathy and nervelessness.

"You do not understand! and yet it is the story of a whole life. You talk of Bonaparte and his career," he went on, though Pierre had not breathed a syllable, "but Bonaparte while he toiled was making straight for his goal, step by step; he was free; he had but one object in view and he gained it. But once tie yourself to a woman and you are chained like a galley-slave. Every impulse and aspiration, the very forces within

you, only crush you and fill you with regret. Drawing-room gossip, balls, vanities, meannesses — these are the charmed circle that fence you in. I am starting to help in this war — one of the most tremendous wars ever waged — and I know nothing, am fit for nothing. To make up for it I am most amiable, most satirical, at Mlle. Schérer's they hang on my lips!— Then think of that dull society which my wife cannot bear to do without!— If only you could know what all these fine ladies — nay, all women — are worth. My father is right: Egoism, vanity, folly, utter mediocrity — that is the essence of woman when she shows her real self. When you see them in the world you might fancy there was something better in them; but no — nothing, nothing! My dear fellow, never marry . . . ."

Prince André finished with these words.

"But what, to me, seems strange," said Pierre, "is that you, of all men, should think yourself incapable and a failure, when the future is before you, and . . ."

His very voice showed how highly he thought of his friend and how much he expected of him.

"What right has he to talk so," thought Pierre, to whom Prince André was the type of perfection, precisely because he felt that the prince possessed the quality which he himself most lacked: Force and Will. He had always admired the ease and equanimity of his friend's demeanor towards others in every rank of life, his wonderful memory, his various knowledge — for he read or made note of everything — and his powers of work and study. And if Pierre had ever been struck

at finding in André no taste for speculative philosophy, which was his own particular weakness, he regarded it not as a deficiency but as a proof of strength. In all the relations of life, however intimate, friendly and simple, flattery and praise are as indispensable as the oil which greases a machine and makes it work.

"I — I am done for; do not talk about me but about yourself," said the prince presently, smiling at having hit on so happy a diversion.

"About me?" said Pierre, and his face reflected his friend's look in a broad, merry, boylike smile. "But there is nothing to be said about me. After all, what am I? A bastard!..." And he colored deeply, for it had been a great effort to bring out the word. "Without a name, without money, and — and yet free and happy, for the present at any rate. Only I may honestly confess that I do not know what I had better set to work to do, and I really want your advice on the subject."

André looked at him with kindly benevolence, but it was a benevolence which betrayed a consciousness of superiority.

"I have a great affection for you, because you are the only living soul in all our circle of acquaintance; you are happy, you say — well, choose as you please; the choice matters little. You will get on anywhere.— But I do beg you to break with the Kouraguines; give up that side of your life; this debauched, devil-may-care existence does not in the least become you."

"What is to be done, my dear fellow?" said Pierre,

shrugging his shoulders, "the women, you know, the women!"

"I do not admit it," said André. "Women of good breeding, yes — but not such women as take up with Kouraguine."

Pierre was living with Prince Basil and led the same dissipated life as his youngest son Anatole — the very man who was to be married to Prince André's sister in the hope of reforming him.

"Do you know," said Pierre, as if he had had a sudden inspiration, "I have been thinking of it seriously for a long time. It is owing to that sort of life that I am unable to think or decide on anything — that I have headaches, and no money. He asked me again this evening, but I will not go."

"Give me your word of honor that you will give it up."

"On my word, I will."

CHAPTER IV.

It was past one o'clock when Pierre left his friend. It was a midsummer night — a northern night of luminous twilight; he got into a hackney-carriage, firmly intending to go home. But as he drove along he felt that sleep was out of the question in such a night as this, which was more like the evening or dawn of a fine

day. He looked down the long perspective of the empty streets. Then he remembered that the club of gamblers were to meet to-night at Anatole Kouraguine's; after cards they drank.

"Supposing I were to go?" he said to himself, and then he remembered the promise he had just made to Prince André.

At the same time such a wild desire came over him — as it does in men of no determination — to enjoy, just once more, that dissipated life which he knew only too well, that he made up his mind to go to Anatole's rooms, persuading himself that his word was not binding, since he had promised Anatole one thing before he had promised André another; that, take them for all in all, such pledges were merely conventional and had no definite meaning; that, after all, no one could be sure of to-morrow, or know whether some extraordinary accident might not sweep honor and dishonor, with life, into the grave. This habit of arguing with himself often upset what seemed to be his most deliberate purpose.

Pierre gave way, and went to Kouraguine's. He drew up at the front steps of a large house standing close to the barracks of the household cavalry, went up and into the door which stood wide open. There was no one in the hall. The place smelt of wine; empty bottles, cloaks, and overshoes were strewed about, and the noise of shouts and talking came from some upper room.

Cards and supper were over, but the company had

not separated. Pierre, having flung off his cloak, went up into the first room where the remains of the supper were to be seen and a footman was leisurely drinking the sips of wine left in the glasses. Further on, in another room, above the general hubbub of laughter and shouting, the growls of a bear were audible. Eight young men were crowding eagerly round an open window; three of them were playing with a bear-cub which one was dragging about by a chain and stirring up to frighten his companions.

"I will back Stevens!" cried one.

"But you must not help him," said a second.

"I am for Dologhow," cried a third.

"Kouraguine, come and part them . . ."

"No, no, Mickka; leave them alone; it is a bet."

"He must do it at one pull or it does not count!" said a fourth.

"Jacques, bring a bottle," said the master of the house at the top of his voice. He was a tall handsome fellow who had taken his coat off, and his shirt was open on his breast.

"Stay — wait a minute, gentlemen," he exclaimed. "Here is our dearly beloved Pétrouchka," and he turned to Pierre.

A man of middle height, with pale-blue eyes, whose calm and sober voice contrasted strangely with the vinous tones of the rest of the party, called to him from the window:

"Come here — I will explain the betting."

This was Dologhow, an officer of Séménovsky's

regiment, a well-known bully and gambler, who lived with Anatole. Pierre looked about him smiling brightly:

"What is going on? I do not understand."

"Stop a minute — he is sober!" exclaimed Anatole. "Bring some wine; make haste," and taking a glass from the table he went up to him. "First of all you must drink."

Pierre swallowed glass after glass, but this did not prevent his listening to what was going on, and glancing out of the corner of his eye at the company who were all tipsy and crowding round the window. Anatole poured out the wine for him and told him meanwhile how the wager stood between Dologhow and Stevens, an Englishman in the navy. The Russian had backed himself to drink off a bottle of rum, sitting on the sill of the window of the third story with his legs hanging outside.

"Here, finish it off," said Anatole, offering Pierre the last glass. "I will not let you off."

"No, I don't want any more," said Pierre, pushing away his friend and going to the window.

Dologhow, a young man of about five-and-twenty, was of middle height with curly hair and blue eyes. He, like all infantry officers at that time, wore no moustache, and his mouth, which was his most striking feature, was therefore visible. It was singularly well shaped and fine with the upper lip closing firmly on the lower one, which was a little heavy; the corners were marked by a perpetual smile — by two perpetual smiles, as it were, one the counterpart of the other; and this,

added to his look of steady and intelligent confidence, commanded attention. He had no fortune, and no connections; he lived with Anatole Kouraguine, spent thousands of roubles, and in spite of everything contrived to be far more respected by their acquaintance than Anatole himself. He played every kind of game, always won, and drank hugely but never lost his head. He and Kouraguine were at that time celebrities among the rakes and spendthrifts of St. Petersburg.

A bottle of rum was brought in; two servants, evidently rather scared by the shouts and orders that pelted them from all sides, hastened to break away the sash-frame which prevented a man from sitting on the high outer sill of the window. Anatole came up with his swaggering air; he longed to break something, and pushing away the servants he pulled the sash inwards. It was too strong to give way, but the panes flew to pieces.

"Now it is your turn, Hercules," he said to Pierre.

Pierre took hold of the frame, gave it a wrench, and the woodwork, which was oak, came away with a crash.

"Break it all away or you might fancy I clung to it," said Dologhow.

"The Englishman feels very safe, I fancy," said Anatole.

"Well done!" said Pierre, keeping his eye on Dologhow, who with the bottle of rum in his hand went towards the window where morning and evening light were beginning to meet. He sprang up on the low ledge with the bottle in one hand.

"Listen," he said, standing in the embrasure with his face to the room. Every one was silent. "I wager," — in order that the Englishman might understand him he spoke French, and very badly, too,— "I wager fifty imperials — or shall I say a hundred?"

"No, fifty."

"Very well, fifty imperials, that I will drink the whole of this bottle of rum, without taking my lips from the bottle; and that I will drink it there" — and he pointed to the sloping stone sill — "sitting on that, and holding on to nothing. Is that it?"

"Quite right," said the Englishman.

Anatole holding Stevens by a button and looking down at him, for Stevens was a little man, repeated the terms of the bet in English.

"And that is not all," Dologhow went on, rapping the bottle against the woodwork to command attention. "That is not all. Kouraguine — listen! If any one else does the same I will give him a hundred imperials. Do you all understand?" The Englishman bowed, without explaining whether or no he accepted this second wager. Anatole still held him fast and translated Dologhow's words in spite of Stevens' repeated nods of intelligence and assent. A young hussar who had been out of luck all the evening pulled himself up to the high window and leaned out to look down.

"Oh, ho!" he muttered doubtfully, as he measured the height from the pavement with his eye.

"Silence," cried Dologhow; he pulled back the

young officer, who, being hampered by his spurs, leaped awkwardly into the room.

The bottle was placed within reach; Dologhow slowly and carefully got astride on the window sill, and placing a hand on each side of it he seemed to be measuring the width. Then he gently seated himself, left hold, leaned a little this way and that and took up the bottle. Anatole brought a pair of candles and placed them in the bay, though it was now broad daylight. Dologhow's back as he sat in his shirt, and his crisp hair were thus lighted on either side. They all stood round the window, the Englishman in front, Pierre smiling and silent. Suddenly one of the party, alarmed and shocked, slipped forward, intending to take hold of Dologhow's shirt.

"This is madness; he will kill himself!" said the man — wiser, beyond a doubt, than his companions.

Anatole held him back.

"Do not touch him; you will startle him and he will fall, and what then? Heh!"

Dologhow, resting on his hands and feeling his balance, looked back.

"If any one interferes again I will have him down there in no time. Do you hear?" he said speaking slowly and pinching his lips tight. Then he sat straight, put the bottle to his lips, and threw back his head raising his free hand to balance himself. One of the servants who was clearing the table stood motionless and never took his eyes off Dologhow's head.

The Englishman looked another way, his mouth

tightly shut, and the Russian who had tried to prevent this insane piece of folly had flung himself on a divan in a corner of the room with his face to the wall. Pierre covered his eyes with his hand, a ghastly smile of horror and fright parting his lips. There was solemn silence.

Pierre presently looked to see what was happening. Dologhow was in the same position, excepting that his head was so far thrown back that his hair rested on his shirt collar, while his right arm, holding the bottle, was slowly rising higher — higher — and trembling a little with the strain. The bottle was evidently nearly empty.

"What a long time it takes!" thought Pierre — it seemed like half-an-hour. Dologhow suddenly threw himself farther back and his arm shook more. Sitting, as he was, on a sloping ledge, this tremulous action was enough to make him slip. In fact he seemed to slip, his arm and head shook still more; he instinctively raised the other hand to clutch the woodwork, but he did not touch it. Pierre shut his eyes again, vowing that he would open them no more; but a general stir a moment after made him look up, and he saw Dologhow standing in the bay, pale but triumphant.

"It is empty!" And he flung the bottle at Stevens' who caught it flying. Dologhow sprang into the room; he smelt strongly of the rum.

"Capital! well done! That is something like a bet!" they all shouted at once.

The Englishman had pulled out his purse and was

paying the bet to Dologhow who had turned silent and sullen. Pierre rushed to the window.

"Who will bet that I do not do the same thing," he cried — "or even without a bet? Quick, a bottle, and I will do it."

"Pooh!" said Dologhow with a smile.

"Are you mad? What next! You are not to do it — Do you hear? You — who turn giddy on a ladder?" said several.

"I will do it — make haste, a bottle!" cried Pierre, thumping on the table with drunken vehemence, and he got astride on the window-sill. One of his companions seized his hands but Pierre was so strong that he flung him off.

"No, you will never succeed like that," said Anatole. "Stop, I will manage him. — Listen to me, I will take the bet, but not till to-morrow — Come away now, let us be off."

"All right, let us be off, Michka and I the foremost!" He put his arms round the bear-cub and lifting it off the ground waltzed round the room with it.

CHAPTER V.

Prince Basil had not forgotten his promise to Princess Droubetzkoï the evening of Mlle. Schérer's party. The request had been preferred to the emperor and

Boris was privileged to enter the Imperial guard as sub-lieutenant in Séménovsky's regiment; but in spite of all his mother's efforts, he was not appointed aide-de-camp to Koutouzow. Some little time after, the princess returned to Moscow, on a visit to her rich relations the Rostows, with whom she often stopped and where her darling Boris had spent the chief part of his childhood. The regiment had left St. Petersburg on the 10th of August, and Boris, who was detained at Moscow while his outfit was getting ready, was to join at Radzivilow.

It was a high day at the Rostows'. Both mother and daughter were named Natalie and their *fête*, or name day, was being kept. A stream of carriages had never ceased all day from setting down a crowd of friends, at the great house in the Povarskaïa street, eager to offer compliments and congratulations. The countess and her eldest daughter, a handsome young girl, were receiving them in the drawing-room, where fresh arrivals constantly poured in.

The countess was a woman of about five and forty, and of rather an Eastern type, with a thin face and the weary look of a mother of twelve children. Her deliberate speech and movements, which were the result of weak health, gave her a certain dignity that commanded respect. With her was the Princess Droubetzkoï, who, as one of the family, was helping to receive the company and keep up the talk.

The younger members of the family, who did not care for this business-like reception, were in the other

rooms. The count went forward to meet his friends, and put them into their carriages again; and each and all he begged to return to dinner.

"I am so truly obliged to you, my dear friend," he said to every one, high or low.

"Thank you so much for my dear wife. You will be sure to come to dinner? I shall really be hurt if you fail. Come and bring all the family . . . " He repeated the same formula to all alike, with exactly the same cordial expression, pressing their hands and bowing. After seeing off those who were departing he came back to those who had not yet taken their leave, pulled forward a chair in which he seated himself and placing his feet squarely before him and his hands on his knees, he rocked from side to side, expressing his opinions on the weather, on health and events, sometimes in Russian and sometimes in French, though he spoke it badly, but always with the readiness of a man of the world. Tired as he was he was alert to bow his friends out, like a man determined to do his duty to the utmost, and repeated his invitations; and all the time he smoothed his few remaining grey hairs over his bald skull. Now and then, on his way back to the drawing-room he crossed the hall and the conservatory, and went into a large room with plaster walls where tables were being laid for eighty guests. After glancing round at the servants who were bringing in the crockery and plate and folding the damask napkins, he would call a certain Dmitri Vassiliévitch—a man of good family—who officiated as steward.

"I say, Mitenka, try and have every thing in good order; yes, that is right, that is right..." And looking with immense satisfaction at an enormous table on to which a piece was being added, he said: "The waiting, that is the chief thing—the waiting, you understand...." and he went gleefully back into the drawing-room.

"Marie Luovna Karaguine," announced the countess' footman in a deep voice as he threw open the door.

"Mercy, I am dead! Well, this is the last,—and she is so full of airs!—Oh! show her up," she said wearily, and she took a pinch of snuff out of a gold snuff-box with a portrait of her husband painted on it.

A tall, stout woman with a haughty air, followed by a round-faced merry-looking girl, came into the room, heralded by the rustle of their long full dresses.

"My dear Countess... it is such an age... she has been in bed poor child... at the Razoumosky's ball, and Countess Apraxine's... I enjoyed it so much."

These fragmentary phrases were drowned in the fuss of silk trains and of moving chairs. Then the conversation would be carried on with more or less interest till a pause offered an opportunity for rising to take leave when, after a repetition of: "I am delighted... my mother's health... Countess Apraxine..." etc., etc., the ladies would make their way back to the anteroom, put on pelisses and cloaks and take their departure.

The illness of old Count Bésoukhow, one of the

handsomest men at the court of Catharine, was the chief subject of interest and, of course, of conversation, and even his natural son Pierre — the same who had blundered through the evening at Mlle. Schérer's — was under discussion.

"I really pity the poor count," said Mme. Karaguine. "His health is wretched and to have a son who gives him so much anxiety."

"Why, what anxiety can he give him?" said the countess pretending ignorance, though she had heard it at least fifteen times.

"This is the result of the education that is the fashion now a days. The young man was left to be his own master when he was abroad, and now they say he does such things at St. Petersburg that he has been ordered out of the city by the police."

"Indeed?" said the countess.

"He got into bad company," said Princess Droubetzkoï, "and with Prince Basil's son and a fellow named Dologhow, he has been playing horrible pranks. Dologhow has been packed off to the army and Bésoukhow's son has been sent to Moscow. As to Anatole, his father has managed to hush up the affair; however, he has been desired to quit the capital."

"But what did they do?" asked the countess.

"They are perfect brigands, Dologhow especially: and he is Marie Dologhow's son — such an excellent woman! Would you believe that the three had got hold of a bear-cub, I do not know where, and took it in a carriage to some actress's house. The police tried to

arrest them, and then, what did they take into their heads? They seized the police officer, and after tying him on the bear's back, they flung them into the Moika, the bear swimming with the man on his back."

"Oh, my dear, what a fool the man must have looked!" cried the count rolling with laughter.

"But it is horrible. There is nothing to laugh at," exclaimed Mme. Karaguine though, in spite of herself, she, too, was in fits of laughing.

"They had the greatest difficulty in rescuing the poor wretch .... and to think that a son of Count Bésoukhow's should find any amusement in such mad tricks! He is said to be intelligent and well educated, too; but this is the consequence of a foreign education. I only hope no one will receive him in spite of his fine fortune. They wanted to bring him to my house, but I declined the honor — I have daughters."

"But who says he is so rich?" asked the countess leaning over to Mme. Karaguine and turning her back on the young ladies who immediately pretended not to hear. "The old count has none but natural children and Pierre, I think, is one of them." Mme. Karaguine threw up her hands.

"There are a score of them, I believe," she said.

"Princess Droubetzkoï, burning to parade her intimacy with the minutest details of everybody's life, now threw in her word, saying in a low emphatic tone:

"The truth is that Bésoukhow's reputation is notorious — he has so many that he has lost count of them: but Pierre is his favorite."

"And what a splendid old man he was, no longer ago than last year," said the countess. "He was the handsomest man I ever saw."

"Ah! he is very much altered now. By the way, I was going to tell you that the heir at law to all his fortune is Prince Basil, through his wife; but the old man is very fond of Pierre; he has spent a great deal on his education and has written to the emperor about him. No one has the slightest idea which of them will come in for the money, and he may die at any moment. Lorrain has also come from St. Petersburg. The count's fortune is something colossal — forty thousand souls* and millions of roubles in the funds. I know it for a fact, for Prince Basil himself told me.— I am myself distantly connected with old Bésoukhow through his mother, and he is godfather to Boris," she added, as though she considered these facts quite unimportant. "Prince Basil arrived in Moscow last evening."

"He has come to make some inspection I believe."

"Oh! but that is a mere pretext, between ourselves," said the princess. "He has come only to see Count Cyril Vladimirovitch, because he heard he was dying."

"It is a delicious story all the same," said the count, who, as the older ladies paid no heed to him, had addressed himself to the girls. "How funny the man must have looked!" And he went through a little

* Serfs on estates were at that time property, saleable and devisable with the land.

performance of the gestures and attitudes of the police-officer, chuckling in his deep bass — the noisy, thick chuckle of a man who loves good eating and drinking, and more particularly drinking. His whole burly frame shook.

"You will come back and dine?" he added to Mme. Karaguine.

The words were followed by a silence; the countess smiled pleasantly on her visitor, making no concealment of her satisfaction at seeing her rise to leave. The daughter glanced enquiringly at her mother, and arranged the folds of her skirt, when suddenly there was a noise as of several persons running across the adjoining room; then a chair was upset, and immediately after a young girl of thirteen rushed into the room holding up the skirt of her muslin frock in which she had something hidden. She stopped short; it was clear that in her headlong flight she had come further than she had intended. She was instantly followed by a college student with a purple collar to his coat, a young guardsman, a girl of about fifteen, and a little boy in a round frock with a bright rosy face.

The count rose and put his arms round the first comer. "Ah ha! Here she is!" he exclaimed. "It is her fête, too, to-day; my dear, it is her fête."

"There is a time for all things," said the countess trying to seem stern. "You always spoil her, Elie."

"How do you do, my dear; many happy returns of the day. — What a darling!" said Mme. Karaguine turning to the mother.

The little girl with her black eyes and a wide mouth, was plain rather than pretty, but to make up for it she was amazingly full of life; her shoulders were still throbbing in her low frock from her breathless run; her black curls, all in disorder, were thrown off her face; her bare arms were brown and thin; she still wore long trousers trimmed with lace and had low shoes on her little feet. She was at the age, in short, when a little girl has ceased to be a child but when the child is not yet a conscious maiden. She slipped away from her father and threw herself against her mother without heeding her reproof; then, hiding her blushing face in the lace flounces of the countess's wrap, she went into fits of laughter, and began a long, incoherent story about her doll, which she took out of the skirt of her frock.

"You see, it is only a doll—it is Mimi, you see..." And Natacha leaning on her mother's knee laughed so infectiously that Mme. Karaguine could not help laughing, too.

"Come, come; run away with that hideous object," said the countess, gently pushing her away. — "She is my youngest girl," she explained to her visitor.

Natacha, looking up for a moment from her mother's flounces, glanced at the stranger through tears of laughter, and then hid her face again. Mme. Karaguine, feeling herself bound to admire this family scene, tried to take part in it.

"Tell me, dear," she said, "who is Mimi? — Is she your little girl?" But Natacha, not liking her conde-

scending tone, turned suddenly grave, and only looked at her without speaking.

Meanwhile the younger members of the party: Boris — the young officer, the Princess Droubetzkoï's Boris— Nicolas—the student, and the eldest son of the Rostows, Sonia — the count's niece, a girl of fifteen — and Pétroucha, the youngest of the family, had collected in a group, making conspicuous efforts to control their glee and excitement within the bounds of propriety. Only to look at them plainly showed that in the back rooms, from whence they had so rashly appeared on the scene, the entertainment had been of a more lively character than here in the drawing-room, and that they had talked of something besides the gossip of the town, the weather, and Count and Countess Apraxine. They glanced at each other with merry meaning, and had the greatest difficulty in checking their impulse to laugh.

The two lads, who had been companions all their life, were both good-looking, but as different as possible. Boris was tall and fair, with regular, placid features. Nicolas had a curly head; he was short, and his expression was frank and simple. His upper lip showed the dark shade of an infant moustache. Every look and gesture was eager and enthusiastic; he had colored crimson when he found himself in the drawing-room and could not find a word to say. Boris, on the other hand, recovered himself at once, and said with some humor that he had had the honor of Mlle. Mimi's acquaintance some five years, but that lately she had grown very old and was undoubtedly cracked! As he

spoke he stole a glance at Natacha who looked at her little brother: Pétroucha, with his eyes almost shut, stood shaking with a convulsion of noiseless laughter, and his sister, feeling she could not control herself any longer, started up and flew out of the room as fast as her little feet could carry her.

Boris did not stir: "Mamma, do not you want the carriage ordered to go out?" he said with a smile.

"Yes, go and order it," said his mother. And he left the room without hurrying himself, to follow Natacha, while the little boy, vexed at their desertion, trotted off after them.

Of all the party only Nicolas and Sonia remained, with Mlle. Karaguine and the Rostows' eldest daughter, who was four years older than Natacha and considered as one of the "grown-ups."

Sonia was a sweet little brunette, with soft eyes and long dark lashes; the olive tint of her complexion was more marked round her throat and on her small, slender hands, and a thick plait of black hair was bound twice round her head. The smooth grace of her movements, and her softness and roundness generally, with a rather shy manner, reminded one of a kitten growing up into a beautiful cat. She smiled, to look as if she took an interest in the conversation; but her eyes, which, under their silky lashes, constantly stole a glance at the student cousin who was soon to be off to his regiment, so frankly expressed the adoring admiration peculiar to very young girls, that her smile could deceive no one. It was quite evident that though the kitten had curled

itself up for a moment the instant she was out of the drawing-room after Boris and Natacha she would jump and play again with this charming cousin.

"Yes, my dear," said the count, pointing to Nicolas, "his friend Boris has been appointed to the Guards and he insists on going with him to join the army — he will desert me, and leave college, and be a soldier — and to think that a place in the Archives is waiting for him! That is what I call devoted."

"And war is declared they say."

"They said so long since, and they will say so again, and then we shall hear no more of it.— Yes, my dear, real devotion, if I know what friendship means. He is going into the Hussars."

Mme. Karaguine, not knowing what to say, nodded assent.

"It is not out of friendship at all!" exclaimed Nicolas, turning crimson and defending himself as if he were accused of a crime. He looked at his cousin and at Mlle. Karaguine who both seemed to approve.

"General Pavlograd is to dine with us to-night; he is here on leave and will take Nicolas back with him. What can I say ?" and the count shrugged his shoulders and tried to take the matter lightly, though it had in fact occasioned him no small pain.

"I have told you, Papa, again and again, that if you forbid my going, I will stay. But I cannot be anything but a soldier I know; for a diplomatist or an official is bound to conceal his opinions and feelings, and I do not know how— " and he sent a killing glance

at the young ladies, while the little kitten kept her eyes fixed on his and seemed only to be waiting for an opportunity to be at her tricks and games.

"Very good, very good," said the count. "He fires up at once! Bonaparte has turned all their heads, and they all want to find out how, from being a lieutenant he has become an Emperor. Well, well. I wish them good-luck," he added not noticing Mme. Karaguine's scornful smile.

Then they began to talk of Napoleon, and Julie Karaguine turned to Nicolas Rostow:

"I am sorry you were not at the Argharows' on Thursday — I was so dull without you," she murmured softly.

The young man, greatly flattered, went closer to her, and they carried on a coquettish dialogue "aside," he entirely forgetting Sonia, while she, poor child, scarlet and quivering with jealousy, tried to force a smile. In the middle of this he turned to look at her, and Sonia, flashing a look of love and anger out of her dark eyes, walked out of the room, with difficulty restraining her tears.

Nicolas suddenly ceased his lively flirtation, and availing himself of the first favorable interruption, he went off in search of her, visibly disturbed.

"The young folks' secrets are kept in a glass case," said Princess Droubetzkoï, looking after them. "Cousins are dangerous neighbors."

"Yes," said the countess, as all the light and life of the party finally disappeared. And then she went on

answering a question which no one had asked her, but which was ever present to her mind: "How much anxiety, how much suffering we go through before happiness is our return! . . . . and even now I am more fearful than happy. It is the most perilous age for girls as well as boys!"

"Everything depends on education."

"You are quite right, I have always been the friend of my children, thank God!" said the countess who, like many parents, cherished this illusion, and believed she knew all her children's secrets. "My daughters, I know, tell me everything; and if Nicolas commits some follies — every boy must more or less — at any rate he will not behave like those young gentlemen at St. Petersburg."

"They are dear good children," said the count, whose way of settling any knotty point was to believe that everything was perfect. "What is to be done? He insisted on being a soldier . . . What would you have, my dear?"

"What a delightful child your Natacha is — a perfect piece of quicksilver."

"Yes, she is just like me," said the count innocently. "And with such a voice! Though she is my own child, I must say it. She will be quite first-rate, a second Salomoni! She is taking lessons from an Italian master."

"But is it not too soon? At her age it might spoil her voice."

"Why should it be too soon? Our mothers married at twelve or thirteen."

"And do you know she is desperately in love with Boris. What do you think of that?" said the countess with a meaning smile at Anna Mikhaïlovna. Then she went on again, as if she were arguing with herself: "If I were strict with her, if I forbade her to see him, God knows what might come of it" (she meant perhaps that they would meet and kiss in secret) "while, as it is I know everything they say; she comes to tell me every evening. I spoil her perhaps, but believe me it is the best plan; my eldest daughter was very strictly brought up."

"Yes, indeed, I was educated quite differently," said Countess Vera smiling. But her smile unluckily did not improve her, for it gave her face an unpleasant and affected expression. Still she was handsome, fairly intelligent, and well taught; her voice was pleasant and what she said was perfectly true, and yet it made her audience look from one to another in awkward surprise.

"We always want to do wonders with our elder children," said Mme. Karaguine.

"It must be confessed," said the count, "that my wife wanted to make a miracle of Vera—but after all, she succeeded," he added with an approving glance at his daughter.

Mme. Karaguine at last made up her mind to depart, promising to return to dinner.

"What a goose!" cried the countess, after seeing her to the door. "I thought she was never going."

CHAPTER VI.

NATACHA had paused in her flight at the door of the conservatory; there she waited for Boris, keeping one ear open to catch the conversation in the drawing-room. At last, out of all patience, she stamped her foot and was on the verge of tears, when she heard the young man's step as he came across the room in no sort of hurry. She had just time to hide behind the tubs of evergreens. Boris, having entered the conservatory, looked about him, and flicking some dust off the sleeve of his coat he went to a mirror to contemplate his pretty face.

Natacha watched him with much curiosity; she saw him smile, and make his way towards the opposite door. She thought she would call him.— "No," she said to herself, "let him look for me."

He had hardly disappeared when Sonia with flaming cheeks and streaming eyes rushed into the conservatory. Natacha was on the point of springing to meet her, but the delight of being invisible and seeing others — just like a fairy-tale — kept her quiet. Sonia was speaking to herself in a low tone with her eyes fixed on the drawing-room door. In a minute Nicolas followed her.

"Sonia, what is the matter? How can you?" he began.

"Nothing, leave me alone!" and she melted into sobs.

"No, no—I know what it is."

"Well then, if you know, so much the better for you. You had better go back to her."

"Sonia, one word! How can you torment yourself and torment me so for a mere whim, a fancy," he said, taking her hand.

Sonia went on crying, but did not draw her hand away. Natacha, riveted to her place, held her breath; her eyes were sparkling: "What is going to happen?" she wondered.

"Sonia, the whole world is nothing to me; you are everything, and I will prove it to you."

"I do not like you to talk to . . . ."

"Well, I will never speak to her again, only forgive me." And drawing her to him, he kissed her.

"Ah! well done!" said Natacha to herself.

Nicolas and Sonia went away; she followed them at a little distance to the door, and called Boris.

"Boris, come here," she said with a look of mysterious importance. "I have something to say to you. Here—just here." And she led him to her hiding-place among the flowers. Boris followed her smiling:

"What have you to say to me?"

She colored and looked about her anxiously; then, seeing her doll which was lying on one of the tubs she snatched it up and held it out to him: "Kiss my doll," she said.

Boris looked down at her eager little face.

"You will not? Then come this way . . . ." She dragged him into a thicker clump and tossed away the doll. "Come closer, come closer . . ." and she pulled his coat; then, scarlet with excitement and on the point of tears, she said in a low voice:

"Now, will you kiss me?"

Boris colored.

"What a strange child you are!" he said bending over her, but undecided.

With one spring she was standing on the edge of one of the tubs, she threw her little bare arms round her companion's neck and tossing back her hair she kissed his lips; then slipping down again she hastily escaped and stood still on the further side of the wooden tub, her head hanging.

"Natacha, I love you, you know it, but . . . ."

"Are you in love with me?"

"Yes, I am. But pray, pray do not do that again.— In four years — then I will ask to marry you . . ." Natacha stood thinking.

"Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen," she said counting on her fingers. "That is a promise," and her face lighted up with happy confidence.

"Yes, a promise," said Boris.

"For ever and ever, in life and death," the child went on, and she took his arm and led him into the drawing-room, quite happy and satisfied.

The countess was tired; she had at last said she could see no one, and desired the servant to ask any one else who came to call to return to dinner. She

wanted also to have a few minutes chat with Princess Droubetzkoï, who had only lately returned from St. Petersburg and who had been her friend from childhood.

"I will be frank with you," the princess began, drawing her chair closer to the countess. "We have so few old friends left that your regard is doubly dear to me." Then, glancing at Vera, she was silent. The countess pressed her hand.

"Vera you might understand I think," it was quite clear that she was not fond of her daughter. "Do you not see that you are not wanted here? Go and join the others."

"If you had told me sooner, Mamma—" replied the handsome Vera with a scornful accent, but not seeming offended, "I should have been gone by this time."

And she went into the next room. There she discovered two couples, each seated in one of the windows, the counterpart of each other.

She paused, looking at them with a satirical expression. Nicolas, sitting by Sonia, was writing out some verses, his first attempt at composition. Boris and Natacha were whispering together, but were silent as soon as Vera came in. The two little girls had a radiant and conscious look that betrayed their feelings; it was both pretty and comical. But Vera did not see that it was either pretty or comical.

"How often have I desired you not to touch anything of mine? You have a room to yourselves," she said and she took the inkstand from Nicolas.

"One minute — just one minute," said Nicolas dipping his pen.

"You always do the wrong thing.— Just now you came tearing into the drawing-room like mad creatures, startling and upsetting every one."

In spite — or perhaps in consequence of the truth of her remark, no one spoke a word, but the four guilty ones looked at each other. Vera, with her inkstand in her hand did not go.

"And what secrets can you have at your age? It is ridiculous, mere silly nonsense."

"But what does it matter to you, Vera?" said Natacha gently, for she felt altogether more amiable than usual and on her best behavior.

"It is monstrous, and I blush for you! What are your secrets pray?"

"Everyone has his own, and we leave you and Berg in peace," said Natacha hotly.

"There is no reason why you should not, we never do anything we are ashamed of. But as for you, I will tell mamma how you behave to Boris."

"Natalie Ilinischna behaves very well to me, I have nothing to complain of."

"Be quiet, Boris, you are a perfect 'Diplomate!'"

This word, which the children were very fond of using, was to them full of peculiar meaning.

"This is intolerable!" exclaimed Natacha, hurt and offended, "why does she attack me? — You will never understand for you never loved anyone in your life. You have no heart; you are Madame de Genlis '— this

nickname, which Nicolas had found for Vera, was supposed to be particularly abusive.—"Your only pleasure is to annoy others. You can flirt with Berg as much as you please."

"Well, at any rate I do not run after a man into a room full of company . . . ."

"There, you have done what you wanted," cried Nicolas. "You have upset us all with your nonsense; now, let us be off; we will go into the school-room." And they all four made their escape like a covey of frightened birds.

"It is you, on the contrary who have been talking nonsense," exclaimed Vera, while outside the four voices sang merrily in chorus: "Madame de Genlis, Madame de Genlis!"

Vera, paying no heed, went to the glass to arrange her sash and her hair, and the sight of her own pretty face restored her equanimity.

In the drawing-room the two friends had been discussing their most private affairs.

"Ah! my dear!" said the countess, "everything is not rose-colored in a life like mine. I see quite plainly that if we go on at this rate our money will not last much longer. It will all melt through our fingers. And whose fault is it? It is his liberality — and his club.— Even in the country we have no peace: entertainments, hunting, shooting, what not! But what is the use of talking? —Tell me what you have been doing. Really, I admire your energy; how you can go posting about at your time of life! Moscow — St. Petersburg — this

minister—that big-wig! And you manage and persuade everybody! How in the world do you do it? It is marvellous and I cannot understand it."

"On! my dear friend, may Heaven preserve you from ever knowing what it is to be a widow and alone with a son you adore. One puts up with anything for his sake. My lawsuit has been a hard school!—When I wanted to see some great man I first wrote to him; then I went myself, in a hired carriage, once, twice, four times, as often as was necessary, till I had got what I wanted, and I did not care in the least what they thought of me."

"And who did you apply to about Boris, for after all, here he is an officer in the Imperial guard while Nicolas is no more than a "Junker." No one took any trouble about him. To whom did you go?"

"To Prince Basil, and he was most kind. He promised at once to speak to the emperor," she added eagerly, forgetting the snubbing she had received.

"And is Prince Basil much older? I have not seen him since the days of the theatricals at the Roumiantzows'; he has probably forgotten me, though in those days he made himself very agreeable to me!"

"He is just the same as ever, polite and courtly; his grandeur has not turned his head. 'I am only sorry, my dear Princess,' he said, 'that it should cost me so little trouble; you have only to command.'—He really is a kind man and a worthy relation. You know, Natalie, how devoted I am to my boy; there is nothing I would not do to secure his happiness. But my situation is

really a cruel one, a most painful one; and it gets worse and worse," she went on, lowering her voice. "That miserable lawsuit makes no progress, and is ruining me. I have not ten kopeks in my pocket, and I assure you I do not know how I am going to get Boris his outfit." She drew out her handkerchief and began to weep. I shall want five hundred roubles and I have only a note for twenty-five roubles in the world. I am in the most miserable straits; my only hope is in Count Bésoukhow. If he will not come forward to help his godson all my pains will be lost."

The countess's eyes were sympathetically moist and she seemed lost in meditation.

"I often think of Count Bésoukhow and his lonely existence," the princess went on, "and of his enormous fortune, and I cannot help wondering — it is a sin perhaps—why he is allowed to live on? Life is a burthen to him while Boris is young. . . ."

"He will be sure to leave him something," said the countess.

"I doubt it, my dear; these enormously rich men are so egoistical. However, I mean to go there and to explain to the count how matters stand. It is now two," she said, rising, "and you dine at four — I shall have plenty of time."

The princess sent for her son: "Then we meet again presently. Wish me good-luck."

"You are going to see Count Cyril Vladimirovitch?" cried the count coming out of the dining-room. "If he is better ask Pierre to come to dinner; he used to be

here often, and dance with the children. Make him promise to come. We shall see if Tarass does himself credit; he assures me that Count Orlow never gave such a dinner as he has had prepared for this evening."

CHAPTER VII.

"My dear Boris," said the princess, as the carriage that the countess had placed at her disposal rolled over the straw-covered street and into the court-yard of Count Bésoukhow's house: "My dear Boris," she repeated, and she put out her hand from under her shabby cloak, and laid it with a shy caress on her son's, "be amiable and judicious. He is your godfather and your future prospects depend on him, do not forget that. Be nice, as you can be when you like."

"I should have been glad, I must own, to feel sure that I should get anything out of it but humiliation," he said coldly. "However, I promised you and I will do it for your sake."

The princess refused to be announced by their own servant. She and her son went into the entrance-hall where two rows of statues stood in the niches. The porter eyed the mother and son from head to foot, taking note of the lady's threadbare mantle; then he asked if their call was for the count or for the young princesses. "For the count," and he assured them —

though a long line of carriages gave his words the lie—that his excellency saw no one, he was much too ill.

"Then we may as well go," said Boris in French.

"My dear," said his mother lightly touching his arm, as if her touch had a magic power to excite or soothe him. Boris said no more and his mother went on in a plaintive tone to the man-servant: "I know that the count is very ill and that is why I came to call; I am a relation of his — but I will not disturb him; I only want to see Prince Basil; he is here I know, pray have the goodness to send my name up."

The porter angrily pulled the bell.

"Princess Droubetzkoï, for Prince Basil," he called up to the footman who put his head over the stair-rail.

The princess shook out the folds of her dyed silk gown, looking at herself as she passed in a large Venetian mirror that was framed into the wall, and boldly set her shabby shoe on the carpeted steps.

"You have promised, remember," she said lightly stroking her son's hand to encourage him.

Boris followed her calmly with downcast eyes, and they were ushered into a room through which they must pass to that of Prince Basil. An elderly man-servant rose to meet them, and they were on the point of repeating their wishes, when one of several doors was opened, and Prince Basil came out in a loose velvet coat trimmed with fur and with only one ordèr, which, in him, was a sign of a hasty toilet. He was showing out a handsome young man with very black hair.

"It is final then?" he said.

"*Errare humanum est*, Prince," replied Dr. Lorrain, pronouncing the Latin with a strong French accent.

"Thank you, thank you," said Prince Basil, who, having caught sight of the princess and her son, dismissed the physician with a bow. He then came forward to meet them with a look of enquiry. Boris saw his mother's face put on an expression of deep regret and he turned away to hide a smile.

"We meet again under very sad circumstances," she began, ignoring the cold and offensive eye that the prince fixed upon her. "How is our dear invalid?"

Prince Basil looked at her and at Boris in silence, not attempting to conceal his astonishment at their presence there; without even returning Boris' bow he answered her enquiry with a twist of his lips and a shake of his head, conveying that there was no hope for the count.

"It is true then!" she exclaimed. "Oh! it is terrible, terrible to think of!— This is my son," she added, "he was anxious to thank you in person." Boris bowed again. "Believe me, Prince, a mother's heart can never forget all you have done for her son."

"I am very glad, Anna Mikhaïlovna, to have been able to oblige you," said the prince, twitching his shirt frill. But his tone and manner were far more patronizing than at the soirée at Mlle. Schérer's. "Do your duty to the best of your ability and try to prove yourself deserving. I am delighted—charmed—are you on leave?" All with an air of absolute indifference.

"I am waiting for orders, your Excellency, before joining my regiment," said Boris, without betraying the smallest annoyance at his dry tone or any wish to carry on the conversation. The prince was struck by his quiet reticence and looked at him with more attention.

"Do you live with your mother?"

"I live with Countess Rostow, your Excellency."

"With Elie Rostow whose wife was Natalie Schinchine," explained Anna Mikhaïlovna.

"I know, I know," said the prince with cold monotony. "I never could understand Natalie. How she could marry that unlicked cub! A dull, absurd creature, and a gambler, they say, into the bargain."

"Yes, but a very kind soul, Prince," said the princess with a smile expressing her concurrence in his opinion, though she defended the poor count. "And what do the doctors say?" she went on, once more assuming a look of deep dejection.

"There is very little hope."

"I should so much have liked to see him once more, to thank him for all his kindness to Boris. Boris is his godson," she added with consequential emphasis, as though the fact must impress Prince Basil. But the prince said nothing and scowled. She, understanding at once that he thought of her as a dangerous competitor for the inheritance, hastened to reassure him.

"But for my sincere affection and devotion to my uncle—" and she let the words 'my uncle' drop with a sort of careless effrontery—"I know his noble nature.— And he has no one with him but his nieces;

they are very young.—" Then, looking down, she went on: "Has he fulfilled his religious duties? Every moment is precious. He cannot be worse, and it is indispensable that he should be prepared. We women," and she smiled sweetly, "can always manage these things best. I really must see him, painful as such an interview must be to me;—but I am accustomed to sorrow."

Prince Basil saw, as he had seen that evening at Mlle. Schérer's, that there would be no getting rid of the lady.

"I am afraid it would do him harm, my dear Princess," he said. "Wait till the evening at any rate, the doctors think there may be a crisis."

"Wait! but his hours are numbered. His salvation hangs in the balance. The last duties of a Christian soul are a terrible ordeal."

At this moment a door, leading into another suite of rooms, opened and one of the princesses made her appearance. She had a crabbed, hard face and an enormously long waist, out of all proportion to the rest of her person.

"Well, how is he?" asked Prince Basil.

"Just the same — and how can he be otherwise with all this noise?" said the lady, staring at Anna Mikhaïlovna as though she were a stranger.

"Ah! my dear, I did not recognize you," exclaimed Princess Droubetzkoï going forward. "I have only just come from St. Petersburg and I came at once to help you to nurse my uncle. What you must have gone

through!" and she raised her eyes to heaven. The young princess turned on her heel and left the room without a word.

Anna Mikhaïlovna drew off her gloves and settling herself in an arm-chair as though she had captured a retrenchment, she signed to the prince to sit down by her.

"Boris, I will go in to see the count — my uncle; you can pay a call on Pierre and give him the Rostows' invitation. They want him to dine there you know.— But I suppose he will not go," she added turning to Prince Basil.

"Why not?" said the prince evidently much annoyed. "I shall be only too glad to get rid of him. He has made himself at home here and the count has not once asked for him."

He shrugged his shoulders and rang the bell. A footman came in and was desired to take Boris to see Pierre Kirilovitch through another part of the house.

It was so: Pierre had not had time to decide on what he would do when he had been warned to leave St. Petersburg, in consequence of his disorderly absurdities. The story as told at the Rostows' was accurate: he and his madcap associates had tied the police officer on to the bear's back. He had now been in Moscow, for some days, and had put up, as usual, at his father's house. Of course, he understood that the story of his adventure would be known, and expected the womankind of the house, who were always inimical, to be more than ever hostile. He nevertheless went up

the first day to his father's room, pausing on his way to pay his respects to the three princesses. Two of them were doing needle-work at a large frame, while the third, the eldest, read aloud. Her appearance was severely neat with her odd-looking long waist; the two younger ones were both very pretty and wonderfully alike, excepting that one of them had a mole just above her lip which was thought particularly bewitching.

Pierre was received like a leper. The eldest ceased reading and looked at him with horror and amazement; the second — the one who had not a mole over her lip — did the same; the third, who had some sense of fun, bent over her work to hide a smile at the scene which she foresaw was about to take place. She stuck her needle into the canvas and pretended to be studying the pattern while she was smothering a fit of laughter.

"Good-morning, Cousin," said Pierre: "You do not seem to know me."

"I know you only too well — too well!"

"How is the count? Can I see him?" asked Pierre with his usual abruptness but not in the least discomposed.

"The count is suffering both in mind and body, and you have taken care to add to his mental trouble."

"Can I see him?" repeated Pierre.

"Oh! if you want to kill him—to kill him outright, of course you can. — Olga, go and see if my uncle's broth is ready — it is time," she added to show Pierre that they had no thought but for their uncle, while he

evidently was only bent on displeasing him. Olga left the room, Pierre waited a minute and then, looking keenly at the two sisters, he said with a bow:

"If that is the case I will go back to my own rooms and you will let me know when I can see him."

He went away, the youngest princess laughing loudly as he retreated.

Next day Prince Basil arrived and took up his quarters in the house. He sent for Pierre.

"My good fellow," he said, "if you go on here as you have been doing at St. Petersburg you will get into worse trouble; that is all I have to say to you. The count is dangerously ill; there is no use in your seeing him."

From that moment Pierre was forgotten, and spent his days in solitude in his rooms on the second floor.

When Boris went in Pierre was pacing his room, which was spacious, stopping at the corners and shaking his fist at the walls as if he longed to run a sword through some invisible enemy, flashing wrathful glances over his spectacles, and then walking on again, shrugging his shoulders, flourishing his arms and haranguing to himself.

"England's day is over!" he said, frowning sternly and pointing his finger at some imaginary auditor. "M. Pitt — a traitor to his country and to the rights of man, is condemned to. . . ."

But he had not time to utter the verdict pronounced by Napoleon, whom he was representing; he had only

crossed the channel and taken London by storm when a handsome and well-dressed young officer came into the room. He stopped short. Boris was but fourteen when Pierre had seen him last, and he did not recognize him; prompted, however, by his friendly instincts he held out his hand with a pleasant smile.

"You have not forgotten me?" said Boris, answering the smile. "I came with my mother to see the count, but they say he is too ill."

"Yes, so they say; but they do not give him a minute's peace," said Pierre, wondering who his visitor might be.

Boris saw that he did not know him but he thought it unnecessary to enlighten him, not feeling in the least awkward himself, and he looked him full in the face.

"Count Rostow begs you will dine with him to-day," he said after a long silence which Pierre was beginning to find very uncomfortable.

"Ah! Count Rostow!" exclaimed Pierre joyfully. "Then you are his son Elie! Would you believe that I did not know you again. Do you remember our walks together, with Mme. Jacquot, ages ago?"

"You are under a mistake," said Boris deliberately, with a cool, satirical smile. "I am Boris, the Princess Droubetzkoï's son. Count Rostow's name is Elie, but his son's name is Nicolas, and I never saw Mme. Jacquot."

Pierre shook his head and waved his hands, as if he were waving off a swarm of gnats or bees.

"Good heavens! Is it possible? I must have

mixed it all up. I have so many relations in Moscow.— You are Boris — to be sure . . . now I know all about it. — Well, and what do you think of Napoleon's expedition to Boulogne? The English will have their hands full if Napoleon can only cross the Straits. I think it quite possible, if only Villeneuve is to be depended on."

Boris, who never read the papers, knew nothing about the expedition, and had never before heard the name of Villeneuve.

"Here, at Moscow, dinners and gossip occupy our minds more than politics," he replied with his ironical smile. "I know nothing whatever about them, and I never think. You and the count are the only subjects of conversation."

Pierre's face lighted up with his frank, kind smile; though he seemed to fear lest his visitor should say something injudicious or unpleasant; but Boris spoke coolly and drily and kept his eyes fixed on Pierre.

"Moscow has nothing else to think about," he went on. "Every one wonders who will be the count's heir; and who knows whether he will not live to bury us all? I am sure I wish he may with all my heart."

"Yes, it is very sad, very sad indeed," stammered Pierre, still feeling that the subject was an awkward one.

"And you, of course, must think," Boris said, coloring a little, but not losing his self-possession, "that all alike are hoping for a handful of gold from the millionaire. . . ."

"Now for it," thought Pierre.

"And I am most anxious to explain to you, that we may perfectly understand each other, that you would be quite mistaken if you included my mother and me among the number. Your father is very rich and we are very poor; for that very reason I have never thought of him as a relation. Neither my mother nor I will ever ask or accept anything from the count."

Pierre did not immediately take this in; but suddenly seizing Boris eagerly and clumsily by the hand, while he blushed with confusion, he began:

"Is it possible!" "Can it be supposed that I . . . or that anyone. . . .?"

"I am glad I told you; you must excuse me," said Boris in a soothing tone. "I did not mean to offend you. I make it my principle to be perfectly frank. — But what answer am I to take? Will you come to dinner?"

And Boris having thus shifted the onus and burthen of a false position on to the shoulders of another person could be as charming as usual.

"Do you know," said Pierre, calming down, "that you are a wonderful man. You have just done a very noble thing. You do not know me — how should you? We have not met since we were children — and of course you might have supposed . . . I understand perfectly; but I should never have done it, I should not have had the courage . . . it is really admirable. I am delighted to have made your acquaintance. — It is very odd," he went on after a short silence, "you really thought that I . . ." and he began to laugh. "But we

shall know each other better, I hope and beg," and he grasped his hand. "Do you know I have not seen the count; he has not asked for me—it pains me, as a man—but there is nothing to be done. — And do you really think that Napoleon will have time to get all his army across?"

And Pierre went on enlarging on the advantages and the difficulties of the Boulogne expedition. He was still in the middle of the subject when a servant came to tell Boris that his mother was going; Boris took leave of Pierre who shook hands warmly and promised to dine with the Rostows.

When Boris was gone he continued his walk round his room, but he no longer sparred with spectral foes. He smiled with the sense of a sudden warm affection for this intelligent and sympathetic new friend — the result no doubt of his own isolation — and quite made up his mind to improve the acquaintance.

Prince Basil accompanied the princess to her carriage; she came down weeping, her face hidden in her handkerchief.

"It is frightful, quite frightful," she murmured. "But I will do my duty to the end. I will come back and sit with him; he cannot be left in this state; every minute is precious. I do not know what his nieces are waiting for. God willing, I may perhaps find an opportunity for preparing him. — Good-bye, Prince, and may God support and comfort you."

"Good-bye, my dear," said Prince Basil indifferently.

"Oh! he is in a terrible state," said the mother to her son as soon as they were in the carriage, "he knows no one."

"I cannot find out anything about his position with regard to Pierre."

"His will will explain everything, and our fate, too, will depend upon it," said the princess.

"But what makes you think that he will leave us anything?"

"Oh! my dear, he is so rich and we are so poor!"

"That does not seem to me a sufficient reason, I must confess, Mamma. . . ."

"Good God! How ill he is!" exclaimed his mother.

When Anna Mikhailovna and her son had set out to pay their visit, they had left the countess alone, lost in thought, and now and then wiping away a tear. At last she rang the bell.

The maid was long in answering the summons. Her mistress's nerves were all on edge; her friend's anxieties and squalid poverty had quite upset her and she was very cross.

"It strikes me," she said to the girl, "that you do not choose to do your work; — just as you please. I can find another place for you." The girl apologized penitently. "Well go and beg the count to come to me."

The count immediately obeyed; he waddled into the room and came shyly up to his wife.

"Ah ha! *Petite Comtesse*," he said, "what a dish of partridges with Madeira we are going to have! I know — I have tasted it, my dear. — Well I have paid Tarass a thousand roubles; and he is well worth it."

He sat down by her, passing one hand through his hair and laying the other on his knee with an air of triumph. "And what do you want, *petite Comtesse?*"

"I will tell you. — But what is this stain?" said she pointing to a spot on his waistcoat. "The stewed partridges no doubt?" and she smiled. "Well, my dear, I want some money."

The count's face lengthened.

"Really?" he said. "But my dear little Countess," and he uneasily felt for his pocket-book.

"Yes — a great deal of money. I want five hundred roubles," and as she spoke she rubbed the stain on his waistcoat with her cambric handkerchief.

"Certainly, at once.—Hi! is there any one there?" he shouted with the decision of a man who knows that he will be obeyed, and that crouching servants will appear at his call. "Ask Mitenka to come here."

Mitenka was a nobleman's son whom the count had brought up and then trusted with the stewardship of all his affairs; he came with a slow and measured step and stood respectfully before his master.

"Listen to me, my dear fellow; bring me," — he paused. "Bring me seven hundred roubles — yes, seven hundred; and mind the notes are not all dirty and torn

like the last. I want new ones, they are for the countess."

"Yes, Mitenka, let them be clean ones, pray," said the countess with a sigh.

"When does your Excellency wish to have them? for you know.... However, be quite easy," added Mitenka hurriedly, as he saw the hard, quick breathing which in the count was the unfailing sign of a burst of rage. "I forgot — you shall have them."

"Very well. Bring them to the countess.— What a treasure that fellow is!" said the count looking after him, "he never says a thing is impossible, and that is just what I like; in fact just as it ought to be."

"Oh! money, money! How many ills it causes in this world; and this will be of the greatest use to me, my dear."

"Everyone knows how extravagant you are, my little Countess," said her husband; he kissed her hand and left her.

A packet of crisp new notes was presently brought to the countess who laid them in her lap and covered them carefully with her pocket-handkerchief. In a few minutes Princess Droubetzkoi came in.

"Well, my dear?" asked the countess rather excitedly.

"Oh! the most fearful state of things.— You would not know him and he is so ill! — I only staid a minute and did not say two words."

"Anna, if you love me do not refuse to do me a favor," said the countess quite inconsistently, and with

a bashful look that was oddly out of place on her worn and rather stern features. She snatched up her handkerchief and presented the packet to Anna Mikhaïlovna. The princess guessed what it was at once, and leaned over, ready to clasp her friend in her arms.

"It is to fit out Boris."

This was the moment for effusiveness; the princess embraced Natalie with a burst of tears. Why should they both weep? Was it because they were reduced to consider the money question—a sordid matter between such devoted friends; or were they thinking of their youth, of the days of childhood when they had first loved each other? Be that as it may, their tears flowed freely, and were tears of entire satisfaction.

CHAPTER VIII.

Countess Rostow was in the drawing-room with her daughters and a crowd of ladies. Her husband had taken the men into his private room and was displaying a fine collection of pipes; now and again he came into the drawing-room to see whether Marie Dmitrievna Afrossimow had come.

Marie Dmitrievna — nicknamed the "Dreadful Dragon" — had neither fortune nor title, but she was strictly honest and frank, and her manners were natural

and unaffected. She was known to the Imperial family, and the best society of both capitals was to be seen at her house. People might laugh in their sleeves at her free and easy ways, and tell wonderful stories of her eccentricities: she was feared and respected all the same.

In the count's room they were smoking and talking over the war, which had just been declared and publicly announced in a manifesto on the recruiting question. None of those present had read it yet, but it was known that it had been published. The count, seated on a divan between two of his guests who were talking and smoking, said not a word, but turned from one to the other, listening to each with evident satisfaction.

One of them was in civil uniform; his wrinkled, yellow, lean and close-shaven face betrayed his advanced age, though he was dressed in the latest fashion; he sat with his feet curled up on the divan in the attitude of a man who felt himself at home, and he was smoking a chibouque, sucking the amber mouthpiece with noisy deep inspirations, and a variety of contortions. Schinchine was an old bachelor, a connection of the countess's, and regarded in every drawing-room in Moscow as a spiteful gossip. He always talked as if he thought he was conferring an honor on his auditor. The other man was a young officer in the Imperial guard, fresh, rosy-cheeked and curly; elaborately got up, and as smart as a new pin. He held his chibouque daintily between his cherry lips, and puffed off the smoke in light spiral clouds. This was Lieutenant Berg of the Séménovsky regiment, which he and Boris

were about to join; and it was to him that Natacha had alluded as "Vera's Berg."

The count sat listening attentively, for his chief joys in life were playing Boston and absorbing the conversation of two steady talkers when he was so fortunate as to get two together.

"And how do you mean to manage that, my dear and highly-respected Alphonse Karlovitch?" asked Schinchine sarcastically. He had a way of mixing colloquial Russian vulgarisms with the most elaborate French phrases that gave a quaint originality to his conversation. "Do you propose to invest your company in the state funds and draw a handsome interest?"

"No, Pierre Nicolaïévitch, I only aim at proving that the advantages of serving in the cavalry are much smaller than in the infantry. But you will see what I mean . . . ." Berg always spoke very quietly, precisely and politely; he never talked of anything but himself, but when a conversation happened to have no personal interest he could sit silent for an indefinate length of time without seeming awkward or making anyone else uncomfortable, though, the moment an opportunity offered, he would come to the front with evident satisfaction.

"This is how matters stand," he went on. "In the cavalry, even as a lieutenant, I should not have more than 200 roubles a quarter; now, as it is I have 230 —" and Berg smiled at Schinchine and the count with the happiest confidence that his career and his interests must be of the highest importance to his audience.

"Then, I am seen and known, and vacancies occur more frequently. Of course I could not go on for ever on 230 roubles, for I save some money and send it to my father," Berg added, puffing out a cloud of smoke.

"The calculation is a close one, 'a German can grind his corn on the back of his hatchet,' says the proverb . . . ."

And Schinchine shifted his pipe to the other corner of his mouth with a side glance at the count who laughed heartily. The rest of the company, seeing that Schinchine was in the vein, gathered round them, while Berg, who never perceived that he was being laughed at, proceeded to enumerate all the advantages he had gained by exchanging into the guard: a rise in rank to begin with; then, in war-time, the officer in command might be killed and he, as senior would be all the more likely to be appointed in his stead, as he was a favorite in the regiment, and his papa was very proud of him. He told all his little stories with the greatest enjoyment, never seeming to suspect that there could be any more important interests in the world than his own; and there was something so ingenuous in his innocent and youthful egoism that his hearers were disarmed.

"Ah well, my boy, you will get on whether in the cavalry or the infantry, I will answer for that," said Schinchine patting him on the shoulder as he put down his feet. Berg smiled self-satisfied and followed the count who led the way into the drawing-room.

It was just before dinner was announced, the mo-

ment when no one cares to begin a conversation in expectation of the zazouska.* Politeness, however, demands at any rate a pretense of talk, if only as a cover to hide one's impatience. The host and hostess keep an eye on the dining-room door and exchange uneasy glances; the guests on their part, catching these hints of despair, rack their brains to guess why or for whom they are kept waiting — is it some influential relation, or is it the soup?

Pierre had only just come in and had seated himself, clumsily as usual, in the first arm-chair he saw, in the very middle of the room. The countess was doing her best to make him talk but could only extract monosyllables, while he sat staring about him through his spectacles as if he were looking for someone. He was, no doubt, very much in the way, but he was the only person who failed to perceive it. Everyone had heard something of the history of the bear, so this big, burly, stalwart young fellow was an object of general curiosity; people wondered how such a heavy, indolent creature could have played such a trick on a police-officer.

"You have only just come in?" asked the countess.

"Yes, Madame," and he looked to the left.

"You have not seen my husband?"

"No, Madame," and he smiled vaguely.

"You were at Paris not long since; it must be an interesting place."

"Very interesting."

* Caviar or pickled fish served with brandy before dinner to whet the appetite.

The countess cast a beseeching glance at Anna Mikhaïlovna who, catching this silent entreaty on the wing, as it were, came forward to put a little life, if possible, into the conversation. She spoke to Pierre of his father, but with no better success; he could only answer in monosyllables.

The rest of the company were gossiping languidly; one heard such phrases as: "The Razoumovskys — quite delightful. — How kind you are. — Countess Apraxine . . . ." when the countess suddenly moved across the room and a servant shouted: "Marie Dmitrievna."

"Her very self," added a rather harsh voice, and Marie Dmitrievna came in.

Excepting the old ladies all, whether girls or married women, rose to receive her. She paused in the doorway. She was tall, masculine and erect, a woman of fifty with iron grey curls; and while she affected to be deliberately patting down her cuffs she cast a searching glance round at all the company. Marie Dmitrievna always spoke Russian.

"Health and happiness to the lady we are met to honor — to her and to all her children!" she said in her full voice which sounded above every other. "And what are you doing with yourself in Moscow, old sinner?" she went on to the count, who kissed her hand. "You are bored to death here, confess it; there is nowhere to give a dog a good run.— What is to be done, my good man? As these little birds grow up —" and she waved a hand towards the girls — "they must

have husbands found for them, whether or no.— And you, my little Cossack—" so she always called Natacha, and she stroked her hair while the child merrily kissed her hand without the least shyness.— "This child is an elf, I know, but I am very fond of her." She took out of a vast hand-bag a pair of ear-rings; pear-shaped drops of fine gems, and gave them to the little girl who beamed with delight; then, turning to Pierre she added in a tone that she meant to be insinuating: "Ho, ho! my good friend, come here, come to me," and she turned back her wide sleeves with a threatening gesture.

"Come here, come close. I was the only person to tell the truth to your father when occasion required it, and I am not going to spare you. It is my mission from God."

She paused and everyone listened for what would follow this thunder of a coming storm: "Well, you are a pretty fellow, I must say . . . While your father is lying on a bed of sickness you can amuse yourself with lashing a police-officer on to a bear's back! It is indecent, positively indecent, boy! You had better have gone to the war."

She turned her back on him and giving her hand to the count: "Well, to dinner!" she exclaimed, "it is ready I believe!"

The count led the way with Marie Dmitrievna; the countess followed with the Colonel of Hussars, who was a guest to be made much of as Nicolas was to go with him to join his regiment. Anna Mikhaïlovna went with Schinchine; Berg took Vera, Nicolas took

Julie Karaguine, all smiles, and the rest of the party came in couples along the great dining-room, the procession closing with the governesses and tutors, each leading one of the children. The servants rushed to push in the chairs with much noise, a band struck up in the gallery, and everyone sat down. The music was soon drowned in the clatter of knives and forks, the voices of the company, and the bustle of the servants. The countess sat at one end of the table with Marie Dmitrievna at her right, and Anna Mikhaïlovna on her left; the count, at the other end, was between Schinchine and the colonel; the rest of the gentlemen placed themselves as they pleased; in the middle, on one side, Vera with Berg, Pierre and Boris faced the children and their guardians on the other. The count kept glancing at his wife and her towering cap with blue ribands, which he could see between the decanters, bottles, and high dishes of fruit which stood between them, and devoted himself to offering wine to his neighbors, not forgetting himself. The countess, peeping over the crowns of the pine-apples, responded to her husband's glances; his rubicund forehead, framed in scanty grey hair, was a conspicuous object.

At the ladies' end there was a buzz of voices in unison; at the men's end, tones by degrees grew louder, and the colonel's voice particularly, for he eat and drank so much and so heartily that his face had grown purple, while the count held him up as an example to his other guests. Berg, with a tender smile, was explaining to Vera that love was a gift from Heaven and not a pro-

duct of this world. Boris was naming the persons present to his new friend Pierre, and sending meaning glances at Natacha who sat opposite to him. Pierre spoke little; he was studying the faces he did not know and eating with a will. Of two soups that had been offered him he had chosen turtle, and from the koulibiaka* to the last course — the birds basted with Madeira — he had not let a single dish pass, or refused a single wine of all the variety offered by the butler who stood majestically behind him and muttered in his ears: "Dry Madeira, Hungarian wine, Rhine wine."

He drank indiscriminately out of either of his glasses — four, with the count's arms engraved on them, were placed by every guest — and he felt a flow of general benevolence towards all his neighbors which grew with each bumper that he swallowed. Natacha sat gazing at Boris as none but a very young girl can when she is first in love, and especially when she has just had a kiss from the hero of her dreams. Pierre did not trouble himself about her, but as he caught sight of the strange little person, with her eyes glowing with passion, he felt a weak disposition to laugh.

Nicolas, who was a long way from Sonia, by the side of Julie Karaguine, chatted gaily with his neighbor. Sonia, too, could smile, but jealousy was gnawing at her heart; she turned red and pale alternately, and racked her brain to guess what they could be saying to each

* Koulibiaka is a popular Russian dish: Cold fish and hard-boiled eggs, flavored to taste, are mixed with cold, well-cooked buckwheat, rolled up in paste and baked. Leavened dough paste is preferred.—*Translator.*

other. The governess sat looking pugnacious, as if prepared to turn and rend any one who should speak to the children; the German tutor was trying to take mental note of all the dishes and wines that were passed round, so as to give a full description of them in his next letter home, and he was deeply hurt because the butler paid him no attention and never offered him wine. He swallowed his humiliation as best he could, making believe that he did not wish for any, and trying to persuade himself that if he had taken any it would have been merely from motives of scientific curiosity.

The conversation among the gentlemen was growing loud and eager. The colonel said that the manifesto declaring war was already issued in St. Petersburg, and that he had seen a copy which a courier had just brought to the commander-in-chief.

"What evil star is leading us to fight against Napoleon?" cried Schinchine. "He has succeeded already in teaching Austria to hold her tongue; now I am afraid it will be our turn."

The colonel who was a German, stalwart and ruddy, a good officer, and a staunch Russian in spite of his foreign birth, fired up at these words.

"An evil star!" he exclaimed, with his barbarous accent. "When it is the Czar, Sir, who knows why! He says in his manifesto that he cannot remain indifferent to the danger that threatens Russia and that the safety of the empire and the sacred dignity of his *alliances*. . . ." and he emphasized the word as if it contained all the marrow of the matter.

Then, with the facility of a man who has had long practice in remembering official edicts, he proceeded to quote the opening clause of the manifesto: "'The Emperor's sole and constant wish and aim being the establishment of a permanent peace in Europe, he has determined, in the hope of attaining that end, to send a portion of the army across the frontier.' — There, Sir, that is the reason," and he slowly emptied his glass, looking round at the count for approbation.

"You know the saying: 'Jeremiah, Jeremiah, stay at home and mind the spindle,'" * retorted Schinchine sarcastically. "It fits us like a glove. When we remember that even Souvorow was beaten hollow—and where is there a Souvorow now-a-days, let me ask?" he said dropping from Russian into French.

"We ought to fight to the last drop of our blood!" exclaimed the officer, striking the table with his fist, "and be ready to die for the Emperor! That is what we must do and argue as little as possible," he added pointedly as he addressed the count. "That is the form of argument that goes down with us old hussars.—And you, young man, and young hussar, how do you argue?" and he turned to Nicolas who was neglecting his fair neighbor to listen.

"I entirely agree with you," he said turning as red as a poppy, twisting his plate round and fidgeting with his glass till he was like to break it. "I feel that the thing for us Russians is to conquer or to die. . . ." He had hardly finished his sentence when its absurdity

* Anglice: "Cobbler, cobbler, stick to your last."

struck him: it was pompous and declamatory, and quite beside the question.

"That is splendid!" murmured Julie Karaguine with a sigh. Sonia, quivering with excitement had colored up, too, while Pierre expressed his admiration of the colonel's speech.

"That is something like!" he said.

"You are a true hussar, young man!" cried the colonel, and again he thumped the table.

"Heh day! What is all that noise about?" It was Marie Dmitrievna who asked. "Why such a thumping? Who are you fighting with? Why you are as furious as if you were charging the French. . . ."

"I am speaking the truth!" retorted the officer.

"We are talking about the war, Marie Dmitrievna," said the count. "Do you know I have a son who is going into the army."

"Well, and I have four in the army, and I do not complain. The will of God governs all. One may die lying on one's stove* or come safe out of a battle," said Marie Dmitrievna, her loud voice ringing across the table.

Then the conversation again was among the women, on one side, and the men on the other.

"I tell you, you will not do it," said Pétroucha to Natacha in a whisper. "You will not dare to ask."

"I tell you I will," said Natacha; and half rising from her seat, her face crimson with mischief and

* In Russia the peasant's houses are fitted with stoves on which they can sleep in the winter.

audacity, she challenged Pierre's attention with a glance: "Mamma," she said in her clear, childish voice.

"What is it?" said the countess in alarm; for she suspected some monkey's trick from the little girl's face, and held up a warning finger, shaking her head in displeasure.

There was a sudden silence.

"Mamma, what sweet dish is coming?" Natacha went on without hesitating a moment.

Her mother vainly tried to silence her.

"Ah! Cossack!" said Marie Dmitrievna raising a threatening forefinger. The company looked at each other; the elders doubting how to take the interruption.

"Mamma, tell me what sweets?" repeated Natacha, not at all uneasy as to the result of her prank. Sonia and Pierre were in fits of suppressed laughter.

"There, you see — I did ask," said Natacha, turning to her little brother.

"Ices — and you will not be allowed any," said Marie Dmitrievna.

Natacha, seeing that she had nothing more to fear even from this imposing personage, answered her boldly. "What ice? — I do not like cream ice."

"Carrot ice then?"

"No, no—what ice, Marie Dmitrievna, what ice? I want to know."

The countess laughed and every one laughed with her; not so much at Marie Dmitrievna's retort as at the child's audacity and tact in daring to hold her own.

Natacha was told pine-apple ice and she quieted down. Then champagne was taken round, the band struck up again; the count kissed his "little Countess" and all the guests rose to pledge them and drink their health touching glasses with their hosts, with their vis-à-vis, with their neighbors, and with the children. The servants drew back the chairs and all the company, a little heated with dinner and wine, filed out in couples as they had come in, and returned to the drawing-room in the same order.

The card-tables were placed ready; sets were formed for games at Boston,* and the company dispersed in the reception-rooms and the library. The count sat gazing at a pack of cards spread out before him like a fan. At this hour he was accustomed to take a nap, and he was doing his best to conquer his disposition to sleep, and laughing at everything that was said to him. The young people, following the mistress of the house, had gathered round the piano and the harp. Julie, yielding to a general request, performed an air with variations on this instrument and then joined the rest of the party in begging Natacha and Nicolas, whose musical talents were known to all, to sing something. Natacha, though much flattered at being treated like a grown-up person, was rather alarmed.

"What are we to sing?" she asked.

"*La Source*," said Nicolas.

* A game of cards said to have been invented by officers of the French army in America during the time of the Revolutionary war.—*Translator.*

"Well, let us begin. — Where is Sonia? Come, Boris." And seeing that her cousin was not in the room, Natacha flew off in search of her. She ran to Sonia's room but it was deserted; in the school-room— no one. Then it struck her that Sonia would be sitting on the bench in the corridor. This seat was the spot consecrated to the griefs of the young ladies of the family; there no doubt Sonia would be found. — And there she was, flung upon the seat, crying bitterly, in her gauzy pink dress which she was crumpling cruelly without heeding it; her bare shoulders throbbed convulsively with her sobs and her face, covered with her hands, was hidden in a dirty striped cushion that belonged to her old nurse. Natacha's face, till this moment so radiant, lost its festal expression — her eyes grew rounder, the veins of her throat swelled and the corners of her mouth drooped.

"Sonia, what has happened, what is the matter? Oh dear, oh dear!" And at the sight of Sonia's distress she, too, melted into tears. Sonia tried to look up and tell her, but it was too much for her; she buried her head more deeply in the pillow. Natacha sat down by her and threw her arms round her, and at length, controlling herself a little, Sonia half raised herself and wiped her eyes.

"Nicolas is going in a week," she sobbed. "The order is out, he told me so himself. But I should not have cried for that. . . ." she added, and she showed Natacha a paper she held on which Nicolas had written some verses. "But you cannot understand me — and

no one knows how good and noble he is! You are happy — and I am sure I do not grudge it you, for I love you and Boris, too; he is a nice, dear fellow and nothing need come between you; but Nicolas is my cousin and the bishop himself . . . or else it is impossible. And then if mamma (for Sonia always thought of the countess as her mother) were to think I was a hindrance or a check on his future prospects. — She would say I was ungrateful and heartless; but God is my witness I love him so much, and her too, and all of you — except Vera; — what have I done to her that she. . . . ? Yes, and I am so truly grateful that I would make any sacrifice. . .but I have nothing, nothing. . . ."

And Sonia, unable to control herself, hid her face again in the cushion. It was clear from the earnestness of Natacha's efforts at consolation that she understood how deeply her friend was wounded.

"Sonia!" she said. Suddenly the truth had dawned on her. "I will bet that Vera has been talking to you since dinner?"

"But it was Nicolas who wrote these verses, and I had copied the others, and she found them on my table and says she will show them to mamma . . . And she says I am ungrateful, and that mamma will never let me marry him — that he will marry Julie Karaguine, and you see how he has devoted himself to her all day: oh, Natacha, why is it?" and her tears flowed again.

Natacha drew her to her, kissing her and smiling at her through her own tears.

"Sonia, do not believe her. Remember what we

were saying, you and I and Nicolas, after supper the other evening. We settled it all — I forget exactly how, but I know it all came right and was quite possible. Uncle Schinchine's brother married his first cousin and we are much further off. And even Boris said there would be no difficulty; I told him all about it, he is so clever and so kind. Do not cry, Sonia, my pet, my darling . . . ."

And she laughed and covered her with kisses. "Vera is so spiteful; but let her be, and it will all come right. And she will not tell mamma; Nicolas will tell her himself. He does not care for Julie."

She kissed Sonia again and the girl started up, her eyes bright with joy and hope. She really was a sweet kitten that seemed only to be on the lookout for the moment when it might drop softly on its paws and spring after the ball that, like others of its kind, it could play so skilfully.

"You think so? You are sure? You swear it?" she exclaimed eagerly, as she shook out her skirts and smoothed down her hair.

"I swear it," said Natacha, fastening up a strand of hair that had fallen away from her long plaits.

"Well then, come along, and we will sing *La Source*," they exclaimed, laughing together.

"Do you know, that big Pierre who sat opposite to me is immensely funny," said Natacha stopping suddenly. "Oh, what fun it all is!" and she danced away. Sonia shook off the down that had clung to her dress,

slipped the verses inside her bodice, and followed her hastily, with glowing cheeks.

The quartette, as may be supposed, was a great success. Then Nicolas sang a new song:

Phoebe is shining in the night,
Of thee I dream, my leal heart's flight
Thy heart doth seek, my worshipped one;
In dreams I see thy fingers fair
Draw forth the gilded harp's sweet tone...
But what avails each tender air
From my dear love, each fond appeal,
If still my burning lips beneath
Her kisses thrill not, ere they feel
The icy, frozen kiss of death?

He had no sooner finished than the band in the gallery struck up a dance-tune and all the young people rushed in.

Schinchine had taken possession of Pierre, whom he regarded as a choice morsel freshly imported for his benefit, and he was starting a tiresome political discussion when Natacha came into the drawing-room again, and walking straight up to Pierre said with a laugh and a blush:

"Mamma desires me to ask you to come and dance."

"But I am afraid I shall put all the figures into confusion," said Pierre, "however, if you will be my guide . . ." And he offered the little girl his hand.

While the couples were taking their places and the instruments were tuning up, Pierre took a seat by his little lady's side, and she could hardly contain herself

for joy at the mere idea of dancing with a big man, just come from abroad, and of talking to him like a grown-up person. She sat flirting a fan that someone had given her to hold, and with an air of perfect ease, picked up God knows where or how, she chatted and laughed with her tall partner.

"Look at her—do look at her!" said the countess as she crossed the room.

Natacha colored, but did not lose her self-possession: "Mamma how can you like . . . What is there extraordinary in me?"

They were dancing the third set when the count and Marie Dmitrievna, who had been playing cards, pushed back their chairs and came into the ball-room, followed by some elderly folks, stretching their limbs after sitting still for so long and slipping their purses back into their pockets. Marie Dmitrievna and her partner were in the best of humors; the count offered the lady his hand like a ballet dancer, with an angular bend of the wrist in a style of comically theatrical politeness, and she graciously laid her fingers on it. The master of the house, drawing himself up with great spirit and liveliness, waited till the set was over; then he clapped his hands and turning to the leader of the band: "Semione," he said, "play *Daniel Cooper*—you know."

This was his favorite dance, the dance of his youth, one of the figures of the "*Anglaise*."

"Oh, do look at papa!" cried Natacha at the top of her voice, and forgetting that she was dancing with a

grown-up man, she bent over her knees, laughing heartily.

Indeed the whole room was amused with watching the action and attitudes of the jolly little old gentleman and his imposing partner, who was taller than he was. With his elbows curved, his shoulders held in, and his toes turned out, he stood beating time with his foot on the floor. The radiant smile on his face gave warning of what was coming and at the first notes of the irresistible tune of *Daniel Cooper*, which always reminded him of the "*trépak*"—the national dance of Russia—every door was filled with men on one side and women on the other: these were the servants who had assembled to enjoy the sight of their master's merry freak.

"Our Father in Heaven!" cried the old nurse, "what an eagle he is!"

The count's dancing was a work of art and he was proud of it—as to the lady, she never had tried even to dance well.

She gave her hand-bag into the countess's keeping and stood upright and immovable, looking quite a giantess. Her large hands hung down by the side of her large person, and a fixed smile, with a slight quivering of the nostrils, gave the only sign of animation to her features, which were well-cut though stern. If the gentleman charmed all hearts by the briskness and grace of his steps and capers, the smallest movement on the lady's part excited no less enthusiasm. Marie Dmitrievna, as she "set" to her partner, or gave him her hand for a half turn, or merely moved her shoulders,

was very dignified in spite of her large size, and was greatly admired; her habitual severe reserve made it all the more wonderful. The dance grew more lively, the other couples were forgotten; all eyes were centered on the two older folks. Natacha kept pulling the dresses of everyone near her to bid them look at her father, and heaven knows they needed no telling.

In the intervals of the figure the count stopped for breath, fanned himself with his handkerchief and shouted to the musicians to play faster. Then he began again, hopping round his partner, now on his toes and now on his heels. At last, quite carried away by his childlike excitement, after conducting the lady to her seat and bowing gallantly, he concluded his terpsichorean performance by lifting one leg in the air and spinning a splendid pirouette, amid the applause and laughter of all the spectators, and to Natacha's great delight.

The two dancers were quite out of breath and perspiring with heat.

"Ah! my dear, that is how we used to dance when I was young!" exclaimed the count.

"Hurrah for *Daniel Cooper!*" said Marie Dmitrievna, and she turned up her cuffs.

CHAPTER IX.

WHILE at the Rostows' the seventh set was being danced — the band playing out of tune from sheer

fatigue, and the servants, almost worn out, were preparing supper — Count Bésoukhow was struck by a sixth fit of apoplexy. The physicians having pronounced him past all hope, the form of confession was read over the dying man, the Sacrament was administered, and arrangements were made for performing the rites of extreme unction.

All the bustle and expectancy inevitable on such occasions had gathered round the rich man's death-bed. Undertakers' agents, scenting a magnificent funeral, crowded round the front door, dodging to hide themselves behind the carriages that drove up to make enquiries. The military governor of Moscow, who had sent his aides-de-camp several times to ask how the invalid was progressing, came this evening in person to bid a last farewell to this illustrious contemporary of the great Catharine. The state reception-room was full of people. All rose respectfully as the general came in to spend half an hour with the dying man; he bowed right and left as he hurried through the room, an object of universal attention.

Presently Prince Basil came out with him, speaking to him in a low voice. The prince was pale, and had grown thinner; as he returned from escorting the governor to his carriage he stopped in the great room and dropped into a chair, covering his eyes with his hands. He soon rose, however, and making his way with a look of anxious haste towards a passage which led to the rooms of the eldest princess, he disappeared.

The visitors who remained in the dimly-lighted

drawing-room, whispered together or relapsed into sudden silence, casting eager and inquisitive glances at the door whenever it opened for any one going into or coming out of the sick-room.

"The end is very near," said an old priest to a lady who was listening with profound respect. "Very near—he cannot last much longer."

"Is it not too late for extreme unction?" asked the lady, affecting ignorance on the point.

"It is a very solemn sacrament," replied the minister of the Church, and he gently passed his hand over his bald head to stroke forward a few locks of grey hair.

"Who was it? The commandant?" asked some one at the other end of the room. "How young he looks!"

"He is very nearly seventy.—They say the count is quite unconscious . . . They are going to administer extreme unction. . . ."

"Oh! I knew a person who received it seven times!"

Count Bésoukhow's second niece had just come out of his room; her eyes were red. She seated herself by the side of Dr. Lorrain who had placed himself in a graceful attitude under the portrait of the Empress Catharine.

"It is lovely weather, Princess, really lovely," said the doctor . . . "one could fancy oneself in the country. . . ."

"Yes, quite. . . ," said the princess with a sigh. "May I give him something to drink?"

Lorrain seemed to be considering.

"He has had his medicine?"

"Yes." He looked at his watch.

"Then a glass of water that has been boiled, and put in a pinch — just a pinch, of cream of tartar." And he illustrated the pinch with his slender fingers.

"I never knew a case of a man living on after the third fit," said a German with his heavy accent to an aide-de-camp.

"He was a wonderfully strong man," said the officer. "Who will inherit all his money?" he added in a low voice.

"Some one will be found to accept it," said the German with a broad smile.

The door opened again; it was the young princess, who having prepared the draught was going into her uncle's room.

The German went to Lorrain. "He may hang on till the morning," he said.

Lorrain puckered up his lips and solemnly shook his forefinger.

"To-night at latest," he said, and he smiled at his own superior knowledge which enabled him to prognosticate so precisely his patient's end.

Prince Basil opened the door of the eldest princess's room. It was almost dark there: two little lamps were burning before images of saints and exhaling a faint

scent of flowers and incense. A quantity of small furniture—little tables and cabinets — filled up the room, and a very high bed was only half-hidden by a screen. A little dog barked as the prince went in.

"Oh! it is you, Cousin." She rose, smoothing down the bands of her hair, which were always so faultlessly tidy and shining that they might have been varnished to her skull.

"What is the matter?" she said. "You startled me."

"Nothing new — just the same. But I came to talk business with you, Catiche." And he seated himself wearily in the chair from which she had risen.

"How hot you have made your room! — Well, sit down there, and let us talk."

"I thought something must have happened."

She sat down facing him, ready to listen, as cold and hard as ever. "I was trying to sleep but I could not."

"Well, my dear?" — Prince Basil took her hand and then slowly dropped it in his usual manner. His three words were intended to cover a multitude of meanings, for they had understood each other without speaking. The princess slowly turned her expressionless, prominent grey eyes and fixed them on him; then she shook her head and gazed at the images with a sigh. The gesture might convey grief and resignation or it might imply fatigue and the hope of an early respite. Prince Basil took it to mean this.

"And do you suppose I do not feel the same? I

am as done up as a post-horse. But we will talk all the same, and seriously if you will have the goodness. . . ."

He ceased, and his cheeks fell in with a disagreeable expression, very different from that which his features usually wore in company. Impudence and fear were legible in his face.

The princess, holding her little dog on her lap with her lean bony hands, looked at him steadily in the silence, fully determined not to be the first to break it if it were to last all night.

"You see, my dear cousin Princess Catherine Sémenovna," Prince Basil began again with a visible effort, "on these occasions we must think of everything; we must think of the future—of your future. I love you all three as my own daughters, as you know . . . . ?"

As the princess sat unmoved and impenetrable he went on without looking at her, and giving the little table at his side an angry push: "You know, Catiche, that you three and my wife are the only legal heirs. I quite understand how painful the subject must be to you—and to me, too, I can assure you; but, my dear, I am past fifty and we must think of everything.— Do you know I have had to send for Pierre? The count ordered it by pointing to his portrait . . . ."

And Prince Basil looked up at her; but nothing in her face indicated that she had heard him—she might have been thinking of nothing.

"I never cease putting up fervent prayers to God, Cousin, that he may be saved, and that his noble soul may take its flight without too much suffering."

"Yes, yes, of course!" said the prince, and he dragged the hapless table back again with an impulse of rage. "But, after all, the marrow of the matter— you know very well.— The count, last winter, made a will, by which he left everything to Pierre, setting aside his legitimate heirs."

"Oh! he has made so many wills," said the niece quite calmly. "And at any rate, he cannot make Pierre his heir, for Pierre is his natural son."

"But what should we do," exclaimed Prince Basil, clutching the little table tightly enough to break it, "what could we do if the count had left a letter to the Emperor, petitioning him to legitimize this son? In consideration of the count's services, it might perhaps be done."

The lady smiled and her smile seemed to say that she was better advised in the matter than her visitor.

"I can tell you more: such a letter is written but not yet sent, but the Emperor knows of it. The point now is to ascertain whether it has been destroyed; if, on the contrary, it is still in existence — then — when all is over," and the prince sighed to explain what he meant by "all"— "the count's papers will be searched for the will, it will be delivered to the Emperor with the letter, this petition will be granted, and Pierre will be heir at law, to everything."

"And what of our share?" said the princess with a distinctly sarcastic accent, fully convinced that there was nothing to fear.

"Why, my poor Catiche, it is as clear as day. He

will be sole heir, you will not get a kopek . . . Now you ought to know whether the will and the letter have been destroyed? If he has forgotten them, where are they? In that case we must take possession of them for . . . ."

"That would be the crowning stroke!" she said interrupting him with the same emphasis and expression. "I am only a woman, and I know you think us all fools. But I am sure that a bastard can inherit nothing. A bastard!" she repeated, as if the word contained in itself the refutation of all her opponent's arguments.

"You do not choose to understand, Catiche, for you are sensible enough. If the count succeeds in legitimizing him, Pierre will be Count Bésoukhow and all the estate will be his by right. If that will and letter are in existence all that you will get will be the comfort of having been dutiful, devoted, etc., etc.,— that is perfectly certain."

"I know that the will does exist; but I also know that it is illegal, and I really think you must take me for an idiot," replied the princess, convinced that she had been severely sharp.

"My dear Princess Catharine," said her cousin with undisguised annoyance, "I did not come to offend you, but to talk to you in your own interest. You are a very friendly and amiable relation, and for the tenth time I assure you that if the will and the letter are found among the count's papers, you and your sisters cease to inherit. If you do not believe me, ask some expert. I have just been talking it over with Dmitri

Onoufrievitch, the count's man of business, and he said the same thing."

Light suddenly flashed on the princess' brain. Her thin lips turned white, but her eyes remained fixed, though her voice, which she could no longer control, betrayed her by unexpected bursts.

"That will be delightful! — I never asked for anything and I will accept nothing!" she exclaimed dropping the lapdog on the floor and patting down her skirts. "That is his gratitude and affection for those who have sacrificed everything to him. Bravo! it is perfect in its way! Happily I want nothing, Prince!"

"But you are not alone; your sisters . . . ."

"Oh, yes!" she went on without listening to him, "I have known it a long time, but I had forgotten it; envy, duplicity, intrigue, the blackest ingratitude — that was what I might have looked for in this house. I quite understand; I know whom to thank for all this intriguing."

"But that is beside the mark, my dear . . . ."

"It is your protégée, that charming Princess Droubetzkoï, whom I would not take for a waiting-maid — a base, wicked creature!"

"Come, come; we are losing time."

"Ah! let me be! She came sneaking in here during the winter and told the count all sorts of horrible things, shameful things about us all, and about Sophie especially. I could not possibly repeat them . . . They made the count quite ill and he would not let us go into his room for a fortnight. It was then that he

wrote that horrid paper, which I believed to be worthless."

"That is the point.— But why did you not let me know? Where is it?"

"It is in an inlaid note-case that he always keeps under his pillow... Yes, it was her doing; and if I have a heavy sin on my conscience it is my hatred for that woman. Why did she come sneaking in here! Oh! the day will come yet when I shall speak my mind to her!" cried the princess, quite beside herself.

While all these conversations were going on, Prince Basil's carriage was returning from the Rostows' with Pierre and Princess Droubetzkoï, who had thought proper to accompany him. When the wheels became noiseless as they rolled over the straw spread in front of the Hotel Bésoukhow, she turned to her companion with some cut-and-dried speech of condolence, but, to her great surprise, Pierre was asleep, gently lulled by the motion of the carriage; she roused him, and as he followed her the idea struck him for the first time that he was about to see his father on his death-bed. The carriage had stopped at one of the side doors; as he got out, two men in black shrank hastily into the shadow of the wall; there were others about who seemed anxious to hide themselves. No one took any notice of them. "I suppose it is all right," said Pierre to himself, and he went after the princess who hurried up the servant's staircase. He wondered why she had chosen this back way in, why she had come to see the count, and what could be the use of it; but his guide's confi-

dent and rapid movements forced him again to the conclusion that "it was all right."

Half-way up they ran against some servants who were running down stairs with pails of water and who stood back against the wall to let them pass, but who did not seem surprised to see them there.

"This way, is it not, to the princesses' rooms?" asked Anna Mikhaïlovna.

"Yes," said the man to whom she had spoken; and he answered in a loud voice, as if the time had come when it did not matter what liberties were taken. "It is the door on the left."

"Perhaps the count did not ask for me," said Pierre when they stopped on the landing. "I would rather go straight to my own room."

Anna Mikhaïlovna stood waiting for him: "My dear friend," she said, lightly stroking his hand as, a few hours since she had stroked her son's. "Believe me, I am suffering as much as you are. — But be a man!"

"Really, I had better go to my own room." And Pierre looked at her affectionately over his spectacles.

"My dear boy, forget all the wrong that has been done you — remember only that he is your father, and dying," and she sighed. "I love you like a son; trust in me and I will guard your interests."

Pierre did not in the least understand, but he said to himself once more: "It is all right no doubt," and followed her.

The princess opened a door and went into a little anteroom. An old man-servant attending on the prin-

cesses was sitting in a corner, knitting a stocking. Pierre had never been in this part of the house before. Anna Mikhaïlovna enquired of a maid — on whom she lavished "my good girl" and "my child" — how the ladies were. The girl, who was carrying a bottle of water on a tray, went on down a paved passage, and the princess followed at her heels. The first door on the left was that of the Princess Catharine's room. In her haste the maid left the door ajar as she went in, and Pierre and his guide involuntarily looking in, discovered the lady and Prince Basil talking together. As he caught sight of the new arrivals the prince threw himself back in his chair, evidently much provoked, while Princess Catiche flew at the door and slammed it in their faces. This burst of rage, so unlike her usual calm demeanor, and the dismay and vexation betrayed by Prince Basil were so strange that Pierre stopped short, and looked enquiringly at his companion; the worthy lady, who did not share in his astonishment, answered with a sigh and a smile:

"Be a man, my dear boy; I will guard your interests," and Anna Mikhaïlovna went on faster.

"I will guard your interests." — What did she mean? Pierre could not imagine. "But it is all right no doubt," he thought.

The corridor opened into the great dim drawing-room adjoining the count's bedroom which Pierre knew from having crossed it whenever he came in by the front staircase. This room though splendid was gloomy. A bath had been left there and forgotten; the water was

leaking out of it drop by drop, and soaking into the carpet. A servant, and a sacristan carrying a censer came towards the new-comers, whom they did not notice. On one side the room opened on to a conservatory, on the other it was lighted by two enormous French windows; a marble bust and a full-length portrait of the Empress Catharine were its chief adornments. The persons we have already seen there were still whispering and muttering together in the same attitudes.

As Anna Mikhaïlovna went in all were silent and turned to look at her pale, tear-stained face, and at tall, burly Pierre who followed her with his head down. She knew that the critical moment had come and her face plainly showed that she knew it. She stood the fire of their inquisitive eyes with the calm assurance of a St. Petersburger, hardened to the pressure of circumstances. She was protected in fact by the presence of her companion, since the count had asked for him. Without an instant's hesitation she went straight up to the count's confessor, and bowing her head without any excess of humility, she respectfully craved his blessing; then, with equal reverence she turned to the other priest.

"Thank God we are in time! We were so much afraid . . . It is the count's son. What a fearful moment!" she murmured, and then she turned to the doctor:

"Dear Sir, this is Count Bésoukhow's son; is there any hope?"

The doctor cast up his eyes to heaven and shrugged his shoulders. Anna Mikhaïlovna imitated his gestures and covered her face with her hand; then, turning

from him with a deep sigh, she approached Pierre, her face expressing a significant combination of respect, affection, and pathos.

"Put your trust in His mercies!" she said, and she pointed to a little sofa where she desired him to be seated; then she noiselessly went to the mysterious door which was the centre of attention, opened it softly and vanished.

Pierre, who had made up his mind to obey her implicitly, sat down on the little sofa, and noted with some surprise that he was an object of curiosity rather than interest. He was pointed at and whispered about, and the cause, it would seem, of some alarm with a certain servility. He was treated with a degree of respect to which he was not accustomed, and the unknown lady who was talking to the two priests rose to offer him her seat; an aide-de-camp picked up his glove which he had dropped and handed it to him; the doctors were silent and made way for him to pass. His first impulse was to refuse the seat for fear of disturbing the lady, to pick up his own glove, to keep out of the doctors' way—not that they were in his; but then it struck him that it might not be the right thing: that he had suddenly become a person of importance, that something was expected of him in the course of this mysterious and melancholy night and that he was bound to accept the services offered to him. So he silently took the glove from the aide-de-camp, and seated himself in the lady's place, laying his hands square on his knees with the simple formality of an Egyptian statue; fully determined

to follow the guiding of other people's wills rather than his own impulses, so as not to compromise himself in any way.

Not two minutes later Prince Basil came in, his head erect, in his long frock-coat with three stars blazing on his breast, a majestic personage. He seemed to have grown suddenly thin; his eyes opened wide at the sight of Pierre. He took his hand — which he had never done before — and slowly dropped it as if he were testing its power of resistance.

"Courage, courage, my boy . . . He asked for you, and that is well."

And he was leaving him when Pierre thought he ought to make some enquiry: "How is he — how is. . . ." And he paused in confusion, not knowing how to call the count his father.

"He had another stroke half an hour since. Be brave, my dear fellow, he is hard hit."

Pierre's mind was so utterly dazed that he fancied that the dying man had been hit by some one, and he stared at Prince Basil in dismay. The prince, after exchanging a few words with Dr. Lorrain, stole on tiptoe into the bedroom; he was followed by the Princess Catharine, by the priests and the servants of the household. There was a stir in the chamber of death and Anna Mikhaïlovna, pale but resolute in the performance of a duty, came out to fetch Pierre.

"The mercies of the Lord are without end," she said. "The sacrament of extreme unction is about to be administered. Come."

He rose and noticed that everyone present, including the strange lady and the aide-de-camp, followed him into the bedroom.

No precautions were needed now.

Pierre was well acquainted with this great bedroom. An alcove was divided off by columns and it was hung in eastern fashion, with tapestry and curtains. Within the columns stood an immense and very high mahogany bedstead with heavy curtains and opposite was a niche with glass over it, containing the holy images and lighted up like a chapel for the sacred ceremony. In front of this niche, in a large, deep arm-chair, lay, rather than sat Count Bésoukhow, a stately and majestic figure covered to the waist with a silk quilt, and propped on snowy pillows. A mass of strong grey hair, like a lion's mane, and the deep wrinkles of his face threw his noble and handsome features, now as pale as wax, into high relief. His hands, which were large and powerful, lay lifeless on the coverlet; between his right finger and thumb a taper had been placed which was held upright by an old servant who leaned over his master's chair. The priests and deacons, with their long hair falling over their shoulders, and their rich vestments, were deliberately fulfilling their functions, carrying lighted tapers in their hands. In the background stood the princesses, the two younger ones with their handkerchiefs to their eyes, a little behind Catiche with her impassible face, who seemed to fear that if she once took her eyes from the holy images she could no longer be mistress of her feelings. Princess Droubetzkoï's face wore

an expression of calm sorrow and unbounded forgiveness as she stood leaning against the door, by the side of the strange lady. Prince Basil, who was opposite to her and quite close to the dying man, held a taper in his left hand, leaning his elbows on the back of a carved chair covered with velvet, and he cast up his eyes to heaven every time he crossed his forehead with his right. His expression was one of pious resignation and utter submission to the will of the Almighty: "Woe unto you who cannot rise to the height of my sentiments!" he seemed to say.

Behind him stood the medical attendants, and all the household, the men on one side and the women on the other, as if they were in church, all silent and crossing themselves diligently. There was not a sound but the hum of the officiating priests and the steady chant of the choir. Now and then some one sighed or moved a little.

Suddenly Princess Droubetzkoï crossed the room and with the resolute manner of a woman who knows very well what she is about, she handed a taper to Pierre. He took it, lighted it, and then, absorbed in his own reflections, crossed himself with the hand in which he held it.

Sophie, the youngest of the princesses, the one with the "beauty-spot" watched him and smiled. Then she hid her face again in her handkerchief and stood so for some minutes; but after glancing again at Pierre, she felt she could no longer keep her countenance and crept away behind one of the columns.

In the middle of the service there was a sudden pause; the priests whispered together; the old man who held up the count's taper straightened himself and turned to the ladies. Anna Mikhaïlovna went forward at once, and leaning over the sufferer she beckoned to Dr. Lorrain without looking up at him. The doctor, was standing with his back to a column in an attitude of reverent attention that conveyed his appreciation of the importance of the sacrament in spite of his foreign birth and difference of creed; he came softly to the count's side and with his slender fingers raised the hand that lay on the coverlet; he felt the pulse and seemed lost in calculations. There was a little bustle, the dying man's lips were moistened with a cordial, then all returned to their places and the ceremony proceeded. During this interruption Pierre had been watching Prince Basil, and he saw him leave his chair and go up to Princess Catiche; then, both together had gone to the back of the alcove, round by the head of the big bed, and out of a little door in the wall.

Before the service was ended they were in their places again.

This manœuvre did not excite Pierre's curiosity, for he had made up his mind that everything that might happen was but natural and a matter of course.

The chanting ceased, and the drone of the priest who was offering respectful congratulations to the dying man — but he lay there speechless and motionless. Then the stir began again: steps and whispering, and

above all the rest the loud whisper of Anna Mikhaïlovna. Pierre heard her say: "He must positively be put into bed again, or else . . . ."

The doctors, princesses and servants were crowding round the count and hid him from Pierre, but that sallow face with its tangle of hair was still before his eyes as it had been ever since he came in. He understood that they were carefully lifting the count to carry him to bed. "Here, take hold of my arm, you will let him fall!" exclaimed a servant in alarm.

"His feet — make haste! — one more!" said another.

And from their hard breathing and shuffling steps it was easy to guess what a weight they had to carry. They pushed by the young man and for an instant, in the middle of the group of bent heads, he caught sight of the sufferer's broad deep chest, his shoulders, off which the clothes had slipped, and his leonine head with its mane of curls. The face with its unusually wide brow, strong cheek-bones, well-cut lips, and cold, impressive gaze was not yet disfigured by death; it was the same that Pierre had seen three months ago when his father had sent him to St. Petersburg. But now it rolled heavily as the men walked with an unequal step, and the fixed eyes had no speculation.

After a few minutes bustle round the bed the servants withdrew. Anna Mikhaïlovna lightly touched Pierre: "Come," she said.

He obeyed. The sick man, propped half-sitting on a pile of pillows, had been placed in a formal attitude in

honor of the sacrament that had just been administered. His hands were spread out on the green silk counterpane and he stared in front of him with that vague far-seeing look which no one can follow or understand; had he nothing, or had he everything to say? Pierre stood still, not knowing what to do; he turned to his companion who, by an almost imperceptible gesture, suggested to him that he should kiss the dying man's hand. Pierre bent very gently over the bed so as not to touch the coverlet and his lips touched the count's broad, heavy hand.

Not a muscle of it quivered, not a sign was visible on the face; nothing — nothing responded to this light contact. Pierre, still doubtful, again referred to the princess who signed to him to sit down in the arm-chair at the foot of the bed. He sat down, still watching her face, and she nodded that that was right. Feeling more sure of his position he resumed the Egyptian attitude, evidently hampered by his own clumsiness, and making every effort to fill as small a space as possible, while he kept his eyes on the face of the dying count. Anna Mikhaïlovna also watched him narrowly, with a strong conviction of the importance of this last, pathetic meeting of father and son.

Two minutes, which to Pierre seemed an age, had hardly elapsed when the count's face was suddenly and violently distorted by a convulsion, his mouth was drawn on one side and his breathing became stertorous and difficult. To Pierre this was the first omen of approaching death; Princess Droubetzkoï watched the sufferer's

eyes to guess what his wishes might be. She pointed in turn to Pierre, to the cup of ptisan, to Prince Basil, to the counterpane . . . all in vain, and a flash of irritation lighted up the dim eyes which seemed to want to attract the attention of the valet who was standing motionless at the foot of the bed.

"He wants to be turned over," said the man, proceeding to move his master. Pierre helped him and they had succeeded in turning him when one of his hands fell back heavily in spite of his efforts to raise it. Did he see the look of dismay that passed into Pierre's troubled face at the sight of the paralyzed limb, or did some other idea dawn on his brain? Who can tell? He looked first at the helpless arm and then at his son's awed face, and a dull, lifeless smile, appalling at such a moment, fluttered over his lips. It was as though he were retorting with ironical pity on the gradual and growing extinction of all his powers.

This unlooked-for smile was a shock of pain to Pierre; he had a sharp cramp about his heart, his throat swelled and the tears started to his eyes. The sick man, who had been laid down with his face to the wall, sighed deeply.

"He is asleep," said Anna Mikhaïlovna to one of the nieces who returned to her watch. "Come . . . ."

And Pierre followed her.

There was no one now in the drawing-room but Prince Basil and Princess Catiche, sitting under the portrait of the empress and talking eagerly; they broke off suddenly as Pierre went in, and he could not help

seeing that Princess Catiche seemed to be hiding something.

"I cannot meet that woman," she murmured, as she saw Princess Droubetzkoï.

"Catiche has had tea brought up into the little drawing-room," said Prince Basil to Anna Mikhaïlovna. "Go, go, my poor friend, and eat a mouthful or you will break down . . ." And he gave Pierre's arm a silent and affectionate pressure.

"There is nothing so reviving as a cup of this capital Russian tea after a wakeful night," said Dr. Lorrain, slowly sipping the hot liquid from a cup of old oriental china. He was standing in the middle of the little drawing-room, in front of a table on which tea and some cold refreshments had been laid out.

All those who had spent the night in the house were now collected in this room where the walls were almost entirely covered by mirrors and the furniture was chiefly gilded *consoles*. This had been Pierre's favorite nook on the occasions of the count's grand balls, for he could not dance, and he liked to sit in here alone and take note of the ladies who would come in their elegant freshness, all sparkling with diamonds and pearls to see their dazzling figures reflected in the looking-glasses. At this moment the room was barely lighted by two wax-candles; on a table set all askew was a disorderly array of plates and cups; and there were no ball-dresses, but strangely mixed groups of persons of every degree stood talking in undertones, while every word, every gesture, betrayed that the one subject of their

thoughts was the solemn mystery that was going forward in the alcove of that state-bedroom. Pierre was hungry, but he would not eat. He looked round for his companion and saw her steal away into the big drawing-room where they had left Prince Basil and the eldest princess. Thinking he ought to follow her he did so, and found her at high words with Catiche.

"Allow me, Madam, to decide what is and what is not necessary," said Catiche in a tone of irritation which was a survival of the wrath in which she had slammed the door.

"Dear Princess," said Anna Mikhaïlovna sweetly, but standing in her path. "It would I am afraid be too painful to your uncle; at this moment he is so much in need of rest . . . and to discuss worldly matters when his soul has been prepared. . . ."

Prince Basil, buried in an arm-chair with his legs crossed as usual, seemed to be paying very little attention to this colloquy, but the quivering of his cheeks, which twitched incessantly, betrayed some strongly-controlled emotion.

"Come, my good Princess, let Catiche do as she likes. The count is so fond of her you see. . . ."

"I do not even know what is in it," Catiche went on, turning to Prince Basil and holding up the inlaid note-case which she held with a nervous clutch. "All I know is that his will is in his desk. There is nothing in this but some papers that he has forgotten. . . ." And she tried to pass Anna Mikhaïlovna who, with a spring, again stood before her.

"I know that, my dear, good Princess," she said, and she grabbed at the note-case with a grasp that showed her firm determination not to let go. "My dear Princess, I entreat you be judicious with him." The two ladies fairly wrestled for the possession of the note-case. Catiche simply held on without a word; but it was very evident that a flood of abuse was pent behind her tightly set lips, while her enemy's tones were as calm and sugared as ever, in spite of the obstinacy of the struggle.

"Pierre, my dear, come here," cried Anna Mikhaïlovna. "He will not be in the way in this family council, will he, Prince? . . . ."

"Why, Cousin, do you not answer?" said Catiche. "Why are you so silent, when God only knows who comes meddling in our private affairs, not even respecting the chamber of death? . . . Intriguing creature!" she added in a low growl, and she gave the note-case a sharp pull.

The violence of the action staggered Anna Mikhaïlovna, who was dragged forward; but she did not relax her hold.

"Oh!" groaned Prince Basil reprovingly, and he rose.

"Come, this is preposterous," he said. "Leave go, I tell you."

Catiche obeyed; but as her adversary still kept the object of dispute. "Do you give it up too," he added. "I will take the whole responsibility—I will ask him.—Will that satisfy you?"

"But surely, after such a solemn sacrament, you will give him a moment's respite?" said Anna Mikhaïlovna. "What do you think?" she added turning to Pierre who was gazing in dismay at Catiche's flaming face and Prince Basil's twitching lips.

"Remember that you are responsible for the consequences," he said; "you know not what you are doing."

"Odious wretch!" cried Catiche, suddenly flying at her and snatching away the note-case. The prince hung his head and his arms fell by his side.

At this instant, the mysterious door which had so often been opened and shut with noiseless care in the course of this long night was flung open and the count's second niece rushed into the midst of them, her hands clasped and half-crazy with terror.

"What are you about?" she cried desperately, "he is dying and you leave me alone with him!"

Catiche dropped the note-case; the princess threw herself upon it, picked it up and fled. Prince Basil and Catiche when they had got over their amazement followed her into the bedroom. Catiche came out again in a minute or two; her face was white, her features set and her underlip very pinched. As she caught sight of Pierre, her spite broke out:

"Oh yes! play the farce out . . . It is what you expected. . . ." But sobs checked her utterance; she covered her face and went away.

Presently Prince Basil also returned. He made his way to the sofa where Pierre was sitting, and had

hardly reached it when he dropped on it as if he were going to faint; his face was ghastly, his jaw trembled and his teeth chattered as if he had an ague.

"Oh! my dear fellow!" he exclaimed and he seized Pierre by the arm. Pierre was startled by the earnest ring of sincerity in his voice which was faint and weak: it was quite a new thing in the prince. "We sin, we cheat, and all for what? I am past sixty, my dear boy . . . and death is the end of it all. . . . Death! horrible, horrible!" And he burst into tears.

Anna Mikhaïlovna soon made her appearance, too; she came slowly and solemnly up to Pierre.

"Pierre!" she murmured. He looked up at her; she bent down and kissed his forehead, her eyes were full of tears:

"He is dead!" but Pierre only looked at her over his spectacles.

"Come — I will take you away. — But try to shed tears, nothing gives so much comfort."

She led him away into a dark room and as he went in Pierre felt the immense relief of finding himself no longer an object of curiosity. Anna Mikhaïlovna left him there, and when she came back to look for him she found him fast asleep, with his head on his hand.

Next day she said to him:

"Ah, my dear friend, it is a terrible loss for us all. I am not speaking of you; God will give you strength; you are young and the master of a colossal fortune. The will has not yet been opened, but I know you well enough to feel sure that this will not turn your head:

but you will have new duties to fulfil and you must be a man."

Pierre said nothing. "One day perhaps — by-and-bye, I will tell you the whole story . . . In short, if I had not been there, God knows what might have happened! My uncle had promised me, only the day before, not to forget Boris, but then he had no time to attend to that. I hope, my dear fellow, that you will carry out your father's wishes."

Pierre, who had no idea of what she was driving at, did not answer but colored deeply and looked awkward.

After the old count's death Princess Droubetzkoï returned to the Rostows' house to rest a little after her fatigues. No sooner was she up again next day than she related to all her friends and acquaintances the minutest details of that eventful night.

"The count," she said, "had died as she herself hoped to die . . ." His end was most edifying, and the last interview between the father and son so touching that she could not think of it without emotion. She really did not know which of the two had been the more admirable during those solemn moments of parting — the father, who had a word for every one, and who was so pathetically tender to his son, or the son who, though overwhelmed and broken with grief, had struggled to master his feelings before his dying father . . . . Such scenes wring one's heart, but they do it good: "It elevates the soul to see such men as those suffer!" she added. Then she reported and criti-

cised the proceedings of Prince Basil and Princess Catiche, but in a whisper, in her listener's ear, and under the seal of absolute secrecy.

CHAPTER X.

At Lissy-Gory, the residence of Prince Nicolas Andréévitch Bolkonsky, young Prince André and his wife were daily expected; but this did not in any way affect the plan of life laid down by the old prince, who had been nicknamed by some who knew him well "the King of Prussia." He had been commander-in-chief under the Emperor Paul, but was banished by him to his estate of Lissy-Gory, where he had led a secluded life ever since, with his daughter Marie and her paid companion, Mlle. Bourrienne. The accession of a new emperor had unlocked the gates of exile, and left him free to live in either of the capitals; but he obstinately refused to leave his own domain, declaring, to all who cared to hear it, that those who wanted to see him could very well travel the fifty versts that divided him from Moscow, but that for his part he wanted nothing and nobody.

The vices of the human race, he asserted, had their origin solely in two causes: in idleness and in superstition; consequently he recognized only two virtues: energy and intelligence, and he himself undertook his

daughter's education with a view to developing these two qualities in her, to the utmost. Up to the age of twenty she had studied mathematics and algebra under his tuition, and her day had always been methodically spent in regular and consistent employment.

He himself was writing his memoirs, he solved mathematical problems, turned snuff-boxes on a lathe, worked in his garden and superintended the construction of the buildings on his estate; and this gave him plenty to do, for the property was extensive and building was always going on.

Down to the very moment of his appearance in the dining-room, which was always at the same hour, or rather at the same minute, his whole life was regulated with the most absolute precision. He was sharp and exacting to the last degree with everyone he had to do with, including his daughter; thus, without being cruel, he commanded an amount of submission and fear that a really brutal man would have found it difficult to obtain. Notwithstanding his secluded life, and though he had no official interest, all the dignitaries of the province in which he resided made it a point of duty to pay their respects to him, and carried their deference so far as to await his appearance in the great hall, as his daughter did too, with the gardener and the builder. And the same mixed feeling of respect and fear came over them all when the heavy door of his private room slowly opened and the little old man came out, with his powdered wig, his slender withered hands, and his thick grizzled eyebrows, which sometimes seemed to

soften the keen glitter of eyes that still were almost youthful.

On the morning of the day when the young couple were expected Princess Marie crossed the hall, according to invariable rule, to go and bid her father good-morning; and, as usual, at that critical moment, she could not help feeling a pang of agitation, so to give herself courage she crossed herself and put up a little prayer that their meeting might pass off without squalls. The old, powdered man-servant who always sat in the hall rose at her approach and said in a subdued voice: "Have the goodness to go in."

The steady whir of a turning-lathe was audible within; the princess timidly opened the door, which made no noise on its hinges, and stood still in the doorway; the prince was at work. He looked round at her and then went on again.

The room was full of furniture and articles of daily use. A large table was piled with maps and books, there were cupboards with glass doors and keys in the locks, a tall desk for standing at to write, on which lay an open ledger, and a lathe with its various tools; shavings were scattered on the floor; everything revealed habits of constant and various industry. The regular tread of his foot in its Tartar boot of soft leather, and the firm, steady pressure of his sinewy hand revealed an amazing fund of tenacity of will in this vigorous specimen of a green old age. After continuing his work for a few seconds he took his foot from the treadle, wiped the tool and dropped it into a leather bag that

was nailed to the bench, and came to the table. He was not in the habit of giving his children a blessing, but he always offered them a cheek to kiss — innocent generally of the razor. This ceremony being over he looked closely at his daughter and said roughly, but not without a touch of affection:

"You are well, quite well? . . . Sit down there." And taking up a copy-book of geometrical problems written out with his own hand, he reached out a leg and drew an arm-chair towards himself.

"This is for to-morrow," he said, and he marked the passage with his nail. Princess Marie leaned over to note it.

"By the way, here is a letter for you," he said suddenly, and taking a letter addressed in a woman's hand from a pocket-bag that hung against the wall, he tossed it to her.

At the sight of it Princess Marie's face colored in patches; she took it up and looked at it.

"Is it from your Héloise?" asked her father with an icy smile which showed his teeth, yellow but sound.

"Yes, it is from Julie," she said timidly.

"I will let two more letters pass, but I shall read the third; you write all sorts of nonsense, I will be bound — I shall read the third."

"But, father, read this one . . ." And blushing she held it out to him.

"I said the third, and I mean the third," cried the old man, pushing back the letter and taking up the geometry book. "Well, Mademoiselle. . . ." and he bent

over his daughter, with one hand on the back of the chair in which she had seated herself and where she felt all round her the peculiar sour smell, mingled with the fumes of tobacco — the stuffy atmosphere of old age to which she was so long accustomed.

"Well, these triangles are equal; you see the angle ABC. . . ."

The princess gazed with terror into her father's keen eyes, her cheeks tingled with a scarlet flush, and fear deprived her of the faculty of thought or of understanding her master's explanations, clear as they were. This little scene recurred every day — but whose fault was it? The teacher's or the pupil's — who at last could see nothing clearly and hear nothing distinctly? Her father's face was close to hers, his acrid breath was the air she breathed, she could think of nothing but making her escape as soon as possible to her own room where she might solve the problem in peace and liberty. He, on his part, got angry — pushed away his chair, dragged it back with a clatter — trying all the while to control himself; then again he would break out and storm, and wish the whole thing at the devil.

As ill-luck would have it to-day again his daughter answered at random and wrongly.

"What an idiot!" he exclaimed flinging down the book. Then he rose, walked up and down, came back and stroked his daughter's hair, sat down again, and began his explanation once more.

"It does not do, Princess, it does not do," he said, seeing her rise to leave him with the book in her hand.

"Mathematics is a noble science and I do not want you to be just like all the silly young ladies one meets. Persevere and you will learn to like the work, and the dulness will be knocked out of your brain." And he patted her cheek.

She was going, but he signed to her to stop, he took from his desk a book he had just received and held it out to her.

"Here, your Héloise has sent you some "*Key to the Mystery*"—a religious work it would seem. I do not trouble my head about anybody's beliefs, but I have looked it through. Take it, and be off." And patting her this time on the shoulder he closed the door behind her.

Marie returned to her room. The scared expression her plain, sickly face habitually wore, made it even less attractive than nature had intended. She sat down at her writing-table, on which stood a few miniatures in frames, and which was loaded with books and papers in utter disorder—for she was as untidy as her father was precise—and eagerly broke the seal of the letter which was from the favorite friend of her childhood, that Julie Karaguine whom we have met at the Rostows'.

It was as follows:

"Dear and best friend: How terrible a thing is absence! It is in vain that I say to myself that half my life and happiness is bound up in you; that, in spite of the miles that part us, our hearts are linked insepar-

ably — mine rebels against fate, and notwithstanding all the pleasures and amusements that surround me I cannot get over the sadness that has lurked at the bottom of my heart ever since we parted. Oh! why are we not side by side as we were in the summer, on the blue sofa in your sitting-room — the confidential sofa! And why may I not now — as I did three months since — refresh my moral strength by looking into your soft, calm deep eyes — the eyes I love so much, and can fancy I see while I write!"

At this point Princess Marie sighed deeply and turned to look at herself in a long mirror which reflected the whole of her graceless figure and pinched features, while her eyes, as they met their own image in the glass, seemed to have grown more melancholy than ever. "She is flattering me," she said to herself as she went on with the letter.

But Julie was quite truthful; Marie's eyes were large and deep, and lightened up occasionally with a flash that made them startlingly beautiful and transfigured the face they lighted up with that soft and loving gleam. But she herself knew nothing of this look that came into her eyes whenever she forgot herself to think of others; the ruthless mirror only showed her a sharp and unattractive face. She went on with the letter:

"All Moscow is talking of the war. One of my brothers is already across the frontier; the other is marching to the front with the guards. Our beloved Emperor has left St. Petersburg, and is, they say, preparing

to expose his precious person to the risks of war. God grant that the Corsican Monster who has wrecked the peace of Europe may be crushed by the angelic being that the Almighty has mercifully sent to rule over us. Not to mention my brothers, the war has bereft me of one of those who are dearest to me: Young Nicolas Rostow, who, fired by enthusiasm, could not bear to remain inactive and has left college to join the army. Yes, my dear Marie, in spite of his extreme youth, I will own to you that his departure has been a bitter grief to me. I spoke to you of this young fellow when I was with you; he is so high-minded, and has so much of the genuine youthfulness which is so rare in these days when every lad of twenty is an old man—above all he is so freshly frank, so purely poetical, that my intimacy with him, brief as it has been, is one of the great joys of my heart, which has suffered so bitterly. Some day I will tell you all about our parting and what passed between us; at present it is all too recent.

"Ah, my dear, you are happy in your ignorance of these joys and acute pangs—yes, you are happy, for the pain is generally the keenest. I know of course that Count Nicolas is too young ever to be anything more to me than a friend; but this kind of friendship, these poetical ties, are a real need of my heart. However, no more of that. The great news in Moscow and the talk of the day is the death of Count Bésoukhow, and the reading of his will. Just fancy, the princesses get very little and Prince Basil nothing; it is Monsieur Pierre who inherits everything. His legitimacy has been es-

tablished into the bargain, so he is Count Bésoukhow and the owner of the largest fortune in Russia. They say that Prince Basil played a very disgraceful part in the whole business and has gone off to St. Petersburg looking very foolish. For my part I do not understand all the details of will and bequests. All I know is that this young fellow, who was no more than M. Pierre to us all, is now Count Bésoukhow and one of the richest men in Russia. It amuses me immensely to watch the altered tone and manner of the mammas burdened with daughters to marry—nay, of the daughters themselves, towards this individual, who, between you and me, always seemed to me a poor specimen. As, for the last two years, the world has amused itself by making matches for me—generally with men I do not even know—of course I am now designated as the future countess. But I need not tell you that I have no ambition of that kind.

"Apropos—do you know that quite lately Anna Mikhaïlovna, 'aunt in general,' whispered to me as a most solemn secret a plan for marrying you. Neither more nor less than to Prince Basil's son Anatole, whom they want to settle by marrying him to a damsel of wealth and rank; and you are the object of his relations' choice. I do not know what view you may take of the matter, but I thought it my duty to warn you. He is said to be very handsome and a great scamp, and that is all I have been able to find out about him. Now, this is gossip enough; I am at the end of my second sheet, and mamma is calling me to go to dine

with the Apraxines. Read the book I am sending you. It is mystical and the rage here; and though there are many things in it which are hard of apprehension to weak human minds, it is a beautiful work and soothes and edifies the soul. Farewell. Give my respects to your father and remembrances to Mlle. Bourrienne. I embrace you fondly.

"Julie.

"P. S. Let me have news of your brother and his fascinating little wife."

On reading this effusion Princess Marie remained sunk in a pleasing reverie; she sat thinking and smiling, and her face, lighted up by her beautiful eyes, was transfigured. Then she suddenly rose, crossed the room with an air of determination, and settling herself to write she rapidly penned the following reply:

"My dear, best friend, your letter of the 13th has given me the greatest pleasure. So you still care for me, my poetic Julie, and absence, which you rail at, has not had its usual effect on you. You complain of parting! What then could I say, if I dared to complain, bereft as I am of all who are dear to me? Ah, if we had not religion to comfort us, life would indeed be dreary. — And why do you fancy I shall look stern as I read of your regard for your young friend? In such matters I am lenient to all but myself. I quite understand such feelings in others, and if I cannot actually approve them, never having experienced them,

I cannot condemn them. Only it seems to me that Christian love — the love of our neighbors, the love of our enemies — is more worthy and more tender than the feelings roused in a romantic and sentimental girl like you by a young man's fine eyes.

"The news of Count Bésoukhow's death had reached us before your letter and affected my father deeply; he was — he says — the last representative but one of the good old times, and now it is his turn, but he intends to postpone it as long as possible. God preserve us indeed from such a misfortune! I cannot agree with you in your opinion of Pierre whom I knew as a child. He always seemed to me thoroughly good-hearted and that is the quality I most value. As to the property, and Prince Basil's conduct in the matter, it is most sad for both. Indeed, my dear friend, our Lord's saying that 'it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God' is terribly true! I pity Prince Basil, but I pity M. Pierre even more. So young, and so loaded with wealth, what temptations he must be exposed to! If I were asked what I most wish in this world it would be to be poorer than the poorest beggar.

"Many thanks, my dear, for the book, which you tell me is the rage with you. At the same time, as you say that among many good things there are others which the weakness of our understanding can scarcely attain to, it seems to me useless to spend time in reading what is incomprehensible and therefore can bear no

good fruit. I never could understand the mania that some people have for bewildering their judgment by devoting themselves to the study of mystical works which only raise doubts in their minds, while they excite their imagination and lend it an inflated exaggeration quite contrary to true Christian simplicity. Let us read the Apostles and the Gospels and not try to penetrate the mysteries they contain; how can we, miserable sinners as we are, presume to enquire into the holy and awful secrets of Providence so long as we wear the burden of this flesh which forms an impenetrable veil between our spirits and the Almighty. Let us be content to study the sublime principles which our Saviour has given us for guidance on earth; let us try to conform to them and live by them, convincing ourselves that the less we give the reins to our puny human intellect the more pleasing it will be in the eyes of God, who contemns all knowledge that is not of Himself—that the less we strive to search out those matters which He has thought fit to hide from our ken the sooner he will vouchsafe us knowledge through His Divine Spirit.

"My father has said nothing to me of any suitor; he only told me that he had had a letter and expected a visit from Prince Basil. With regard to the plan for my marriage, I may say to you, my dear kind friend, that marriage is in my opinion a divine institution to which we are bound to conform. However painful it may be, if the Almighty should ever require me to undertake the duties of a wife and mother I will try to fulfil them as

faithfully as I can, without puzzling myself by analyzing my feelings towards the man whom He appoints to be my husband. I have had a letter from my brother announcing his arrival here with his wife. It will be but a brief happiness, since he is off at once to this miserable war into which we have been dragged God knows how or why. It is not only at Moscow, in the whirl of the busy world that war is the sole topic; but here as well, in the heart of the country, amid field-laborers and that peace which townsfolks always attribute to rural scenes the rumors of war are heard, and cruelly felt. My father talks of nothing but marches and countermarches which I do not understand; and yesterday, as I took my usual walk down the village street, I saw a scene that went to my heart: a squad of recruits just enlisted here and being drafted off to join the army. You should have seen the state the women were in — mothers, wives, and children of the men who were starting — you should have heard their sobbing and crying! It really would seem as if human beings had altogether forgotten the precepts of the divine Saviour who preached forgiveness and love, and thought that their greatest merit lay in their skill in killing each other.

"Farewell, my dear good friend. May the Saviour and His Blessed Mother have you in their holy keeping!

"Marie."

"Oh! Princess, you are sending off the courier; I have written to my poor mother," cried Mlle. Bourrienne

in her full, sweet voice and strongly Parisian French. Her brisk and bird-like appearance contrasted strangely with the gloomy, solitary, and melancholy atmosphere that hung round the princess.

"I must warn you," she added in a lower tone. "The prince has had a squabble with Michael Ivanow; he is in a very bad temper — very savage . . . Be careful . . . you know. . . ."

"Oh, my dear friend, I have often begged you not to make remarks to me about my father's bad temper. I never allow myself to pass judgment on it and I expect others to follow my example," replied Marie looking at her watch, and perceiving with alarm that it was five minutes after the time when she was required to practise on the piano, she hurried into the drawing-room. While the prince took a siesta from noon till two his daughter was to exercise her fingers: this was the immutable rule of the house.

CHAPTER XI.

The grey-haired man-servant was nodding in his chair, to the sound of his master's regular snore as he took his mid-day nap in his study, and of the remoter tinkle of the piano on which the difficult passages of a sonata by Dreyschock were being repeated as often as twenty times.

A chaise and a britzska drew up at the front entrance; Prince André got out first and then gave his hand to his wife. Old Tikhone, who had softly stolen out of the anteroom and closed the door behind him, explained in a low voice that the prince was asleep: not even the advent of the son of the house, not any event, however extraordinary, could be allowed to interrupt the order of the day. Prince André knew this as well as he did — perhaps better, for he looked at his watch to assure himself that no change had occurred in his father's habits.

"He will not wake for the next twenty minutes," he said to his wife, "we will go to Marie."

The little princess had grown stouter, but on her short downy upper lip and in her eyes there was the same bright and attractive smile.

"But this is a palace!" she exclaimed, expressing her admiration as if she had been complimenting her host on the success of a ball. "Come along, quick — quick!" And she smiled at her husband and at old Tikhone who led the way. "Hark! Marie is practising — Let us go gently and surprise her." Prince André followed gloomily.

"You are growing older, my good fellow!" he said to the man who kissed his hand.

Just as they were going into the room where they heard the piano a side door opened, and a pretty young French woman came out; this was the fair Mlle. Bourrienne who looked delighted and surprised at seeing them.

"Oh! how glad Princess Marie will be!" she exclaimed. "I must go and tell her."

"No, no — I beg you not! You are Mlle. Bourrienne: I know of you already as my sister-in-law's friend," said the princess kissing her. "She does not expect us yet I fancy."

They were at the door now, while within, the same passages went on again and again, unceasingly. Prince André frowned as if he were prepared to feel some painful sensation. His wife went in first; the music suddenly ceased. There was a little cry — a sound of kisses — and Prince André saw his wife and sister, who had only met once before on the occasion of his marriage, fondly clasped in each other's arms while Mlle. Bourrienne looked on, her hand on her heart, and ready to cry and laugh in a breath.

He shrugged his shoulders and knit his brows, like a musician who hears a false note. The two young ladies having stood apart and looked at each other, once more met in a close embrace. Finally, to his great consternation, they melted into tears. Mlle. Bourrienne, deeply moved, also began to cry. Prince André was most uncomfortable, but his wife and sister seemed to think it quite a matter of course that their first meeting should not take place without tears.

"Ah! my dear!"—"Ah, Marie!" they kept crying, and laughing at the same time.

"Do you know I dreamed of you last night?"

"And you did not expect us?—But, Marie, you are much thinner!"

"I recognized Madame la Princesse immediately," Mlle. Bourrienne threw in.

"And I was not thinking of your coming so soon.—Oh! André — and I did not see you!"

Prince André kissed his sister.

"What a Baby you are!" he said as she looked up at him with her lovely eyes dim with tears, trying to look into his with a bright, tender gaze. His little wife never ceased chattering. That short upperlip danced up and down, lightly touching the lower one and then curling in a radiant smile that showed off her small, gleaming teeth, and the brightness of her merry eyes

"They had had an accident. . . ." she rattled on, "and it might have been serious—at Spasskaïa-Gora.—And she had left all her dresses at St. Petersburg; she had not a thing to put on . . . and André had altered—and Kitty Odintzow had married such a queer old man — and she had found a husband for her sister — yes a husband in earnest . . . But we will discuss that by-and-bye," she added.

Marie stood looking at her brother; her eyes were full of love and sadness. She had ceased to attend to the pretty little macaw's prattle, and even broke into a description of one of the late fêtes at St. Petersburg to ask her mother whether he had really decided on joining the army.

"André — and I must start to-morrow."

Lisa sighed. "He deserts me," she exclaimed, "and God knows why when he might have taken his promotion. . . ."

Marie did not heed her; she glanced significantly at her sister-in-law and at her brother. "And I am frightened," added Lisa. She turned pale, her lips puckered and, leaning her cheek against her sister-in-law's, she melted into tears again.

"She needs rest," said her husband with some displeasure. — "Do not you, Lisa? Take her with you, Marie, while I go to see my father . . . Tell me — he is the same as ever?"

"Yes — so far as I am concerned," said his sister.

"The same hours, the same walks, and then the turning-lathe. . . ." And Prince André's almost imperceptible smile showed that, in spite of filial respect, he quite appreciated his father's queer manias.

"Yes — the same hours, the same turning, the lessons in geometry and mathematics," she said laughing, as if those hours of study were the joy of her life.

When the final twenty minutes of the old prince's nap were over, old Tikhone came to call Prince André; his father did him the honor of so far changing the order of his day as to receive him while his toilet was going on. Prince Bolkonsky always had his hair powdered for dinner, and put on an old-fashioned frock-coat. When his son went into his dressing-room he was sitting in his leather arm-chair, covered with a white wrapper, and his head under the hands of the faithful Tikhone. Prince André went forward eagerly; the peevish expression which was habitual with him had vanished; he looked as bright as we have seen him when talking with Pierre.

"Ha! here you are, my brave soldier! So you are going to conquer Bonaparte," cried the old man shaking his powdered head, so far as he could while Tikhone plaited his pigtail. "Very good, very good — go by all means, forward, march! Or we may be numbered among his subjects before we know where we are. — And you are quite well?"

He offered his son his cheek. His nap had put him into a good humor; indeed, he was wont to say "sleep before dinner is golden; sleep after dinner is silver." He glanced at his son with immense satisfaction out of the corner of his eye from under his bushy brows, while André kissed the cheek presented to him and made no reply to his inexhaustible jests about the military men of the day, and Napoleon especially.

"Yes, here I am, Father. And I have brought you my wife at an interesting crisis . . . And you, are you quite well?"

"My dear boy, only idiots or rakes ever need be ill, and you know what I am — I work from morning till night, and I keep sober, so I am perfectly well."

"Thank God for that," said his son.

"God has nothing to do with it! — Come. . . ." and he returned to his hobby. "Tell me how the Germans teach us to beat Napoleon by the rules of this new game they call Tactics."

"Give me breathing time, my dear Father," said the son smiling, for he loved and respected him in spite of his crotchets. "I have not even seen my room yet."

"Nonsense, nonsense, all that is nonsense," said the

old man feeling his pigtail to make sure that it was firmly plaited. He took his son's hand: "The rooms for your wife are quite ready. Marie will take her there and show them to her, and they will chatter three basketsful . . . that is all women's work. I am very glad to have her here.— Now, sit down there and talk. I understand the force under Michelson and the army under Tolstoy: they will work together; but the army in the south — what is that to do? Prussia remains neutral I know; but Austria and Sweden, what of them?" And he got up and paced about the room, Tikhone following him and handing him his various articles of clothing. "How are we to get across Pomerania?"

His father was so persevering in his enquiries that Prince André began, unwillingly at first but with increasing interest, to explain partly in French and partly in Russian, the plan of the campaign which was beginning. He explained that an army of 90,000 men were to threaten Prussia and force her to abandon her position as a neutral power; that part of these troops would join the Swedes at Stralsund; that 220,000 Austrians and 100,000 Russians would meanwhile manœuvre in Italy and on the Rhine; that 50,000 English and 50,000 Russians would be landed at Naples, and that the total force of 500,000 men would thus attack Napoleon at several points at once.

The old prince did not seem to take the smallest interest in this long story; in fact he might have not been listening, for he thrice interrupted it as he walked about

the room and went on with his dressing. The first time he exclaimed: "The white one, the white one," which arose from old Tikhone having handed him the wrong waistcoat.

The second time he asked when his daughter-in-law's baby was expected, and shook his head reproachfully saying: "That's a pity, that's a pity! — Go on."

And the third time, while his son was finishing his explanation, he began singing in a cracked tuneless voice: "*Marlbrough s'en va-t-en guerre, en guerre, en guerre. . . .*"

"I am not telling you that I approve of this scheme," said his son with a faint smile, "I have stated it as it is now planned; Napoleon will certainly have one of his own at least as good as ours."

"There is nothing new — nothing new whatever, in all that; that is all I have to say to it," and the old man went on in a meditative undertone: "'*Ne sait quand reviendra, dra, dra . . .*' Now go into the dining-room."

Two o'clock was striking when Prince Bolkonsky, shaved and powdered, came into the dining-room where his daughter-in-law, his daughter, and Mlle. Bourrienne were waiting for him, and with them his architect, or clerk of the works, who was admitted to dine with him though his subordinate position gave him no claim to such an honor. The old prince, who rode a very high horse on points of etiquette and rank, rarely invited the provincial big-wigs to his table, but it amused him to demonstrate the equality of all men in the person

of this architect, who shyly blew his nose on a checked pocket-handkerchief. He not unfrequently represented to his daughter that Michael Ivanovitch, as a man, was as good as they were, and he almost always addressed his conversation to him during meals.

Behind each chair in the spacious dining-room stood a servant, and the butler, with a napkin over his arm, cast a last anxious look from the table to the footmen—from the big clock to the door which was about to open for his master. Prince André was studying a pedigree of the family which hung, in a gilt frame, opposite a large picture infamously painted by an amateur and representing the head of the Bolkonsky clan, a descendant of Rurik, as a sovereign prince with a crown on his head. André could not help smiling as he looked at this daub—a fancy portrait in which the "fancy" verged on the grotesque.

"How like him to have such a thing; that is the man, all over!" he exclaimed.

Princess Marie, who had just come in, gazed at him in surprise, not understanding what he could find to laugh at: she had a sort of religious reverence for everything relating to her father which no criticism could touch.

"Well, every man has his Achilles' heel," André went on. "So clever as he is, and to make himself so ridiculous!"

Princess Marie, who did not approve of such audacious remarks, was on the point of answering, when the steps they were waiting for with so much impatience were heard approaching. The old man's brisk, light

gait and his quick, sharp ways were in such strange contrast to the austere and precise order of the house, that he might have been suspected of intentional mystification.

So the hall clock had just struck two and the drawing-room was giving a melancholy echo when the prince made his appearance; his keen undimmed eyes, under the penthouse of their shaggy grey brows, fell on one and another of the persons present, and rested finally on the little princess who at once felt for her father-in-law the respect mingled with fear which he inspired in all who came near him. He softly stroked her hair and patted her on the back of her neck.

"I am very glad — very glad . . . " he said. And after staring her in the face for a few seconds he seated himself at the table: "Sit down — sit down, Michael Ivanovitch."

He pointed out a chair by his side to his daughter-in-law, and the servant pushed it forward for her.

"Hum!" said the prince as she took her seat, "you must walk about — take plenty of exercise...." And he smiled with a dry, unpleasant curl while his eyes expressed nothing.

Lisa did not hear, or pretended not to hear; she sat uncomfortable and silent till the prince asked after her father and some old acquaintances; then she recovered herself and smiled again, and told him all the small gossip of St. Petersburg.

"Poor Countess Apraxine has lost her husband, and quite cried her eyes out...."

But the more lively she became the more sternly did the prince look at her; suddenly he turned abruptly away, as if he had heard all he wanted to know:

"Well, Michael Ivanovitch," he exclaimed, "your friend Napoleon will come to grief. Prince André"—he always spoke so of his son — "has explained it all to me. A tremendous force is being brought against him . . . And to think that we — you and I — have always thought him a poor creature!"

Michael Ivanovitch was well aware that he had never thought anything of the kind, or in such good company; however, he understood that he was addressed simply as an opening to the discussion, and he looked up at Prince André somewhat puzzled, and not very clear as to what was coming next.

"Oh, he is great at tactics!" said the prince to his son, meaning the architect; and then he dilated on his favorite themes: the war, Napoleon, the commanders and statesmen of the day. By his account the men at the head of affairs were mere school-boys, ignorant of the first elements of war or of administration; Bonaparte was a trumpery little Frenchman whose success was entirely due to the incapacity of Potemkin and Souvorow. Europe was involved in no complications, and as to the war, it was not a serious matter but a farce played by puppets in the hands of the ruling jobber to cheat the public.

Prince André answered all his sallies in a gay vein, and even incited his father to go on.

"Ah! the past is always better than the present;

and yet Souvorow let himself be caught in the trap laid by Moreau; he could not outwit him."

"Who told you that, who told you that?" cried the prince. "Souvorow . . ." And he tossed his plate into the air; old Tikhone was quick enough to catch it before it fell.

"Frederick and Souvorow were a pair; but Moreau! Moreau would have been a prisoner if Souvorow had only been free to act. But he was saddled with the Hofkriegswurstschnapsrath* whom the devil himself could not have shaken off. You will see—oh! yes, you will see what a Hofkriegswurstschnapsrath is like. And if Souvorow could not make elbow room Michael Koutouzow is not the man to do it. No, no, my friend. Your generals will not serve your turn; you must have French generals, men who turn and rend each other to fight Napoleon. Pahlen, who is a German, has been sent already to New York to seek out Moreau," he went on, alluding to the overtures made to Moreau to go over to Russia. "It is monstrous. Potemkin, Souvorow, Orlow, were they Germans I ask you? Take my word, either they have lost their head or I have lost mine. I wish you good-luck—but we shall see.—Bonaparte a great General? Ha, ha!"

"I am far from thinking our organization perfect, but I confess I do not see things quite as you do; you may laugh at Bonaparte as much as you like; that will not alter the fact that he is a great general."

* As in the original — a farcical sham title.

"Michael Ivanovitch," cried the old prince, "do you hear that?"

Michael Ivanovitch, who was giving his mind to his dinner, had hoped that he was forgotten.

"Do you hear? I always maintained that Bonaparte was a great strategist—well, and he thinks so too."

"Why, of course, your Excellency," murmured Michael Ivanovitch, while the prince laughed shortly.

"Bonaparte was born under a lucky star, his soldiers are first-rate; and then he was so fortunate as to fight the Germans first and beat them: only a helpless idiot could escape beating them; since the world began they have always been thrashed and they have never been able to thrash anyone.— Well, yes, they have thrashed each other, but that does not count.— Well, he owes all his glory to them." And he began a list of all the mistakes Napoleon had made—in his opinion.

His son listened in silence, but no argument could shake his convictions which were as firmly rooted as his father's; still he wondered how a solitary old man, living in retirement in the country, had managed so thoroughly to master the military and political situation of Europe, down to the smallest details.

"You fancy I know nothing about it because I am old? Well, you see. . . . It works in my brain and keeps me awake at night . . . Show me what your great commander has done; where and how has he proved his skill?"

"It would be too long to explain."

"Well, well, go and join your Bonaparte! Here is another admirer of your blackguard Emperor!" exclaimed the old man.

"Nay, you know I am no Bonapartist!"

"*Ne sait quand reviendra*," hummed the old prince in a cracked voice, and he laughed grimly as he rose from table.

All through this discussion the little princess had sat scared and speechless looking by turns at her husband, her sister-in-law and the old man. As soon as dinner was over she put her hand through Marie's arm, pulling her away into the next room:

"How clever your father is!" she exclaimed. "That is the reason I am so much afraid of him, I think."

"But he is so kind," said Marie.

The next day: Prince André was to start that evening. The old prince had made no alteration in his habits and had retired to his room after dinner. His daughter-in-law was with Princess Marie, while his son, having exchanged his uniform for an undress surtout without epaulettes, was making the last preparations for his departure with the help of his valet. He went in person to inspect his travelling-chaise and trunks, and ordered the horses to be put to. Nothing remained in his room but various small objects of constant use; a dressing-case, a canteen with silver fittings, a pair of pistols and a Turkish sabre which his father had seized at the assault on Otchakow and had given to him; and everything was cleaned and repaired, put into perfect order and sheathed in cloth covers strongly fastened

and strapped. If a man is at all inclined to reflection he is almost always in a serious frame of mind on the eve of a parting or of some serious change in his life: he glances back on the past and forms some plans for the future. Prince André was anxious and saddened; he walked up and down his room with his hands behind his back, nodding his head now and again, and staring before him with an absent gaze. Was he uneasy as to the issue of the war, or was he regretting his wife? A little of both perhaps; but he evidently had no wish to be detected in this sentimental mood, for, hearing steps in the adjoining room, he hastily went up to the table and pretended to be busy arranging his dressing-case, putting on his usual calm and inscrutable expression.

Princess Marie came running in quite out of breath.

"They told me you had ordered the carriage round, and I wanted to speak to you alone, for God knows how long it may be before we meet again . . . It does not vex you to have me here? . . . You are very much altered, Andrioucha," she added, as if to explain her question. She could not help smiling as she called him by this pet name; it was strange to her that this handsome young fellow, with his austere manner, could be the Andrioucha of her childhood, the companion of her games, the mischievous slip of a boy of a not very remote past.

"And where is Lisa?" he said answering her question by a smile.

"She is gone to sleep on my sofa, quite tired out.

Ah, André! what a treasure of a wife you have found! A perfect child: gay, lively — I love her dearly."

André had seated himself by his sister's side; a slightly ironical smile parted his lips; she observed it and went on:

"You must not be too hard on her little weaknesses . . . Who is there that has none? She has been brought up in the middle of the gay world, her position is a painful one . . . You must put yourself in her place: to understand the difficulties of others is to forgive. You must admit that it is very hard for her, under the circumstances, to be parted from her husband, left alone in the country — yes, really very hard to be forced to break away from all her habits of life!"

Prince André listened as a man listens to any one whom he knows thoroughly.

"But you live in the country," he said. "Do you find this life so intolerable?"

"I! oh, that is quite different! I know nothing else, I cannot wish for another life; but for a young woman who is used to a wider world it is burying all her best years in a hermitage, for my father, as you know, is always engaged and I — what company can I be for her?—She has always lived in the best society.— So there is no one but Mlle. Bourrienne. . . ."

"I do not like your Bourrienne."

"But I assure you she is very kind, and very nice, and most forlorn — she has no one in the world. — To tell you the truth she is in my way more often than

she is of use; I have always been a rustic and I prefer being alone. — My father likes her, and is always kind to her and to Michael Ivanovitch — you know 'we like people in proportion to the good we do them and not to the good they do us.' My father took her in as an orphan from the streets, and she is really a very good soul. — He likes her way of reading and she reads aloud to him every evening."

"But come, Marie; you must suffer cruelly sometimes from my father's temper?"

Marie, astounded at the question could only stammer out: "I . . . suffer?"

"He was always stern and now he must be desperately hard to get on with," André went on to try his sister.

"You are good, André, very good, but you sin in pride," she said, answering her own thoughts, as it were. "How can you allow yourself to judge in such a way or suppose that I could ever feel anything but reverence for my father? I am quite happy and contented with him, and I am only sorry that all the world cannot share my lot."

Her brother shook his head incredulously. "One thing only," she went on, "to be perfectly honest, worries and distresses me: his notions about religion. I cannot understand how so clever a man can be so perverse and blind as to discuss questions that are as clear as day. That is, really and truly, my only trouble. At the same time I fancy that lately I have observed some slight improvement; his satire is a little less biting and

he even consented to see a monk with whom he had a long interview."

"Oh ho! I am very much afraid that on such points you and your monk may save your breath to cool your porridge."

"Well, my dear, I pray with all my heart and I hope God will hear me . . . André," she added timidly, "I want to ask you something."

"What can I do for you?"

"Promise me that you will consent — it will give you no trouble: it is nothing unworthy of you, you may be sure, and it will be the greatest comfort to me. Promise me, Andrioucha," and putting her hand into her bag she took out some small object which she held hidden in her hand as not daring to show it to him till he had answered explicitly.

"Even if it cost me a real sacrifice I would. . . ."

"You must think what you choose, you are just like my father, but I cannot help that. Promise me I beg and pray: our grandfather wore it in all the battles he fought in, and you will wear it, will you not?"

"But what is it that I am to wear?"

"André, this little image, with my blessing — and promise me that you will never take it off."

"Simply to please you, I will promise that, if it is not heavy enough to break my neck," replied André; but seeing his sister's grieved look at this ill-timed jest, he changed his tone: "To be sure, my dearest," he said, "I will accept it with pleasure."

"He will conquer your obduracy, He will save and

pardon you and lead you to Himself, for He alone is truth and peace!" she said in a voice tremulous with emotion, and with an action of devout solemnity she held up over her brother's head a small medallion blackened by time and wear. It was an oval image of the Redeemer mounted in silver and with a little silver chain. She crossed herself, kissed the medallion, and held it to him: "Do it for my sake," she said.

Her fine eyes shone with a softened light and her pale, thin face was transfigured. André put out his hand for the sacred amulet, but she drew it back. He understood and kissed it, crossing himself at the same time with a mixture of pathos and irony.

"Thank you, my dearest," she said, and she sat down again. "Be kind and generous, André, do not judge Lisa too hardly . . . she is very sweet and gentle, and her position is a very painful one."

"But I cannot see what fault I have found or hinted at in my wife, Marie. Why do you take this tone about it."

Marie colored and had no explanation to offer.

"But granting that I have said nothing," he went on, "some one else I see has been making remarks, and I am sorry for that."

The color mounted in patches to her face and throat, and she tried in vain to find something to say, for her brother had guessed rightly. The little princess had been crying, and telling her of all her terrors: she should die, she was sure, when her child was born, and she was very miserable and very much to be pitied —

she complained of her lot, of her father-in-law, of her husband; and then, having exhausted herself with weeping, she had fallen asleep.

Prince André was sorry for his sister.

"Listen, Marie," he said, "I have nothing to blame my wife for—I never have said and never shall say a word against her. I, on my part, have never done her a wrong and I will try never to do one.— But if you want to know the truth, to know whether I am happy . . . no, I am not. Nor is she; but why I know not." He turned and kissed his sister, but he did not see the loving light in her eyes, for his own were fixed on the door she had left ajar.

"We must go to her, Marie; I must bid her good-bye; or rather, if you will go in and wake her I will follow you.— Petroucha," he said to the servant, "here, carry down all these things: put this on the right hand side and this under the seat."

Marie went, but she stopped half-way:

"André, if only you had faith you would have turned to God and implored him to give you the love you do not feel; He would have heard your prayer."

"Ah, yes! — to be sure — perhaps.— Go on, Marie, I am coming."

A few minutes after, as Prince André was passing along the corridor which joined the wing where his wife was to be lodged to the main building, he met Mlle. Bourrienne, crisp and smiling; it was the third time that day that she had crossed his path.

"Oh! I thought you were in your own rooms," she

said blushing and looking down. Prince André looked excessively annoyed and his only answer was a glance of such supreme contempt that she stopped quite abashed and vanished at once.

As he went towards his sister's room he could hear Lisa's sprightly tones; she was awake and prattling as if she were bound to make up for lost time.

"Just picture to yourself, Marie," she was saying with fits of laughter, "old Countess Zoubow, with her false curls and her mouth full of false teeth, as if she could defy old age . . . ha, ha, ha!"

It was at least the fifth time that André had heard her tell the same story. He went in softly and found her quite refreshed, with a bright color in her cheeks, and comfortably seated in a deep arm-chair doing some needle-work, while she poured out her unconnected reminiscences of St. Petersburg. He affectionately stroked her hair and asked her if she felt better.

"Yes, yes," she said and went on with her story.

The travelling-carriage with six horses was waiting at the door. The intense darkness of an autumn night threw its shroud over even the nearest objects: the coachman could hardly see the pole of the coach round which the servants were busy with their lanterns. The house was lighted up inside and broad beams of light were shed from the huge front windows. All the household had gathered in the hall to take leave of the young master, while a little party of intimates had assembled in the great drawing-room. Everyone was waiting for Prince André who had gone into his father's room, the

old prince having sent for him to speak with him alone.

André, on going in, had found his father seated at his table writing, with his spectacles on, and wrapped in a white dressing-gown—a costume in which, as a rule, he never allowed himself to be seen. He looked up at his son.

"You are off then?" he said and he began to write again.

"Yes—I have come to say good-bye."

"Kiss me,"—and he offered him a cheek .... "Thank you, and again thank you."

"What for?"

"For not stopping at home tied to your wife's apron-strings. The service before all things—so thank you."

And again he began writing, but he was so nervous that his pen creaked and spluttered in every direction. "If you have anything you want to say I am listening."

"My wife—I am vexed to leave her here in this way, a burden on your hands."

"What next will you say? Say something more to the point."

"When the time draws near send to Moscow for a doctor; let him be here in time...."

The old man looked at his son in stern astonishment.

"Of course I know that nothing can be done if nature rebels against science," André went on, not without some emotion; "and I know that out of a thousand such cases not more than one perhaps goes

wrong, but it is her fancy, and mine too. She has been crammed with all sorts of notions in consequence of a dream."

"Hm" — murmured the old man between his teeth. "Well, well, I will see to it," then he signed his name with a determined flourish. "It is a bad business, heh?" he added with a smile.

"What is a bad business?"

"Your wife," said the old man bluntly.

"I do not understand you."

"Well, my boy, you see they are all alike, and you cannot get unmarried. Do not be afraid, I will tell no one, but you know it as well as I do — it is the truth." His lean bony fingers grasped his son's hand and wrung it firmly while his piercing eye seemed to look through him. Prince André's answer was a sigh — a wordless confession.

The old prince folded and sealed his letters in no time.

"Well, there is no help for it, and she is very pretty. Be easy, everything shall be done," he said briefly.

André said no more; he was distressed, but at the same time glad to have been understood.

"Do not worry yourself about her; all that is possible shall be done. Now, here is a letter for Michael Illarionovitch; I have asked him to give you good chances and not to keep you with him too long. You must tell him that I remember him with faithful regard, and let me know how he receives you. If you are

satisfied, stay with him and do your best; if not, leave him. Nicolas Bolkonsky's son cannot remain with a chief on sufferance. — Come here." He had been speaking very rapidly and swallowing half his words, but his son understood him; he followed him to the desk which the old man opened, and then took out a note-book, closely written in a small hand but quite legible. "I shall probably die before you; this is a memorandum to be sent to the Emperor after my death; and this is a letter and a check. It is a prize that I intend to offer for a history of Souvorow's campaigns. Send these to the Academy; I have made some notes— you can read them when I am gone; they may be of use to you."

André, feeling that there would be a sort of indelicacy in bidding his father look forward to a long life, simply said:

"Your wishes shall be implicitly fulfilled."

"And now good-bye," said the old prince giving his son his hand to kiss. "Remember, Prince André, that if death overtakes you my old heart must bleed; and if I were to hear," he added looking him full in the face, "that Nicolas Bolkonsky's son had failed in his duty, I should be ashamed — you understand." He hissed out the last words.

"You might have saved yourself the trouble of telling me that," said André smiling. "I, too, have a request to make: if I should fall, and if a son should be born to me, keep him with you, have him brought up here I beseech you."

"And not give him into your wife's care? . . ."

He tried to laugh, but it was no more than a nervous quaver of his chin.

"Now, go. . . ." he said, and he pushed his son out of the room.

"What is the matter, what has happened?" exclaimed the two ladies, seeing the old prince in his dressing-gown without his wig and with his spectacles on; but he instantly disappeared.

Prince André sighed: "Well?" he said to his wife, in a cold, slightly sarcastic tone, as if he were bidding her carry on her usual little airs.

"André, already!" The little princess turned pale with terrors and agitation; he bent over her and kissed her; she gave a cry and fainted away. He raised her head which dropped on his shoulder and gently placed her in the arm-chair.

"Good-bye, Marie," he said in a low voice; their hands clasped warmly, he kissed her forehead and hurried away. Mlle. Bourrienne was chafing the princess's temples while Marie held her up and sent a last glance of love and blessing after her brother, from eyes full of tears. The old prince, in his study, was blowing his nose so often and with so much vehemence that it sounded like a succession of ferocious pistol-shots. Suddenly he put his head into the room:

"He is gone. — Come, it is just as well. . . ." Then, seeing the little woman unconscious, he shook his head angrily and went quickly into his own room again, slamming the door after him.

CHAPTER XII.

In October, 1805, the Russian army was quartered in certain towns and villages in Austria. Every day fresh regiments were coming in, and their presence there was a heavy burden on the country and the inhabitants. These troops, constantly increasing in number, were being concentrated round the fortress of Braunau, the headquarters of Koutouzow, the commander-in-chief.

It was the 11th of October, and a regiment of infantry that had just arrived had stopped at about half a mile from the town. It had borrowed nothing that could affect its appearance from the country which formed a background to the scene; in the midst of orchards, stone walls, and tiled roofs, with more distant mountains on the horizon, it was an essentially Russian crowd of soldiers, preparing to be inspected by the commandant.

The order to make ready for this inspection had been forwarded the day before to the last encampment; but as there was something inexact in the announcement, the officer in command of the regiment had called a little council of officers to decide on the details. Were they to appear in marching order or in parade dress? That was the question. Votes were in favor of the latter: too great zeal would be better than too little. The

soldiers set to work, and though they had marched thirty hours that day, not one closed an eye that night; everything was cleaned, mended and furbished up. The aides-de-camp and captains called the roll of their men, and when day broke their satisfied eyes rested on a compact mass of 2000 men, all drawn up in close order, where last night there had been a slovenly mob. Each one was at his post and knew what he had to do; not a button or a strap was wanting; everything shone and glittered in the sunshine.

All was in readiness and the general might inspect or examine any man in the ranks, for every shirt was clean and every knapsack contained the regulation kit. One detail only was not wholly satisfactory: their shoes, which were in ribbands; the regiment, to be sure, had marched a thousand versts, and the commissariat turned a deaf ear to the repeated applications sent up by the officer in command of the regiment for a supply of the necessary materials. This officer was a burly general of advanced age and sanguine temperament; square-shouldered, with grizzled whiskers and eyebrows. His uniform was new and splendid, though it bore the inevitable traces of its long sojourn in a valise; the heavy epaulettes raised his shoulders to the sky. He marched up and down in front of the ranks with an important waddle, leaning forward a little, and looking like a man who is happily conscious of having fulfilled a solemn function. He was proud of his regiment, to which he was devoted heart and soul; his gait, however, betrayed perhaps some other absorbing

cares, for, besides his military responsibilities, the interests of the world at large, and of the fair sex in particular, filled a large place in his thoughts.

"Well, my dear Michael Dmitriévitch," he said to a major who came towards him with an equally satisfied smile. . . . "A hard night's work, heh? Our regiment makes not a bad show . . . not one of the worst, heh?" The major seemed to relish his superior's jest and laughed.

"Certainly not. We should not be turned away even from the Champ de Mars."*

"What is it?" cried the general, catching sight of two horsemen, an aide-de-camp and a Cossack, riding towards him down the high-road from the town, along which foot-soldiers were posted at intervals as scouts. The officer, who had been sent from headquarters to explain the order issued the day before, announced that the commander-in-chief wished to inspect the regiment in marching order, and without any preparation or display: a member of the council of war had arrived from Vienna the day before to desire Koutouzow to join the army under Archduke Frederick and Mack as soon as possible: this did not at all meet Koutouzow's views, and to support his objections he was anxious that the Austrian himself should be able to report on the miserable state of the Russian troops after their long march.

The aide-de-camp, however, did not know this; he

* The parade ground in Paris where Napoleon reviewed his troops.

could only explain that the commander-in-chief would be greatly annoyed not to find the men in marching order. The poor general hung his head, shrugged his shoulders and wrung his hands in despair.

"That is just the way. — Did not I say so, Michael Dmitriévitch! — Marching order, in great-coats," he added turning angrily to the major. "Good God! Gentlemen — sergeants-major!".... he exclaimed in a voice accustomed to command, and he advanced a step. — "Will his excellency be here soon?" he asked the aide-de-camp with respectful deference.

"In about an hour, I fancy."

"Shall we have time to get into marching order?"

"I do not know...." The commanding officer went forward and gave his orders. The majors trotted off, sergeants-major bestirred themselves, and in an instant the compact squares, till then silent and motionless, broke up and dispersed; the soldiers rushed about in every direction, strapping their knapsacks on to their shoulders, flinging up their capotes and getting their arms into them as fast as they could.

"What is that? What is that?" cried the general. "Captain of the third company!"

"Third company. — The general wants the captain of the third company," was repeated by several, and an aide-de-camp flew to hurry up the delinquent. In the frenzy of zeal and general scare some had even called out: "The company wants the general!" when finally the outcry reached the ears of the absentee, a man of middle age. He could not run, but he was coming along at a

sort of short trot, on the tip of his rather tottering feet. It was plain that the elderly captain was as uneasy as a schoolboy who foresees a question he cannot answer. His nose was purple and spotted with the traces of intemperance; his lips quivered with nervousness; he panted and slackened his pace as he came up to the general who scanned him from head to foot.

"You make your men wear fancy dress do you? What is the meaning of that?" he asked, pointing to a soldier of the third company whose cloak was a glaring contrast in color to the rest of his dress. "Where were you hiding: the commander-in-chief is expected and you are not at your post, heh? I will teach you to dress your men like that for a review."

The captain never took his eyes off his chief, while more and more discomfited, he held two fingers to the peak of his shako as if the salute might be the saving of him.

"Well, why do not you answer? And that one — dressed up as a Hungarian — who is he?"

"Your Excellency. . . ."

"Well, what then? You may go on repeating 'Your Excellency' in every key — what next? What is the meaning of 'Your Excellency?' tell me that."

"Your Excellency, that is Dologhow, the man who was degraded," stammered the captain.

"Degraded! Then he is not a field marshal that he should take such liberties. He is a private and a private should be dressed according to regulations."

"But you yourself authorized him to dress so while on the march."

"Authorized, authorized! That is always the way with you youngsters!" said the general, quieting down a little, "we give an inch and you take . . . what next!" and he fired up afresh. "Dress your men properly!"

Then he turned to Koutouzow's envoy and went on with his inspection, satisfied with his little explosion and seeking an excuse for another. An officer's stock came under suspicion and he blew the wearer up smartly; then the front rank of the third company not being accurately dressed, he called out in agitated tones to Dologhow who wore a bluish-grey capote:

"Where is your foot? — where is your foot?"

Dologhow deliberately drew it back, fixing a keen, bold eye on the general.

"And why that blue cloak? Take it off! Sergeant-major undress this man."

"It is my duty, General, to obey orders," said Dologhow interrupting him, "but I am not forced to submit. . . ."

"Not a word in the ranks.— Not a word!"

"I am not forced to submit to insult," Dologhow went on in a loud voice. — And he looked straight into the eyes of his commanding officer. The general stopped and pulled at his scarf.

"Have the goodness to change your dress," he said furiously; and he turned away.

"They are coming!" cried one of the outposts, and the general, crimson with excitement, ran to his horse,

seized the bridle with a trembling hand, jumped in the saddle and drew his sword with triumphant determination; then he sat with his mouth open ready to give the word of command. A wave, as it were, ran through the mass of soldiers; then they were perfectly still.

"Silence in the ranks!" cried the general in a ringing voice, in which satisfaction and command were curiously mingled with deference, for the grandees were drawing near. A high Vienna chariot, hung on springs and painted blue, was coming down the wide country road shaded by trees, with a mounted escort and a company of Cossacks. The Austrian general's white uniform, as he sat by the side of Koutouzow, was conspicuous in contrast to the dark Russian uniforms. The carriage stopped, the two generals ceased talking and Koutouzow got out, slowly and heavily, without seeming to pay any heed to the two thousand men whose eyes were fixed on him and on their general. At the word of command the regiment started like one man and presented arms. The voice of the commander-in-chief was audible in the death-like silence that ensued, then a shout of "Long live your Excellency!" rang out in response to his salute and silence fell again. Koutouzow, who had stood waiting while the regiment had gone through this little commotion, walked down the ranks with the Austrian general. The way in which the inferior general had received his chief, and now followed him with his head bent, watching his every movement and pricking up his ears at the least word, plainly showed that the duty was congenial to him. Thanks

to his strict discipline and good care his regiment was in fact in far better order than any that had lately arrived at Braunau: only 217 men were missing, sick or laggards, and everything was in good trim, excepting, of course, shoe-leather.

Koutouzow stopped now and then to speak a few words to the officers and soldiers he had known in the campaign in Turkey. Looking at their boots he shook his head sadly, and pointed them out to his companion with a look which implied much and saved him the trouble of making any direct comments; each time he did this the commander of the regiment rushed forward, as if to catch the observations he expected him to make. A score of officers forming the great man's suite, followed a few paces behind with one ear open while they talked and laughed among themselves. An aide-de-camp, a handsome young fellow, walked close to Koutouzow; this was Prince André Bolkonsky. At his side came the tall and stalwart Nesvitsky, a superior officer, with a sweet, smiling face and kindly eyes. Nesvitsky was doing his best to suppress a fit of laughter caused by the antics of one of his companions, a dark complexioned hussar, who, with his eyes fixed on the back of the regiment's commander, was repeating every one of his gestures with imperturbable gravity.

Koutouzow walked with leisurely indifference in front of the thousand eyes that seemed ready to start from their sockets to see him better.

"Ah! Timokhine!" he exclaimed, recognizing the ruddy-nosed captain.

Timokhine, who seemed to have drawn himself up to his utmost height during the general's scolding about Dologhow, managed nevertheless to pull himself up a little higher still when the commander-in-chief addressed him, till it really seemed that the tension, if prolonged, might prove fatal. Koutouzow detected this, and to relieve him turned away, while a faint smile wandered over his scarred features.

"Another comrade in arms at Ismail," he said. "A brave officer.— Are you satisfied with him?"

He spoke to the commander of the regiment who, never suspecting that an invisible double, in the person of the swarthy hussar, was repeating him from head to foot, started and stepped forward saying: "Quite satisfied, your Excellency."

"Every man has his weak point, and he, I fancy, is a son of Bacchus," added Koutouzow as he moved away. Fearful lest he should be held responsible, the hapless general made no reply. Meanwhile the young hussar, who had been struck by the appearance of the worthy son of Bacchus, with his red nose and his strained erectness, imitated him so exactly that Nesvitsky exploded with laughter. Koutouzow turned round, but the mimic had a perfect command of countenance and his grimaces turned, as if by magic, to an expression of respectful gravity.

The third company was the last. Koutouzow paused meditating, evidently trying to remember something. Prince André stepped forward and said to him in French and in an undertone:

"You desired me to remind you of Dologhow — the man who was degraded . . . ."

"Where is Dologhow?" said the commander promptly.

Dologhow, now wearing a soldier's regulation grey coat, came forward at once, stepping from the rank and presenting arms; he was a fine-looking soldier no doubt, well built, fair haired, with clear blue eyes.

"A complaint?" said Koutouzow frowning slightly.

"No — this is Dologhow," said Prince André.

"Ah! — Well I hope you will profit by this lesson; do your duty in the service. The Emperor is merciful, and I will not forget you either if you deserve well."

Dologhow's keen blue eyes looked as boldly into Koutouzow's as they had into those of his superior officer; their expression seemed to ignore the gulf of etiquette which divides a private from a commander-in-chief.

"I only ask one thing, your Excellency," he said in his steady ringing voice: "Give me the opportunity of wiping out the record, and of proving my devotion to the emperor and my country."

Koutouzow turned away and went to his carriage with sullen dissatisfaction; these commonplace phrases, always the same, bored and wearied him.

"What is the use," he said to himself, "of answers in this strain, of saying the same thing over and over again?"

The regiment broke up into companies and marched

forward towards Braunau to find quarters, to renew its outfit, to get shoes, and to rest.

"You are not vexed with me I hope, Prokhore Ignatovitch," said the general in command to the captain of the third company as he rode past. His face was radiant with satisfaction at having got through the inspection so well:

"In the Emperor's service you know . . . And then one is afraid of disgracing oneself in the face of the whole regiment; but I am always the first to apologize. . . ." and he held out his hand.

"Indeed, General, how could I for a moment think. . . ." The captain's nose turned plum-color with joy and his mouth, widening to a grin from ear to ear, displayed his irregular teeth — two of his front teeth having been broken out in the attack on Ismail.

"Tell M. Dologhow, too, that I will not forget him— to be quite easy. How does he behave, by the way?"

"He is punctual in his duty, your Excellency, but his temper. . . ."

"What about his temper?"

"He has fits of it. — Some days he is quiet, intelligent, well-informed; at other times he is a perfect wild beast. Quite lately you know he was within an ace of killing a Jew in Poland — you heard of it?"

"Yes, yes. . . ." said the general. "But he has been very unfortunate — he is much to be pitied . . . he has influential friends; you will be wise to. . . ."

"Exactly so, your Excellency," and the captain's smile showed that he had quite understood the hint.

"You may win your epaulettes in the first fight!" cried the general, aiming the words at Dologhow as he marched past. Dologhow looked round with a sarcastic smile but said nothing.

"Good, very good!" the general went on, so as to be heard by all the men. "An allowance of brandy for each of you, and I thank you each and all — God be praised!" And he rode off to the next company.

"He is a capital fellow; after all, one can manage to serve under him!" said the red-nosed captain to a subaltern officer.

"In short 'the King of Hearts,'" said the subaltern, laughing as he quoted the nickname given to the old general. The happy issue of the inspection had put the officers into a good temper which soon spread among the soldiers. They marched briskly onward, talking as they went.

"Who invented the story that Koutouzow was blind of one eye?"

"For the matter of that, so he is."

"For the matter of that, not a bit of it; from our boots to our screw-drivers, he inspected everything."

"What a fright I was in when he looked at mine!"

"And the other one — the Austrian. What do you think of him? A lump of chalk — a sack of flour. — What a job it must be to whiten all that!"

"I say, you — you were in front. When did they say we should come to fighting? We certainly heard that Napoleon was here, at Braunau."

"Napoleon here! What nonsense! You idiot,

don't you know that the Prussian has turned tail and the Austrian must walk over him — then, when he has thrashed him he will begin to fight Bonaparte. Here? Tell that to the marines! Bonaparte at Braunau! what a ninny you must be! Keep your ears open, gaby."

"Plague take these quarter-masters! There! the fifth company has turned off into the village and the pot will be boiling before we get there!"

"Come, give me a crust at any rate."

"And I gave you some tobacco last night — come, didn't I? — Well, take your crust — here."

"If they would only let us stop! — not a bit of it; five versts more to carry an empty stomach."

"Ah! what would just suit you would be a lift in one of these Germans' carriages: that would be something like, heh?"

"And the people hereabout.—Did you notice? Not the same as ours; the Poles at any rate were our Emperor's people, but here there are Germans and nothing else wherever you go."

"Singers to the front!" shouted an officer, and a score or so of soldiers stepped out of the ranks. The drummer who led the singing faced about and started a song beginning:

"It is the morning drum, the sun is risen."

And ending with the words:

"And we shall have our fill of glory under our father Kamensky."

This song, composed in Turkey, now rang out on Austrian soil; the only change was that the

name of Koutouzow was substituted for that of Kamensky. When he had boldly given out these last words, the drummer, who was a handsome fellow of about forty, and of wiry build, looked at his comrades with a searching frown, while his hands jerked to right and left, and seemed to fling some invisible object on the ground. Having made quite sure that they were all watching him, he gently raised his arms and held them for some seconds steadily above his head, as if he were carrying this precious and invisible treasure with the greatest care. Suddenly throwing it down he gave out: "My home, my dear little home," and twenty voices took it up in chorus. Then another soldier rushed forward, and without seeming in the least embarrassed by the weight of his kit, began to jump and dance, going backwards all the time in front of the rest, wriggling his shoulders and flourishing a couple of spoons which he rattled like castanets with an air of defiance. The rest marched in quick time.

Behind them came a sound of wheels and horses—Koutouzow and his suite returning to the town. He gave a sign that the soldiers were to march on without stopping on his account. In the second rank of the right-hand file, which the high chariot passed close to, Dologhow, the blue-eyed private, was a conspicuous figure; his light measured gait, at once graceful and bold, his audacious, mocking glance, which seemed a challenge to the riders who passed him by, expressed his pity for those who could not go on foot like himself and his jolly comrades. Gerkow, the sub-lieutenant of

hussars who had amused himself by mimicking the general, reined in his horse to get within speaking distance of Dologhow; though he had been one of the fast young fellows among whom Dologhow had been the ringleader — till this moment he had prudently refrained from betraying his acquaintance with a man who had been degraded; but Koutouzow's words had led him to change his tactics and it was with an affectation of eager pleasure that he said:

"Well, and how are you getting on, my dear fellow?"

"As you see," said Dologhow coldly.

The gay brisk tune of the soldier's song was a singular accompaniment to Gerkow's odd familiarity, and his ex-friend's icy replies.

"And you get on with your chiefs?"

"Oh, yes — well enough; they are very good fellows. And you have squeezed your way into a staff appointment?"

"Yes, I am attached — on duty."

Then they were both silent: "The hawk is thrown off from the right hand!" the song went on, and the mere sound of it seemed to revive confidence and determination. Their conversation would undoubtedly have taken a different turn but for that lively accompaniment.

"Are the Austrians really beaten? Is it true?" asked Dologhow.

"So they say, but who the devil can tell?"

"So much the better," said Dologhow shortly, to the time of the song.

"Come into our place this evening, will you? We shall have a faro table."

"You have plenty of money then?"

"Come, at any rate."

"Impossible. I have vowed neither to play nor drink till I have regained my rank."

"Very well; after the first fight then."

"Very well; we will see."

"But look in all the same: if you want anything the staff will help you."

Dologhow smiled.

"Do not trouble yourself about me; I shall ask for nothing. What I want I shall take."

"All right—I only just meant...."

"Exactly—and I only just meant...."

"Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

And louder but more distant the song rang out: "At home, in the fatherland," as Gerkow spurred his horse. And the horse, covered with foam and galloping to the measure of the music, soon outstripped the infantry and fell into place near the chariot.

CHAPTER XIII.

Koutouzow, as soon as he reached home, went to his private room; there he made his aide-de-camp,

Prince Bolkonsky, give him various papers relating to the state of the troops and some letters received the day before from Archduke Ferdinand, in command of the regiments of the advanced army. A map lay on the table, in front of which the commander-in-chief was sitting with a member of the supreme council of war. While he took the papers from Bolkonsky's hand and signed to him to remain in the room, he went on with his conversation in French, speaking slowly and with a polish of phraseology and inflection which were extremely pleasing; nay, he evidently took pleasure in listening to himself.

"You have my only answer, General," he said. "If the matter in question had concerned no one but myself, his Majesty, the Emperor Francis should have been instantly obeyed, and I would have joined the Archduke at once. Pray believe me when I say that I would gladly have resigned the command of our army and the heavy responsibility that has been laid upon me, to place it in the hands of one of the distinguished and capable generals who swarm in the Austrian army, and to whom I am so entirely inferior; but our actions are often fettered by circumstances."

The smile with which he spoke the last words fully justified the Austrian officer's visible incredulity. As to Koutouzow he was sure of not being contradicted to his face and that, to him, was the chief point; he cared little for anything beyond. His companion had no choice but to adopt the same tone; but his voice betrayed his ill-humor in whimsical contrast to the flatter-

ing speeches he had prepared beforehand and now brought out with an effort.

"On the contrary: the Emperor highly appreciates all that your Excellency has done for our common interests; the only thing is that the slowness of your advance prevents your brave Russian soldiers and their leaders from winning the laurels they are accustomed to reap."

Koutouzow bowed, still with that ironical smile.

"I cannot share your opinion; I am quite certain on the contrary from the letter that Archduke Ferdinand has done me the honor of writing to me, that the Austrian army, under the command of so experienced a leader as General Mack, is at this moment triumphant, and that you have no further need of our assistance."

The Austrian found some difficulty in containing his rage; Koutouzow's observation was not, in fact, in harmony with the rumors which were rife of an Austrian defeat, only too probable indeed under the circumstances. The speech had the color of an ill-timed jest and yet the commander-in-chief, calm and smiling, had every right to assume the facts, since Mack's last despatch spoke of an impending victory and praised in high terms the position held by his army, from a strategical point of view.

"Hand me the letter," he said to Prince André. "Listen to this . . ." and he read:

"The strength of our army — about 70,000 men — enables us to attack and defeat the enemy if he attempts to pass the Lech. On the other hand, as we hold

Ulm, we remain masters of both banks of the Danube: we can cross it if necessary, fall on the enemy, cut off his communications and recross the river lower down, and so finally prevent his turning the main body of his forces against our faithful allies. Thus we can bravely await the moment when the Imperial troops of Russia are ready to join us in inflicting on the enemy the fate he deserves." As he ended this elaborate rhodomontade Koutouzow looked up and sighed.

"Your Excellency must be aware that a wise man is prepared for the worst," replied his interlocutor, anxious to put an end to this irony and attack the question seriously; he involuntarily glanced at the aide-de-camp.

"One moment — pray excuse me. . . ." and Koutouzow, interrupting him, turned to Prince André.

"Would you, my dear fellow, ask Kozlovsky for the reports of all our spies. — Here are two more letters from Count Nostitz, and another from Archduke Ferdinand, besides a few other papers. I want a digest of all this carefully drawn up and written out, as a memorandum in French, which will give a résumé of all the news we have had lately as to the movements of the Austrian army, and which I can show to his Excellency."

Prince André bowed assent. He had understood not only what his chief had said, but also what he had left unsaid, and saluting the two generals he slowly left the room.

It was not long since Prince André had quitted Russia, but he was very much changed. The affectation

of indifference and boredom which had been habitual to him had entirely disappeared; he seemed now to have no time to think of the impression he might be producing on others, having something more important to think about. Quite satisfied with himself and his position he was brighter and more genial in proportion. Koutouzow, whom he had joined in Poland, had received him with open arms, promising not to forget him, and he had distinguished him above his other aides-de-camp, taking him with him to Vienna and entrusting him with important missions. He had indeed written to his old comrade old Prince Bolkonsky, in the following terms:

"Your son will, I hope and believe, become a distinguished officer, from the steadiness and care with which he carries out his duty. I am glad to have him with me."

Among the officers of the staff and the officers in command Prince André bore — as he had done in St. Petersburg — two quite different reputations. Some — the minority, recognizing his exceptional individuality as capable of great things, lauded him, listened to him, and imitated him; with them consequently he was on easy and pleasant terms. The rest — the majority, did not like him, regarded him as haughty and thought him cold and repellent: but to them he had succeeded in behaving so as to command their fear and respect.

On leaving his chief's room Prince André went to Kozlovsky, the aide-de-camp on duty, who was sitting in a window with a book in his hand.

"What does the prince say?" he asked.

"He wishes you to draw up a memorandum to account for our inaction."

"Why?"

Prince André shrugged his shoulders.

"Any news of Mack?"

"None."

"If the news of his defeat were true we should have heard it by this time."

"Probably." And Prince André went towards the outer door, but at this very moment it was flung open to admit a third person who rushed into the room. This was an Austrian general, a tall man with a black bandage round his head and wearing the order of Maria-Theresa. Prince André stopped.

"The commander in-chief — Prince Koutouzow?" said the stranger eagerly, with a strong German accent, and having glanced round him he went straight towards the door of the study.

"The commander-in-chief is engaged," replied Kozlovsky hurrying forward to bar the way. "What name shall I take in?"

The Austrian general, astonished at not being recognized, looked at the little aide-de-camp with supreme contempt.

"The commander-in-chief is engaged," repeated Kozlovsky with calm indifference.

The stranger's face clouded and his lips trembled; he took a note-book out of his pocket and after scrawling a few lines he tore out the leaf and gave it to the

young man. Then he hastily went to the window and dropped with all his weight into an arm-chair, looking at the two aides-de-camp with a sullen eye intended no doubt to reprove their curiosity. Presently he raised his head and drew himself up, evidently intending to speak; but with an abrupt gesture he began instead to hum a scrap of a tune which died away in an inarticulate sound. The door of the study opened and Koutouzow came out. The Austrian officer, bending low as if to escape some peril, went forward to meet him, striding a few paces with his long, thin legs.

"You see the unfortunate Mack!" he said in a broken voice.

For a few seconds Koutouzow remained imperturbable; then his features relaxed, his brow cleared; he bowed respectfully, stood back to let the Austrian pass into the inner room, followed him and closed the door. The report of the defeat of the Austrians and the dispersal of the army under the walls of Ulm was thus fully confirmed.

Half an hour later aides-de-camp riding in every direction were bearing the orders which, within a short time, would release the Russian forces from their inaction and send them forward to meet the enemy.

Prince André was one of those exceptional staff-officers whose whole interest is centered on the general scheme of military operations. Mack's arrival here, and the details of his defeat, enabled him to understand that the Russian army was now in a critical position and that the first half of the campaign was a failure.

His fancy pictured the part about to be played by the Russian army, and his own share in it; and he could not help feeling a thrill of exultant satisfaction as he reflected that Austria's pride was humbled and that within a week he would be assisting in an inevitable struggle between the French and the Russians, the first since Souvorow's day. Still he feared that Napoleon's genius would prove too strong for all the valor of his adversaries, while, on the other hand, he could not bear that his hero should meet with a check.

Prince André, over-excited by the working of his brain, went to his own rooms to write his daily letter to his father. On his way he met Nesvitsky, with whom he shared his quarters, and with him Gerkow; both were in fits of laughter.

"Why are you so dismal?" asked Nesvitsky, seeing his pale face and sparkling eyes.

"There is nothing to be gay about," replied Bolkonsky.

As they spoke they saw at the further end of the corridor a member of the Hofkriegsrath with the Austrian General Strauch, who was attached to Koutouzow's staff as head of the commissariat in charge of the supplies for the Russian forces. These two officers had arrived only the day before. The passage was a wide one and there was no need for the three young men to stand aside, but Gerkow, giving Nesvitsky a push, exclaimed in breathless haste: "They are coming — they are coming this way; make way pray."

The two generals seemed anxious to avoid any dem-

onstration of respect; Gerkow, however, with a broad smile of silly complacency stepped forward:

"Your Excellency," he said in German, and addressing the Austrian, "I have the honor of congratulating you . . . " And he bowed, scraping first one foot and then the other, like a school-boy learning to dance. The war-councillor looked stern but he was struck by the simplicity of Gerkow's broad, stupid smile, and could not refuse to listen.

"I have the honor of congratulating you," Gerkow repeated. "General Mack has arrived, safe and sound all but a slight cut here," and he raised his hand to his head with a triumphant expression. The general frowned and turned away:

"Good Heavens, what an idiot!" he exclaimed and went on.

Nesvitsky, quite enchanted threw his arms round Prince André, but he, paler than ever, pushed him roughly aside and turned to Gerkow. The painful excitement produced by seeing Mack, by hearing his news, and by his own reflections on the situation of the Russian army, at last found an outlet over this ill-timed jest.

"If you, Sir," he said in cutting tones, and his chin trembled, "choose to set up for a buffoon I, of course, cannot prevent it; but I warn you that if you ever again venture to play the fool so grossly in my presence I will give you a lesson in manners."

Nesvitsky and Gerkow, astounded at this outbreak, looked at each other in silence.

"What do you mean? I congratulated him, that was all," said Gerkow.

"I am not in jest — hold your tongue," cried Bolkonsky, and taking Nesvitsky's arm he walked off; Gerkow found nothing to answer.

"Come, come; what ails you?" said Nesvitsky, wishing to soothe him.

"What ails me? Don't you understand? Are we officers in the service of our Czar and country, proud of success and miserable at defeat, or are we hired servants who take no interest in our master's concerns? Forty thousand men killed, our Ally's army cut to pieces . . . and you can see anything to jest at!" And he spoke the last words excitedly, and in French, as if that would give them added weight. "It is all very well for an empty-headed fellow like that Gerkow, of whom you have made a friend, but not for you, not for you. It is sport for a street-boy perhaps . . . ."

Noticing that Gerkow could hear what he was saying he paused to see if he would answer, but the lieutenant turned on his heel and left the corridor.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE Pavlograd regiment of hussars were encamped at about two miles from Braunau. The squadron in which Nicolas Rostow was "*junker*" was quartered in

the village of Saltzeneck, and the best house in the place had been given up to the officer in command: Captain Denissow, known in the division as Vaska Denissow. Since joining his regiment Rostow had always shared his captain's quarters. On this particular day, the 8th of October, when at headquarters everything was in utter confusion in consequence of Mack's defeat, the squadron was leading its regular camp life just as usual. Denissow, who had been gambling and losing all night, had not come in when Rostow in his subaltern's uniform came riding home from his early morning's duty of seeking and distributing forage. He pulled up at the front steps, and throwing up his right leg with boyish agility, he stood for a moment in the stirrup as though he regretted having to dismount; then he sprang to the ground and called the orderly who hurried forward to hold his horse:

"Here Bonedareneko, walk him about for a little while;" he said, with the good-natured familiarity which comes naturally to kindly souls when they are happy.

"All right, your Excellency," said the man, a native of Little Russia.

"Mind, walk him about well."

Another soldier had run up at the same time, but Bonedareneko had seized the horse's bridle; it was clear that the *junker* paid well and was worth serving. Rostow, after patting his steed, stopped on the steps to admire him.

"He will make a fine horse!" he said to himself;

then, picking up his sabre, he went in, jingling his spurs as he walked.

The German to whom the house belonged was visible, in a flannel shirt and cotton nightcap, at the door of his stable where he was turning over the manure-heap with a pitchfork. His face lighted up with a jolly smile as he saw Rostow.

"Good-day, good-day," he said, returning his bow with evident pleasure.

"At work already!" said Rostow smiling, too. "Hurrah for Austria! Hurrah for the Russians! Hurrah for the Emperor Alexander!" he added. These were the German's favorite watchwords. The man came towards him, waved his cotton nightcap in the air with a laugh, and shouted: "Hurrah for all the world!"

Rostow repeated his cry; and yet they had no reason for all this vehement rejoicing, neither the Austrian who was cleaning his stable, nor Rostow who had had far to ride with his fatigue-party. When they had thus given free vent to their patriotic and fraternal feelings the good man returned to his work, and Rostow went in-doors.

"Where is your master?" he asked Lavrouchka, Denissow's servant, a cunning rascal whose character was well known in the regiment.

"He has not been in since last evening; he has been losing most likely," replied Lavrouchka. "I know him well; when he has won he comes in early to boast of it; when he does not come in all night it is

because he is out of luck, and then he is in a devil of a temper. Are you ready for coffee?"

"Yes — and make haste."

In ten minutes the man brought the coffee.

"He is coming," he said, "look out for the shell."

Denissow, in fact, now made his appearance. He was a little man with a flushed face, bright black eyes, and black hair and moustache, in great disorder. His pelisse was unfastened, his wide trousers hardly held up, and his shako was stuck on the back of his head. He came in looking gloomy and tired, hanging his head.

"Lavrouchka," he called out angrily — he spoke with a strong burr. — "Here, idiot, take this off."

"Well, I am taking it off!"

"What, you are up!" he added as he entered the room.

"And high time, too. I have been to find forage, and I have seen Fräulein Mathilde."

"Haha! And I, my dear boy, have let myself in like a double-distilled dunce. — The devil's luck! A run against me from the moment when you left . . . Here, bring me some tea," he called crossly. Then he smiled — a sort of snarl that showed his small square teeth, and pushed his fingers through his hair that stood all on end. "The Devil himself drove me to the Rat's hole" — the Rat was a nickname given to one of the officers. — "Just fancy, I had not a card — not one. . . ."

And Denissow, after knocking the ashes out of his pipe, flung it on the floor where it broke into a hundred pieces. He paused for half a second, looking at Ros-

tow with a merry twinkle in his bright black eyes. "If there were any women here! — But there is nothing to do but to drink! . . . When shall we get to fighting? . . . Hallo! Who is there?" he called out, hearing a noise of heavy boots and spurs outside the door, with a respectful little cough.

"The quarter-master," Lavrouchka announced.

"It is a bad job!" said Denissow, and he flung his purse, containing a few gold pieces, across to Rostow. "Just be so good as to count what is left, would you; and then put my purse under my pillow." And he went out.

Rostow amused himself with piling the gold pieces in little heaps according to their value, while Denissow's voice was audible in the next room.

"Ah! Télianine, good-morning; I ruined myself last night."

"Where?"

"At Bykow's."

"At the Rat's — I know," said a second voice, sweet and piping; and Lieutenant Télianine, another officer of the same company, came into the room where Rostow was sitting. Rostow hastily thrust the purse under Denissow's pillow, and shook the damp hand that was offered him. Télianine had been dismissed from the guards some little time before the campaign; his conduct was now blameless but he was not liked. Rostow especially could neither conquer nor conceal his antipathy.

"Well, my young horseman, are you satisfied with

my Little Crow ?" (the name of the horse he had sold to Rostow). Télianine never looked the man he addressed straight in the face; his eyes were always wandering from one object to another; "I saw you riding just now."

"He is nothing remarkable — a fairly good horse," said Rostow, who was well aware that he had paid 700 roubles for a beast that was worth about half. "He is a little lame of the near foreleg."

"The hoof cracked perhaps; that is nothing; I can show you how to rivet it."

"Yes, show me."

"Oh! it is quite simple and no secret. You will thank me for that horse I am sure."

"I will have him brought round," said Rostow to get rid of Télianine, and he went away.

In the outer room Denissow, seated on the ground with his legs crossed and a pipe in his mouth, was listening to the quarter-master's report. As Rostow came through he made a face, and pointing with his thumb over his shoulder with an expression of disgust: "I do not like that fellow," he said, regardless of the presence of his inferior. Rostow shrugged his shoulders as much as to say: "Nor I either, but what is to be done!

Having given his orders he returned to Télianine who stood idly rubbing his little white hands:

"To think that some faces should be so strangely antipathetic!" thought Rostow.

"Well, have you sent for the horse?" asked Télianine looking about him with an indifferent stare.

" He will be here in a minute."

" Very well — I came only to ask Denissow whether he had received to-day's orders — have you, Denissow ?"

" Not yet. — Where are you going ?"

" I am going to show our young friend how to shoe a horse."

They went off together and Télianine, having done the job, presently returned to his own quarters.

Denissow, sitting at a table with a bottle of brandy and a large sausage before him, was writing, his pen creaking and spluttering on the paper, when Rostow came in; he looked up with a gloomy gaze.

" I am writing to her. . . ." and resting his elbow on the table without laying down his pen he poured forth in speech the gist of his letter as if he were only too glad of an opportunity of saying aloud all he wanted to write :

" You see, my dear fellow, a man does not live, he is only torpid, when he is not in love. We are creatures of dust, but when we love we are gods, we are pure again as on the first day of creation ! . . . Who is there ? Send him to the devil, I have no time. . . ."

But Lavrouchka came up to him quite coolly.

" It is nobody," he said. " Only the quarter-master, who is come for the money, as you told him."

Denissow controlled an impatient gesture.

" It is a bad job," he growled. " I say, Rostow, how much is there in my purse ?"

" Seven new pieces and three old ones."

"A bad job! What are you about, standing there like a post? Go and fetch the quarter-master."

"Denissow, let me beg you to take some of my money," cried Rostow coloring. "You know I have plenty."

"I do not like borrowing of my friends—I cannot bear it."

"If you do not treat me as a comrade I shall be seriously hurt; I have plenty I assure you," repeated Rostow.

"No, I tell you...."

Denissow went to his bed to find the purse.

"Where have you hidden it?"

"Under the bottom pillow."

"It is not here." And Denissow tossed both pillows on to the floor.

"It is very odd!"

"You must have thrown it out, stop a minute," said Rostow shaking the pillows and throwing back the bed clothes... "Not here! Can I have forgotten it? No. I am sure I did not, for I remember thinking that you kept it under your pillow as if it were a treasure. I certainly put it there; where can it be?" he added turning to Lavrouchka.

"It must be where you put it, for I have not been in."

"I tell you it is not where I put it."

"It is the old story. You always forget where you have put a thing. Look in your pockets."

"No, no, I tell you; I said that to myself about the treasure. I perfectly remember putting it there."

Lavrouchka entirely unmade the bed, looked everywhere, hunted every corner, and at last stood still in the middle of the room with his hands spread out, at his wits' end. Denissow, who had been watching him in silence, now turned to Rostow.

"Come," he said, "have done with this fooling."

Rostow, feeling his friend's stern gaze, looked up at him, but immediately looked down. His face crimsoned and he breathed hard.

"No one has been in here but the lieutenant and you two," said Lavrouchka, "so it must be here."

"Very well, then, helpless idiot, stir, search, hunt!" cried Denissow red with anger and threatening the man with his fist. "It has to be found or I will give you a horsewhipping—I will horsewhip you all."

Rostow buttoned up his jacket, tightened his belt and took up his cap.

"Find it, I tell you," Denissow went on, shaking the man and pushing him hard against the wall.

"Let him go, Denissow; I know who has taken it." And Rostow, still looking at the floor made his way towards the door.

Denissow, suddenly understanding what he meant, seized his hand.

"What nonsense!" he exclaimed; the veins in his throat and forehead stood out like cords. "You are out of your mind I believe. I will flay this rascal, and the purse will be found."

"I know who has taken it," Rostow repeated in a choked voice.

"And I forbid you I tell you . . . !" cried Denissow.

Rostow wrenched himself free from his grasp.

"Do not you understand?" he said, looking straight into his eyes. "Do not you understand what you are saying? No one has been here but myself, so if it is not he — the other — it must be . . ." and he rushed out of the room without finishing his sentence.

"Devil take you and all the rest! . . . ."

These were the last words Rostow heard; a few minutes later he reached Télianine's lodgings.

"My master is out," said the servant, "he is gone to headquarters.—Has anything happened?" he added, seeing the young man's disturbed look.

"No, nothing."

"You have only just missed him."

Rostow without going indoors, mounted his horse and rode to headquarters which was at about three versts from Saltzeneck; there was a little eating-house there where the officers were wont to meet. At the door he saw Télianine's horse tied up; the lieutenant was at table in an inner room, with a plate of sausages and a bottle of wine before him.

"You, too, youngster!" he said smiling and raising his brows.

"Yes —" said Rostow with an effort and he sat down at a neighboring table with two Germans and a Russian officer.

No one was talking; the only sound was the clink

of knives. When he had finished his breakfast Télianine drew a long purse out of his pocket, slipped up the rings between his white fingers which turned up at the tips, took out a gold coin, and offered it to the waiter.

"Make haste," he said.

"Allow me to look at that purse," said Rostow in a low voice, and Télianine, whose eyes were wandering as usual, handed it to him.

"It is pretty is it not?" he said turning paler. "Look at it."

Rostow glanced from the purse to the lieutenant.

"All that money will be left at Vienna if we ever get there, for here, in these wretched little holes, there is nothing to spend one's money on," said Télianine with forced gaiety. "Give it back to me, I am going." Rostow said nothing. "Are not you going to have some breakfast? The food here is pretty good; but, come, give it back . . ." and he put out his hand and took hold of the purse.

Rostow let go and the lieutenant slipped it quietly into the pocket of his trousers; he raised his brows with a devil-may-care expression, and his lips parted as though he would say: "Yes, it is my purse; it goes into my pocket as a matter of course and no one can have anything to say to that . . . .

"Well!" he said aloud and their eyes met with a flash.

"Come this way," said Rostow, drawing Télianine into the window. "This money is Denissow's. You took it," he whispered in his ear.

"What! How dare you?" But these broken words were evidently nothing more than a desperate appeal and prayer for pardon. They dissipated the last doubts that weighed with fearful oppression on Rostow's soul. He felt joy at the immense relief, but at the same time deep pity for the hapless wretch.

"There are other men here, God knows what they may fancy," murmured Télianine, taking up his cap and going towards an empty room beyond.

"We must come to some explanation; I knew it, and can prove it," answered Rostow, determined now to carry the matter through. The guilty man's pale and terrified face was convulsed; his eyes wandered right and left but still gazed at the floor; he dared not raise them. Some hoarse and inarticulate noises broke from him: "I entreat you, Count . . . do not ruin me; here is the money, take it.— My father is old, my mother . . . ."

He threw the purse on to the table. Rostow took possession of it and went to the door without looking back at Télianine; but on the threshold he turned round and returned.

"Good God!" he said in a tone of anguish, and there were tears in his eyes. "How could you do it?"

"Count. . . ." And Télianine came towards him.

"Do not touch me," exclaimed Rostow drawing back. "Well, if you are in want of it, take it — here." He flung down the purse and ran out of the room.

That same evening an animated conversation took

place in Denissow's room among the officers of the squadron.

"You ought to make an apology to the colonel I tell you," said Captain Kirstein, the second in command; he had iron-grey hair, an enormous moustache, strongly-marked features and deeply wrinkled; he had twice been degraded to the ranks for affairs of honor, but had always succeeded in recovering his commission.

"I will allow no one to say that I lie!" cried Rostow, his face flushed while he trembled with excitement. "He said I had lied, and I told him it was he that had lied, and there the matter rests. They may put me on extra duty every day or place me under arrest; but as to an apology that is another matter, for if the colonel thinks it beneath him to give me satisfaction. . . ."

"Come, come, listen to me," said Kirstein, interrupting him in his bass tones as he coolly stroked his long moustache. "You told him before several officers that one of their fellow-officers had committed a theft?"

"It was not my fault that there happened to be witnesses. I was wrong so far, perhaps, for I am not diplomatic; it was for that very reason that I joined the hussars, believing that such superfine discretion would not be needed,— and then he gives me the lie direct! Well then, let him answer for it."

"That is all very fine; no one doubts your courage, but that is not the question. Just ask Denissow if a subaltern like you can demand satisfaction of the colonel of your regiment."

Denissow sat, sullenly gnawing his moustache and taking no part in the discussion, but he shook his head in negation to Kirstein's question.

"You spoke to the colonel of this piece of rascality before other officers? Then Bogdanitch was quite right in calling you to order."

"He did not call me to order. He said I was not speaking the truth."

"Just so, and you talked all sorts of nonsense in reply, so you owe him an apology."

"Certainly not."

"I did not expect this from you," said the captain gravely, "for you are in the wrong, not merely as regards him, but as regards all the regiment. If you had only taken time to reflect, if you had asked advice before acting — but no, you broke out at once and before other officers. What could the colonel do but put the man you accused on his trial; it was bringing disgrace on his regiment and putting it to shame for a miserable rascal. This in your eyes would have been justice, but we do not see it in that light and Bogdanitch was quite right to punish you. You are aggrieved, but it is your own fault; you sought the quarrel; and now that every one wants to hush the matter up you insist on noising it abroad — and your self-conceit will not allow you to make an apology to such an old and respected officer as our colonel! Much you care I suppose? It is nothing to you that the regiment should be disgraced" — and Kirstein's voice shook a little. "You, who will not remain in it more than a year perhaps, and who

may be made aide-de-camp to-morrow? But it is a great deal to us if it is said that there are thieves in the Pavlograd hussars! — What do you say, Denissow?"

Denissow, motionless and silent, looked up now and then at Rostow.

"We old soldiers," Kirstein went on, "who have grown up with the regiment and hope to die in it, we have its honor at heart, and Bogdanitch knows it. It is wrong, quite wrong; you may be angry if you choose, I have never minced the truth to any one."

"He is right, damn it all!" cried Denissow. "Well Rostow, what next?"

Rostow, turning red and white, looked from one to the other.

"No indeed, gentlemen, do not suppose — do not think me capable . . . I have the honor of the regiment at heart too, and I will prove it, and the honor of our flag . . . Yes, I was wrong, altogether wrong; what more can I say?" and the tears started to his eyes.

"Well done, Count," said Kirstein, patting him on the shoulder with his big hand.

"I told you so," said Denissow, "his heart is in the right place."

"Yes, that is right; well done, Count," repeated the old soldier, giving the boy his title in acknowledgement of his candor. "Come, go and offer your apologies."

"Gentlemen, I will do anything you like, and never say another word about the matter; but as to apolo-

gizing, it is impossible I do assure you. I should look like a school-boy begging to be let off."

Denissow burst out laughing: "So much the worse for you! Bogdanitch is not forgiving and you will pay dear for your obstinacy."

"I declare it is not obstinacy, I cannot explain my feeling . . . but I simply cannot do it."

"Very well, please yourself. — And where is the miserable wretch? Where has he hidden himself?" asked Kirstein of Denissow.

"He is pretending to be ill; he is to be reported ill in to-morrow's orders."

"Well, it is an illness: there is no other way of accounting for it."

"Illness or not, he had better keep out of my way, I should kill him," said Denissow furiously.

At this instant Gerkow came in.

"You!" exclaimed the three men.

"We are off, gentlemen. Mack and his army have surrendered."

"What next!"

"I saw him — saw him with my own eyes."

"What, you saw Mack alive, in the flesh?"

"And we are off? Let us have a bottle in honor of the news! But what brought you here?"

"I am in disgrace again, and all by reason of that wretched Mack. The Austrian general complained because I congratulated him on the arrival of his superior officer. But what is the matter with you, Rostow? You look as if you had just had a hot bath."

"Oh! my dear fellow, everything has been in such a mess here these last two days!"

The regimental aide-de-camp now came in and confirmed Gerkow's news. The regiment was to march next morning.

"So we are off, gentlemen! Thank God! no more idleness."

CHAPTER XV.

Koutouzow was falling back on Vienna after destroying the bridges over the Inn at Braunau and over the Traun at Lintz. In the course of the 23d of October the troops crossed the river Enns. The baggage-wagons, artillery, and columns of infantry went through the little town of Enns forming in files on each side of the bridge. It was a mild, showery autumn day. The wide landscape which spread before the eye from the heights where the Russian batteries had been posted to defend the bridge, was veiled now and again by a curtain of fine rain that filled the air with slanting lines, and then at intervals showed a more remote horizon when a gleam of sunshine lighted up the distance and made every object glitter as if it had been varnished. The little town, with its white, red-tiled houses, its cathedral, and its bridge — where, on both sides, the Russian army was pouring past in dense masses — was situated

at the foot of the hill. In a reach formed by the junction of the Danube and the Enns lay boats and, on an island, a country-house and park surrounded by the waters of the two rivers; on the rocky left shore of the Danube rose a mysterious distance of grassy mountains, with the ravines clothed with wild and impenetrable pine forests beyond which the turrets of a convent were visible; and farther off still, on a height, the enemy's outposts could be discerned.

In front of the Russian battery the general in command of the rear division, attended by a staff officer, was examining the position through a field-glass; a few paces off Nesvitsky, who had been sent to the rear by the commander-in-chief, sat perched on a gun-carriage and doing the honors of some little pies which he was offering to his fellow-officers with genuine Riga Kümmel to wash them down.* The Cossack who served him handed the flask and the canteen, while the officers crowded round, some kneeling and some squatting on the wet grass.

"Not a bad notion of the Austrian Prince's, to build himself a house here! What a delightful situation! Well, gentlemen, have you lost your appetites?"

"Thank you very much, Prince," said one of them, who greatly appreciated the pleasure of chatting with such a big-wig of the staff as Prince Nesvitsky. "Yes, the place is nice. We walked round the park and saw two deer, and what a fine house!"

* Kümmel is a liqueur flavored with carraway, for which Riga is famous.

"Do you see, Prince," said another, who being ashamed to eat another pie diverted his mind by studying the landscape," look — our infantry have got in already. Down there, behind the village, in that little meadow three men are dragging something along. They will soon clear the house out," he added with an approving smile.

"Yes, that they will," said Nesvitsky putting a pie into his large handsome mouth with its dewy lips. "For my part I want to get in there," he went on, pointing to the turrets of the convent on the hill and half closing his sparkling eyes. "That would be something like, gentlemen; come confess! To have a chance of frightening those little nuns I would have given, faith! five years of my life. Italians they say and some of them very pretty."

"And bored to death into the bargain," an officer, more bold than the rest, ventured to throw in.

Meanwhile the aide-de-camp was pointing out something to the general who examined it carefully with his field-glass.

"Just so, just so!" said the general with much annoyance, as he laid down the glass with a shrug. "They are going to fire on our men.— How they dawdle!"

Even with the naked eye the enemy's battery could be seen; a puff of light white smoke rose up, followed by a dull report and the Russian troops hurried forward to cross the river. Nesvitsky rose, fanning himself, and went up to the officer with a smile.

"Will not your Excellency take something to eat?"

"It will not do," said the general not answering his invitation, "our men are behindhand."

"Shall I run down to them?"

"Yes — do go — I wish you would;" and the general repeated the orders he had previously given: "Say that the hussars are to cross last and burn the bridge according to orders, and make sure that all the combustibles are properly placed."

"Very good," said Nesvitsky. "He beckoned to the Cossack to bring up his horse and pack up his canteen, then he lightly lifted his large person into the saddle. "My word! but I will pay the little nuns a visit as I pass," he said to the other officers, as he spurred his horse along the winding path that led down the slope.

"Now then, Captain," said the general turning to the artillery officer: "Fire. Luck will guide the shell, you may have a little fun."

"Forward to serve the guns!" shouted the officer, and in a moment the gunners contentedly quitted their bivouac fires to load the pieces.

"Number one!" and number one rushed madly into space. There was a deafening metallic roar; the shell sang as it flew over the heads of the Russians and fell far in front of the foe; a light cloud of smoke showed where it had fallen and burst. Officers and soldiers had all been roused by the noise and watched with intense interest the march of the Russians at the foot of the hill and the advance of the enemy. Everything was

plainly visible. The echoes of this single shot, and the broad radiance of the sun piercing its veil of clouds mingled in a common impression of life and stir.

Two of the enemy's balls had fallen across the bridge, and the bridge was now crowded. Half-way across, leaning against the parapet, stood Prince Nesvitsky, laughing and looking at his Cossack who, a few feet off, was holding the horses. He tried once or twice to proceed, but the soldiers and wagons forced him back against the parapet and again he smiled.

"Look out, there!" said the Cossack to a soldier who was driving a wagon and pushing his way through the foot-soldiers that were packed round the wheels. "Look out! wait a minute, make way for the General."

But the driver, paying no heed whatever to the title of General, only shouted to the men who blocked the road.

"Now then lads to the left — look out!" But the "lads," shoulder to shoulder with their bayonets almost interlocked, marched on in a dense mass. Nesvitsky, looking down, could see the little, babbling waves of the rapid Enns, running after each other, mingling, and breaking in white foam under the arch of the bridge; looking round him he saw the living waves of soldiers, in endless succession like those below—waves of shakos with their covers on, of knapsacks, of guns with their spiky bayonets, of faces with high cheek-bones—hollow-jawed, weary but thoughtless — and of trampling feet over the muddy beams of the wooden bridge. And now and then an officer in his cloak forced his way

through the stream like the crests of white foam that rode on the waters of the Enns. Here and there, carried along by the mass of soldiers, came a dismounted hussar, an officer's servant, or a native of the town, like chips borne down by the current; or again an officer's or a company's baggage-wagon covered with leather floated slowly past above the surface of the stream, like a log going down the river.

"It is like a flood through a broken dyke," said the Cossack, unable to stir. "I say — are there many more to come?"

"A million all but one!" retorted a wag in the ranks, winking his eye and rubbing it with a corner of his ragged cloak. Next to him came a solemn old soldier who was saying to his neighbor:

"Now that he (the enemy) is going to warm the bridge we cannot stop to scratch ourselves. . . ." And they passed on.

Behind them came a wagon, with a military servant fumbling under the tilt and exclaiming:

"Where the devil have they hidden the screw-driver?" and that, too, went on its way. After these came a party of soldiers in high spirits, having a few drops of brandy on their conscience.

"He drove the butt end of his gun well into his teeth, poor dear!" said one of them with a giggle; his hood was up and he gesticulated vehemently.

"It was well done for such a molly-coddle," said the other laughing; and they went by, so that Nesvitsky

never knew who had been struck with the gun-stock, or to whom the word molly-coddle applied.

"What is the hurry? Because the enemy has burnt a charge of powder they think they are all going to be killed!" growled a subaltern.

"When I heard the ball whistle past me do you know, old Daddy, I quite lost my breath; what a fright I was in! Good God!" said a young soldier, laughing from ear to ear, as if he were proud of having been frightened. — And he, too, tramped by.

Next came a vehicle quite unlike any that had preceded it; it was a German cart with two horses, driven by a countryman and carrying a mountain of household goods. A fine piebald cow was tied up to follow it; on a heap of eider-down quilts sat a woman nursing a baby, an old granny, and a handsome, rosy-cheeked girl. The party had no doubt obtained a special permit. The two young women had attracted the attention of the soldiers who, as the cart went slowly forward, did not spare their jests:

"Look at the great German sausage moving her goods. . . ."

"I will buy the little wife if she is for sale," said another to the German who hurried on, scared and savage, with his head down.

"Isn't she smart? The little hussies! It would just suit you to lodge with them, Fédotow?"

"Where are you going?" asked an infantry officer smiling up at the girl; he was eating an apple. The German signed that they none of them understood.

"Would you like it? You may have it," said the officer handing the apple to the girl who took it and smiled. Every eye, including Nesvitsky's, was fixed on the women as they passed on; then came the endless files of soldiers again, with the same cross-fire of words till presently all once more came to a stand-still because a horse in one of the baggage-wagons had got entangled in the harness, a not uncommon accident on the down-slope of a bridge.

"Now then, what are we waiting for? What confusion. — Don't push! Devil take it, don't hurry! It will be worse than this when they fire the timbers . . . That officer is being squeezed to a jelly!" These and other cries rose from the mass of soldiers, who looked at each other or pressed forward.

Suddenly Nesvitsky heard a sound that was new to his experience; something flew straight towards him — a large object, that fell into the water with a heavy splash.

"I say, look where that came to!" said a soldier very seriously as he looked round.

"Well, it is to encourage us to trot a little faster," said another with some uneasiness. And Nesvitsky understood that the object in question was a shell.

"Here, Cossack! My horse!" he said. "And make way there, do you hear? Make way."

It was not without a struggle that he got on his horse and made his way against the crowd shouting to the right and left. The soldiers squeezed a little closer to let him pass, but they were thrown back by the outer

ranks and his leg was caught and nipped as if in a vice.

"Nesvitsky, Nesvitsky, you are the very man. . . ."

Nesvitsky turned at this address spoken in a hoarse voice, and saw only a few paces distant but parted from him by the rolling sea of marching men, Vaska Denissow, with his hair on end, his cap pushed back and his pelisse flung over his shoulder.

"Just tell those creatures to make way for us," cried Denissow brandishing his sheathed sabre in his small hand, which was as red as his face.

"Ah! Vaska," cried Nesvitsky delighted. "What are you doing here?"

"The squadron cannot get through," said Denissow spurring his fine black Arab, whose ears were quivering as he felt the accidental touch of the bayonets, while, flecked with foam, he pawed the beams of the bridge and was ready to leap the parapet if his rider had not held him well in hand. "Good Heavens! What sheep—nothing on earth but sheep. Stand back, make way!—You, beyond that wagon, Stop!—stand still or I will cut you all down!"

He drew his sabre and flourished it ominously. The intimidated soldiers packed closer, and Denissow succeeded in joining Nesvitsky.

"So you are sober to-day?" said Nesvitsky.

"Have I time to drink? All day long the regiment is being sent this way and that. If we are to fight, well and good; let us fight. But as it is the devil only knows what we are at."

"And you are so elegant!" added Nesvitsky, glancing at his pelisse and at his horse's saddle-cloth. Denissow smiled, and pulling his perfumed handkerchief out of his sabretasche he held it under his friend's nose.

"Of course," he said, "we may have to fight.—Shaved, scented, teeth well brushed! . . . "

Nesvitsky's imposing presence, followed by his Cossack and added to Denissow's determination produced an effect. They got across the bridge and now it was their turn to stop the infantry; Nesvitsky, having found the colonel, delivered the orders of which he was the bearer, and retraced his steps.

The road once cleared, Denissow took up his position at one end of the bridge, and lightly holding his stallion that stood pawing the ground, he watched his men pass by, four abreast, the officers leading the way. The whole squadron formed to cross to the other side, while the foot-soldiers drawn up and standing in the mud looked on at the proud, smart hussars with that ironical glance which is peculiar to soldiers of different corps when they happen to meet.

"Very pretty fellows! Fit to be seen in the Podnovinsky.* But there is no work to be got out of them; they are all for show!"

"Now, you infantry men, do not kick up the dust," said a hussar, laughing as his horse splashed a foot-soldier with mud.

"Ah, if they had made you march two stages with a knapsack on your back, your gold lace would not

* A promenade at Moscow.

look so new! . . . A man! Why you are a bird on horseback," and the infantry-man wiped his face on his sleeve.

"Right you are, Likine.— If you were on horseback how nice you would look!" said a corporal to a poor little soldier bending under the weight of his kit.

"Put a stick between your legs and ride a-cock-horse," retorted the hussar.

The rest of the infantry were being rapidly hurried across; the wagons were safely over; the crush was less and the last battalion were on the bridge. Denissow's hussars, drawn up on the other side, could not yet see the enemy who were however plainly visible from the opposite heights. The horizon, from the plain below was cut off by a hill about a third of a mile off. In the foreground was a plot of common where the Cossack outposts were moving about.

Suddenly, on the crown of the hill just above them, some artillery and blue capotes came into view—the French! The officers and soldiers of Denissow's squadron, though they tried to talk of indifferent subjects and to look about them, could really think of nothing but of what was going forward on the opposite ridge, and involuntarily they looked up at the black objects that stood out against the sky for they knew that those black objects were the foe.

It was now past noon and the weather had cleared; a brilliant sun was moving westward over the Danube and the surrounding hills; the air was windless, rent now and then by the bugle call and the shouts of the

enemy. The French had ceased firing, and for some distance nothing was to be seen but the patrols. There was in the air that indefinable sense of distance, ominous and immeasurable, which lies between two hostile armies face to face. One step beyond the boundary on either side lies something that suggests that other boundary which divides the dead from the living. What is it? Is it the dread Unknown of suffering and death? What is it?—just beyond that field, on the other side of that tree, of that roof on which the sun is shining?— Who can tell, and who does not wish to know? The soldier fears and yet longs to cross the line, for he feels that, sooner or later, he must, and that then he will know what lies beyond as surely as he will know what lies beyond this life.— He is full of exuberant vigor, of health, spirits, and courage, and those around him are just as eager, just as brave as himself . . . .

These are the sensations, if not actually the thoughts, of every man in front of the enemy, and they lend a singular vividness, an indescribable distinctness and precision, to every incident that takes place during those few minutes.

A puff of smoke rose from the hill and a ball whistled over the heads of the hussars. The officers, who had been talking in a knot, returned each to his post; the men pulled their horses into line. Perfect silence reigned in the ranks and every eye was turned from the foe in front to the officer in command, watching for the word of command. A second and third

ball came singing through the air; they were evidently aimed at them, but they flew too far, and were lost beyond and behind the squadron. The men never looked round, but as the long-drawn whistle passed over them they started in their stirrups as one man, and each one, without turning his head, cast a side glance at his neighbor to see what effect it had on him. From Denissow down to the bugler every face showed a slight quiver of the lips and chin, betraying an internal spasm of excitement and self-control. The quarter-master, a surly-looking fellow, looked at the men as though he were intending to punish them. A young subaltern named Mironow bent his head under each ball; Rostow, posted on the left and sitting his sleek "Crow" looked as happy as a school-boy who feels sure of distinguishing himself in a public examination before a crowded audience. He looked round at his comrades radiant and fearless, as if to call them to witness that he was cool under the enemy's fire; but even on his face an involuntary frown was graven by this new and solemn experience.

"Who is that bowing? Hallo, Mironow, that will not do—look at me!" cried Denissow, who was too restless to keep quiet and was trotting his horse up and down the line. The little man looked just the same as usual, snub-nosed and black-haired. He grasped the hilt of his drawn sword in his small strong hand with its short fingers: it was the Denissow of every day—or rather of every evening after emptying two bottles. His face was rather ruddier than usual; he tossed back

his curly head as a bird does after drinking, he spurred his Arab unmercifully, he galloped down to the left flank and, in a hoarse voice, ordered the men to see to the loading of their pistols. Then he turned to meet Kirstein who came riding up on a heavy, peaceable-looking mare.

"What, what?" said the captain, grave as usual but with a bright light in his eyes. "What, what! We shall not come to blows, you will see. We shall retire."

"The devil only knows what they are at," growled Denissow. "Ah! Rostow!" he exclaimed catching sight of the *junker's* smiling face. "So you are at the fête!"

Rostow felt perfectly happy. At this instant a general was seen on the bridge. Denissow rushed forward.

"Your Excellency, let us attack them; I will upset them completely."

"Attack them indeed!" said the general frowning as if to get rid of a troublesome fly. "What are you doing here? The scouts are retiring. Take your men back."

The first and second squadrons of horse recrossed the bridge, got beyond the enemy's range and rode up the hill without losing a single man. The last of the Cossacks retired from the bank.

On the hither side of the bridge Colonel Karl Bogdanitch Schoubert came up with Denissow's division but did not go beyond a foot-pace, riding almost by the

side of Rostow; however, he took no notice of the young subaltern whom he now saw for the first time since their dispute about Télianine. Rostow, riding in his place, felt himself in the power of his superior, towards whom he felt he was guilty; he never took his eyes off his broad back, his red neck and his light, short hair. He thought that Bogdanitch was pretending not to see him, that he wanted to test his courage—and the lad drew himself up and looked boldly about him. He fancied that Bogdanitch kept close to him on purpose to make a display of his coolness; or, again, that in order to revenge himself on Rostow he would send the division into some desperate skirmish, and he dreamed of his coming, after it was over, to meet him—Rostow, wounded, and to give him his hand in token of reconciliation.

Gerkow, whose broad, square shoulders were well known to the Pavlograd hussars, now came up to the colonel. Gerkow was sent by the staff officers; he had not staid in the regiment, he was not such a fool, as he had said to himself, when by getting attached to any staff he could have nothing to do and a chance for promotion. He had, in fact, succeeded in getting himself appointed as an orderly to Prince Bagration, and he now had come to deliver a message from the colonel of the rear division to his former chief.

"Colonel," he said with gloomy gravity to Rostow's enemy, "you are ordered to stop and burn the bridge."

"Who? — I am ordered!" said the colonel surlily.

"Ah! that I do not know. — Who? You are ordered!" replied Gerkow with no less gravity. "The prince merely sent me to tell you to bring back your hussars and burn the bridge."

At this moment a staff officer rode up, bringing the same orders and followed closely by Prince Nesvitsky riding as hard as his Cossack horse would carry him.

"Colonel, I told you that you were to burn the bridge . . . There has been some misunderstanding. — Every one has lost his head and makes some blunder!"

The colonel quite deliberately made his men halt and then turning to Nesvitsky he said:

"You only mentioned combustibles; as to burning the bridge you never told me a word about it."

"What, little Father, I never told you?" said Nesvitsky taking off his cap and pushing his fingers through his hair which was quite wet with perspiration, "when I told about the combustibles?"

"In the first place I am not your 'little Father' I would have you to know, though you are a staff officer; and you did not tell me to burn the bridge. I know my duty and I am in the habit of carrying out the orders I receive to the letter. You said: 'The bridge is to be burnt' and how could I guess, unless by direct inspiration, who was to burn it?"

"It is always the way," said Nesvitsky with an impatient gesture. "And you — what are you doing here?" he added to Gerkow.

"I came on the same errand.—Why you are as wet as a sponge! Shall I wring you out?"

"What you said to me," the colonel began once more in an offended tone.

"Now, Colonel, make haste," cried the officer interrupting him, "or the enemy will fire into us."

Bogdanitch looked from one to another with a scowl.

"I will burn the bridge," he said solemnly, as if to testify that he would do his duty in spite of all the difficulties placed in his way. He struck his spurs into his horse with two vigorous kicks of his long shanks as though the poor beast were in fault, and rode forward to order Denissow's squadron to go back to the bridge.

"That is it," thought Rostow, "he wants to try me."

His heart beat quicker and his temples throbbed. "Well, he may look! He shall see if I am a coward!"

The pinched look that the men's eager faces had worn when the balls whistled past came back again now. Rostow never took his eyes off his enemy the colonel, trying to read in his face some confirmation of his suspicions; but the colonel never even looked at him but sat inspecting the men with stern solemnity.

He gave the word of command.

"Quick, quick," he heard them shout close to him. The men's swords caught in the harness and their spurs rattled as they dismounted, not knowing what was coming next. Some crossed themselves. Rostow had ceased to gaze at his chief; he had no time for that. His fear was lest he should be left behind; his hand shook as he flung his horse's reins to the soldier who was to be left in charge, and he could hear his heart beat. Denissow, leaning back, said a few words to

him as he rode past. Rostow saw nothing but the hussars who were running on, hampered by their spurs, and their sabres clattering by their sides.

"A litter!" shouted a voice behind him, but the words conveyed no meaning to Rostow. He ran on to keep in front, but as he put his foot on the bridge he stumbled and fell with his hands in the deep greasy mud. The others got ahead.

"At both sides! Captain!" shouted the colonel, who was sitting on his horse, not far from the bridge, with a radiant and triumphant expression.

Rostow scrambled up and wiped his hands on the leather back of his cavalry trousers; then; glancing at Bogdanitch, he again rushed forward, thinking that the further he went the better it would be; but the colonel called him back without recognizing him.

"Who is that running on the middle of the bridge? Junker, come back!" he cried in a rage, and he added to Denissow, who, out of sheer foolhardiness, had ridden on to the bridge:

"Why do you run such a risk, Captain? Get off your horse, Sir!"

Denissow, turning in his saddle, muttered: "He has always some fault to find."

Meanwhile Nesvitsky, Gerkow and the staff-officer, being out of range of the enemy's fire, were watching first the little group of men in dark green laced jackets, yellow shakos, and blue trousers who were bustling about the bridge, and then the blue coats that were marching onwards followed by horses and artillery.

Will they burn the bridge or will they not? Which will gain the day—they, or the French who are firing into them? Every man in that vast mass of troops concentrated on a single spot is asking himself this question as he watches the progress of the scene, now lighted up by the setting sun.

"Oh!" cried Nesvitsky. "Our hussars will catch it now; they are within range of the guns."

"He took too many men," said the staff-officer.

"To be sure he did; a couple of steady fellows would have done the job," said Nesvitsky.

"Oh! Your Excellency, how can you say so!" remarked Gerkow, still watching the hussars. He spoke with that odd mixture of simplicity and irony which left it doubtful whether or no he were in earnest. "What an idea! Two men; how should the rest of us get our crosses or the ribbon at our button-holes? .... Let them catch it—then the regiment will be reported and every one may hope to gain his order: the colonel knows very well what he is about."

"Here comes the grape-shot!" said the officer, pointing to the enemy's guns which were being unlimbered. A cloud of smoke rose into the air, then a second and a third almost together, and the fourth shot went off by the time the report of the first had reached them.

"Oh!" groaned Nesvitsky as if he felt some acute and sudden pain, and he grasped his companion's hand.

"Look—one fell—one is down . . . ."

"Two, I think."

"If I were a monarch, I would never make war!" cried Nesvitsky turning away.

The French pieces were briskly served, and smoke rose again from several points. The blue-coated infantry rushed down towards the bridge on which the grape-shot fell rattling like a storm of hail. But Nesvitsky saw no more. A thick smoke shrouded the scene; the Russians had succeeded in setting the timbers in a blaze, and the French batteries were no longer firing to prevent them, but because the guns were loaded and there was no one else to fire at.

The French had delivered three charges by the time the hussars had got back to their horses; two had been badly directed and had gone over the heads of the Russians, but the third was sent into the middle of a party of soldiers and three were hit.

Rostow, thinking of nothing but his relations with the colonel, had stopped short in the middle of the bridge, not knowing what to do. There was no one there to cut down. Cutting down had always been his one idea of a battle, and as he had no wisp of burning straw like the others he could not help to set the bridge on fire. So there he stood, undecided, when he heard a noise on the timbers like a pelt of walnuts, and a hussar fell near him with a groan. Rostow ran to help; men were called up with litters and the wounded man was raised and placed upon one.

"Oh! let me be, for God's sake!" moaned the soldier; but they took him up and carried him away.

Rostow turned away; he gazed into the distance:

he might have been trying to discover something there; then he looked at the river, at the sky, at the sun. How blue the sky looked, how deep and restful! How bright and glorious was the setting sun! How the waves of the Danube danced and sparkled in the distance! And far away in the background lay the blue mountains with their mysterious recesses, the convent, the pine forests veiled by a transparent haze . . . All was peace there—peace and happiness!

"Ah! if I might have lived there I could have wished for nothing more," thought the lad—"nothing!—I feel so much that could have made me happy, in myself and in that bright sun . . . while here . . . shrieks of pain, terror, confusion, hurry . . . more cries and everyone pushes back, and I am running like the rest . . . . . and there it is again: Death! close over me! One second more perhaps, and I shall never again see the sun, and the river, and the mountains! . . ."

The sun was veiled in clouds; they were carrying litters past him. The dread of death and of a litter, the love of life and sunshine, were all mixed up in one feeling of anguish and pain.

"Oh God in heaven keep me, pardon me, and protect me!" murmured Rostow.

The hussars were remounting, the voices round him became less confused, the litters had vanished.

"Well, my boy, so you have smelt powder?" said Denissow close to his ear.

"It is all over, and I am a coward — a born coward!" thought Rostow as he sprang into his saddle.

"That was grape-shot?" he asked Denissow.

"I believe you, and a heavy peppering too! We have worked pretty hard. It was a hot corner! An attack is one thing, but to be fired at as a mark is another . . . ."

And Denissow moved off to join a group formed of Nesvitsky and his companions.

"I believe no one noticed it," Rostow said to himself; and this was the truth, for each one was trying to realize his own experience of his feelings under the first "baptism of fire."

"By Heaven, there will be a splendid despatch! Perhaps they will give me a lieutenancy!" said Gerkow.

"Let the prince know that I fired the bridge," said the colonel triumphantly.

"And if he asks about the loss?"

"Not worth mentioning," said Bogdanitch in his heavy bass. "Two hussars wounded and one stark dead," and he did not try to conceal a satisfied smile; he even seemed to smack his lips over so happy a phrase as "stark dead."

Koutouzow's 35,000 men, opposed by a French army of 100,000 men with Bonaparte at their head, met with hostile feeling throughout the country. They had lost confidence in their allies, they lacked provisions, and now, being forced into action under circumstances unforeseen by any rules of war, they were beating a re-

treat in all haste. They made their way down the Danube, stopping to show fight to the enemy whom they kept off by skirmishes in the rear, though they fought no more than was necessary to effect their retreat without losing their baggage. Engagements had taken place at Lambach, at Amstetten and at Melck; but, notwithstanding the steadiness and courage of the Russians, to which their adversaries did full justice, it was not the less a retreat—a genuine retreat. The Austrians who had escaped at the surrender of Ulm and joined Koutouzow at Braunau had again left him with his enfeebled forces. It was no longer possible to defend Vienna for, in spite of the scheme of offensive warfare so scientifically elaborated by the new-fangled laws of strategy and placed in Koutouzow's hands by the Austrian supreme council of war, his only chance of not sacrificing his army, as Mack had done, was to effect a junction with the troops arriving from Russia.

It was on the 28th of October that Koutouzow crossed to the left bank of the Danube and there halted for the first time, having placed the river between himself and the main body of the French army; here he attacked Mortier, who was also on the left bank, and defeated him. The trophies of this battle were two guns, a flag and two generals; for the first time in a retreat of fifteen days the Russians made a stand, harried the French, and remained masters of the field. In spite of the exhausted state of the troops, whose clothes were in rags and who had lost a third of their number in stragglers, sick, dead, and wounded who had been

left behind with a letter from Koutouzow recommending them to the tender mercies of their foes—in spite of many more wounded in this fight, which the regular hospitals and the houses turned into infirmaries could not receive—in spite of every adverse circumstance, this pause at Krems and the defeat of Mortier had done much to raise the spirits of the Russians. News of the most satisfactory character, but absolutely untrue, was rumored in the army and among the staff: Russian reinforcements were near at hand: the Austrians had won a victory: Bonaparte had beaten a hasty retreat.

During this fight Prince André had been by the side of the Austrian general Schmidt when he was killed; he himself had had his horse wounded under him and his hand grazed by a bullet. As a mark of favor the commander-in-chief despatched him to bear the news of the victory to Brünn where the Imperial Court had been in residence ever since the menacing proximity of the French army had forced it to quit Vienna. In the evening after the battle Bolkonsky, excited but not weary—for, in spite of his delicate appearance, he could bear physical fatigue better than many robust men—mounted his horse to carry Doktourow's report to Koutouzow, who at once sent him off with it as his special messenger, a certain augury of speedy promotion.

The night was moonless, the sky starry, the road was visible as a black riband through the snow which had been falling during the fight. Prince André,

carried swiftly along in his post-chaise, thought over all the impressions and feelings that filled his brain: his reminiscences of the struggle, the happy effect that the news of their victory would produce, and the parting words of Koutouzow and of his fellow-officers. He was exulting with the secret joy of a man who, after long patience, sees the first glimmer of the success he has longed for. Whenever he shut his eyes the rattle of musketry and thunder of cannon filled his ears, mixed up with the rumble of the wheels and the details of the battle. He dreamed that the Russians were flying, that he himself was killed; then he woke with a start, thankful to be roused from the evil vision, but only to doze off again and dream of his own cool valor. A brilliant morning at length dawned on this gloomy night; the snow was melting, the horses flew along, on each side of the way spread woods, fields, and villages.

At one of the post-houses he came up with a party of wounded; the officer in command, himself lying in the foremost cart, was groaning and abusing a soldier. The wounded men, unwashed, pale, and bandaged in blood-stained rags, were crowded into large wagons and jolted over the stony road; some were talking, others eating their dry bread, while the worst gazed with calm and frank curiosity, after the courier as he outstripped them. Prince André stopped his chaise and asked the men when and where they had been wounded.

"The day before yesterday, by the Danube," replied one of them, and Prince André took out his purse and gave them three gold pieces:

"For all of them," he said to an officer who came up. "Get well again, my lads, there will be plenty to do yet."

"What is the news, Sir?" asked the officer, evidently glad to find someone to speak to.

"Good news!—Go on!" he cried to the driver.

It was quite dark by the time Prince André got into Brünn and found himself among tall houses, shops lighted up, street lamps, and handsome carriages rattling over the pavement—the busy atmosphere, in short, of a large town which is so delightful to a soldier fresh from camp-life. Notwithstanding his hurried journey and an almost sleepless night he felt even more excited than on the day before. As he approached the palace his eyes sparkled with fevered fire and his thoughts flowed with astonishing clearness. Every detail of the battle had come out of the confusion and presented itself to his mind in the form of a concise statement—such a report as he could give to the Emperor Francis. He could hear the questions that would be asked and his own replies. He felt sure that he should at once be led into the Emperor's presence; but at the main entrance of the palace he was met by a functionary in civil uniform who, recognizing that he was a special messenger, led him to another door, saying: "The passage to the right if you please, *Hochgeboren* (High born Sir); you will there find the aide-de-camp on duty who will take you to the minister."

The said aide-de-camp begged Prince André to wait and went to inform the minister of war of his ar-

rival. He returned in a few minutes, and bowing with marked politeness, he made the prince lead the way along the corridor and showed him into the room where the minister was sitting. The Austrian's excessive politeness seemed to imply that he wished to raise a barrier between them that would protect him against every approach to familiarity on the part of the Russian aide-de-camp. As Prince André came more immediately within reach of the high official he gradually lost the exultant feeling he had so lately enjoyed, and acquired a vivid impression of offended pride, and this impression, in spite of himself, by degrees took the shape of a vague sort of contempt. His alert brain at once suggested all the causes that might give him a right to scorn this aide-de-camp and this minister: "It seems to them a mighty easy thing to win a victory but they never smelt powder . . . ." This was the burden of his thoughts, and he went into the minister's room with an affectation of deliberateness. His smouldering annoyance increased when he saw the minister, who sat bending over a table, between two wax-candles, supporting his bald head with its fringe of grey hair on his hand, and taking notes; he paid no attention to his visitor.

"Take this," he said to the aide-de-camp, holding out papers and not noticing Bolkonsky.

"Either," said the prince to himself, "of all the business he has in hand the progress of Koutouzow's army is what interests him least or he wants to make me think so."

When he had carefully arranged his papers with great precision the minister looked up, showing a face full of intelligence, character, and determination; but as he addressed Prince André he put on the regulation manner—a silly, smiling affectation which becomes habitual to a man who daily receives a great number of applicants.

"From General Prince Koutouzow!—Good news I hope? An engagement with Mortier . . . a victory; it was high time!" and he read the despatch. "Ah! Mein Gott, Schmidt! what a loss, what a loss!" he said in German; and when he had read it he laid it on the table and looked up anxiously. "What a sad loss!—You say the action was decisive? But Mortier was not taken...." Then after a moment's silence he added: "I am very glad to have your good news though we have paid dear for it by the death of Schmidt. His Majesty will no doubt wish to see you, but not just now. I am much obliged to you. Now go and rest and to-morrow try to be on the spot as his Majesty comes in from parade: but I will send you word. Good-day. His Majesty will certainly want to see you," he added as he bowed him out.

As Prince André quitted the palace he felt as though he had left behind him, in the hands of a supercilious minister and his obsequious aide-de-camp, all the excitement and triumph of the victory. His frame of mind had totally changed, and the battle now wore the aspect only of a distant—a very distant memory.

CHAPTER XVI.

Prince André betook himself to the house of a Russian acquaintance at Brünn, the diplomate Bilibine.

"My dear Prince, nothing could give me greater pleasure," said his friend coming out to meet him. "Franz, take the prince's luggage into my room," he added to the servant who had admitted his visitor. "You bring news of a victory, nothing could be better. For my part, I am not well, as you see."

After changing his dress Prince André joined his friend in an elegant study where he sat down to the dinner that had been got ready for him, while Bilibine sat by the fire. It was with great satisfaction that Prince André found himself once more surrounded by the elements of comfort and luxury to which he had been accustomed from his childhood and of which he had lately so often felt the lack. It was pleasant, too, after his reception by the Austrian, to be able to talk, not indeed in Russian, for they spoke French, but with a Russian who might be supposed to share the very lively aversion felt for the Austrians at this juncture.

Bilibine was a man of about five and thirty, a bachelor and familiar with Prince André's circle of friends. Having known each other in St. Petersburg they had been thrown together and had become intimate during Bolkonsky's sojourn at Vienna in Kou-

touzow's suite. Each was gifted with the qualities best fitted to insure him, in his own line, a rapid and brilliant career. Bilibine, though still a young man, was not young in diplomacy, for he had been an attaché from the age of sixteen; after serving at Paris and at Copenhagen, he had come to Vienna where he held an important position. The Russian chancellor and the ambassador at Vienna both thought highly of his talents. He was by no means one of those gentleman of the foreign office whose qualities are purely negative, and whose whole art consists in never compromising themselves and in speaking French; he loved work, and in spite of a certain natural indolence he had often been known to spend the whole night at the office. The matter in hand made no difference; what he cared for was not the *why* but the *how* of his work, and he took a special pleasure in drawing up with ingenious and elegant skill any kind of note, memorandum, or report. Besides doing such good service with his pen he had an acknowledged talent for conduct and appropriate speech in the highest circles of society.

Bilibine did not care for any conversation that did not afford the opportunity of saying something noteworthy, and of throwing in those brilliant and original touches, those subtle and keen remarks which, after being elaborated beforehand in the alembic of his mind, were so easy to remember that they remained graven on the hardest brain. Bilibine's sayings were passed on round Vienna drawing-rooms, and sometimes were not without influence on events.

His face was yellow, lean and worn, and furrowed with lines—lines so elaborately washed that he had the coddled look of a washer-woman's fingers after long soaking; the expression of his face lay in the perpetual play of these lines. Sometimes it was his forehead that wrinkled, sometimes his eyebrows that were raised or knit, or again his cheeks that puckered. His deep-set eyes had always a gay, straightforward look.

"Well, tell me of your exploits."

Bolkonsky at once, with much modesty, told him the history of the battle and of his reception by the minister: "I and my news were made as welcome as a dog at a game of skittles."

Bilibine smiled and his wrinkles relaxed.

"At the same time, my dear fellow," he said, gazing at his nails while his left eye puckered into a wink, "and notwithstanding the high estimation in which I hold the arms of orthodox Russia, your victory does not seem to be a remarkably victorious one."

He spoke French, only using a Russian word now and then, when he wished to give it scornful emphasis. "You fell with all your weight on that wretched Mortier who had only one division, and Mortier has slipped between your fingers . . . Where is the victory?"

"But without boasting, you will allow that it is better than Ulm?"

"Why could you not take one marshal prisoner, one single marshal?"

"Because events do not fall out according to our

wishes and cannot be arranged beforehand like a review. We hoped to put them to rout by seven in the morning, and we did not succeed in doing it till five in the evening."

"And why did you not succeed at seven in the morning? You ought to have succeeded."

"Why did you not give Napoleon a hint through some diplomatist that he had better abandon Genoa?" retorted Prince André in the same mocking tone.

"Oh, yes! I know!" said Bilibine. "As you sit by your fire you say to yourself that it is easy enough to capture marshals and so it is—but you have not done it. Why not?—You need not wonder if the Emperor and King Franz, following the minister's lead, are not overwhelmingly grateful over this victory. I myself, a humble secretary to the Russian embassy, feel no irresistible impulse to air my enthusiasm by giving my servant a thaler and leave to take a walk in the Prater with his '*Liebchen*'—but I forgot, there is no Prater here." He looked at Prince André and his brow suddenly smoothed.

"Now, my friend, it is my turn to ask why," said Bolkonsky, "for to tell you the truth, I do not understand it all. Perhaps there are some subtle diplomatic mysteries at work which are beyond my feeble comprehension, but it is all dark to me. Mack has sacrificed a whole army, while the Archdukes Charles and Ferdinand give no sign of life and commit blunder after blunder. Koutouzow is the only man who honestly gains a battle, and breaks the French spell, and the

minister of war does not even care to know the details of the fight."

"That is the marrow of the matter. Don't you see my good fellow! Hurrah for the Czar, for Russia, for the Faith! That is all very fine, but what do we care—I mean what does the court of Austria care—for all your victories? Bring us news now of the success of an archduke—Charles or Ferdinand—they are, as you know one as good as the other—a victory, let us say, over a party of Bonaparte's sappers, and it will be quite another thing; it will be proclaimed with a flourish of trumpets, but this can only annoy us. What! Archduke Charles does nothing, Archduke Ferdinand covers himself with disgrace; you leave Vienna defenceless, as much as to say God is on our side, but as for you and your capital God help you! then you let Schmidt get killed—a general beloved by us—and you congratulate yourselves on a victory? You could not invent anything more aggravating if you tried. It is as if you had done it on purpose—on purpose!—Besides, even if you had really achieved a brilliant success, even if Archduke Charles could do the same on his side, would that make any difference in the march of events? It is too late now; Vienna is occupied by the French."

"Occupied! Vienna is occupied?"

"Not merely occupied, but Bonaparte is at Schoenbrunn, and our amiable friend Count Urbna is going there to take his orders."

Partly from fatigue, and partly from the confused

impressions left on his mind by his journey and his reception by the minister, but chiefly from the effects of his dinner Bolkonsky. was beginning to be aware that he but dimly understood the gravity of this news.

"Count Lichtenfeld, whom I saw this morning," Bilibine went on, "showed me a letter containing full details of a review of the French troops at Vienna with an account of Prince Murat and all his following. You see your victory is nothing much to boast of, and you are not likely to be hailed as a deliverer."

"As far as I am concerned, I assure you I do not care a straw," said Prince André, who was beginning to understand how trivial the affair of Krems was in comparison with such an event as the occupation of the capital. "What—Vienna occupied! And what about the famous *tête-de-pont*, and Prince Auersperg who was charged with the defence of Vienna?"

"Prince Auersperg is on this side of the river to defend us, and does it pretty badly, while Vienna is on the other side. As to the bridge it has not been taken and I hope will not be. It is undermined and is to be blown up in case of need. But for that we should be in the wilds of Bohemia by this time, and you and your army would have a hot half-hour between two fires."

"But this does not mean, after all, that the campaign is at an end?" said Prince André.

"Well, I believe it is. And our big-wigs here think the same, but dare not say so. It will be just as I foretold from the first Your skirmish at Diernstein will not settle the question! No, nor gunpowder—but

those who invented gunpowder. "This was one of Bilibine's sayings; he paused over it for a second, then, with a satisfied look, he went on: "The upshot of it all depends on the meeting of the Czar and the King of Prussia at Berlin. If Prussia joins the alliance Austria's hand is forced: there must be war; if not there is nothing for it, they have only to fix a place of rendezvous where they can arrange the preliminaries of a second Campo-Formio."

"What a genius he is! What luck he has!" exclaimed Bolkonsky, striking the table with his fist.

"Bonaparte?" said Bilibine, knitting his brows—the forerunner of a witticism. "Buonaparte!" he added, accenting the *u*. "But it strikes me that now he sits at Schoenbrunn dictating to Austria he may be let off that *u*; I, at any rate, shall drop it and call him Bonaparte for the future."

"But come, joking apart, do you really think the campaign is over?"

"This is what I think: Austria for once has been the dupe in the game; this she is not used to and she will be revenged. She has been the dupe; in the first place her provinces are ruined—orthodox Russia is, as you know, the very devil at pillage—her army destroyed, and her capital taken, and all for the gratification of the King of Sardinia; in the second place, my dear fellow, between ourselves, I feel instinctively that we are being taken in. There is a scent in the air of treaties and peace with France—a secret peace, separately agreed on."

"Impossible! It would be too base!"

"Those who live will learn," replied Bilibine.

Prince André went to bed, a room had been made ready for him. Once stretched between the fresh white sheets, with his head on downy and perfumed pillows he soon felt, in spite of himself, that the battle of which he had brought the news was swiftly fading to a vague remembrance. He could think of nothing now but the Prussian alliance, of its treachery to Austria, of Bonaparte's latest triumph, of the review on the morrow, and of his own reception by the Emperor. He closed his eyes, but instantly the roar of cannon, musketry, and wheels sounded in his ears. He saw files of soldiers coming down the hill-sides, he heard the French firing, he was there, in the front with Schmidt by his side, bullets whistling merrily about him; and his heart thrilled and swelled with a wild exultation in life, such as he had never felt since his boyhood. He woke with a start.

"Yes, yes, that was how it was!" Then he went to sleep again with a childlike smile and slept as only youth can sleep.

He did not wake till late next morning, and collecting his thoughts he remembered, in the first place, that he was to wait on the Emperor Francis; all the impressions of the previous evening—his interview with the minister, the extravagant politeness of the aide-de-camp, and his conversation with Bilibine crowded into his mind. He put on full-dress uniform, which he had not worn for a long time, to go to the

palace and with his hand in a sling, in the best possible spirits, he went into his host's sitting-room where several young attachés were already met, and among them Hippolyte Kouraguine, secretary now to the Russian embassy, who was known to Bolkonsky. The three others, introduced by Bilibine, were young men of fashion, rich, well-dressed, and pleasure-loving, who here, as at Vienna, formed a select little circle of which Bilibine was the leader and of whom he always spoke as "Our Set." This circle, consisting almost exclusively of diplomates, had other interests at heart besides war and politics. The doings of the fashionable world, their intimacies with certain ladies, and their duties in attendance filled up all their leisure hours. These young gentlemen did Prince André the exceptional honor of receiving him eagerly, and as one of themselves; out of politeness and as a preliminary they condescended to ask a few questions with regard to the army and the battle, after which they went on with their gay and discursive talk, brightened by light sallies and superficial criticism.

"And this is the crowning detail!" cried one of them who was relating the discomfiture of a colleague, "the chancellor actually told him to his face that his transfer to London was promotion and that he ought to regard it so. Can you see his face when he heard it?"

"And I, gentlemen, must inform against Kouraguine, that terrible Don Juan who will profit by the misfortunes of others."

Prince Hippolyte had spread himself out in an arm-chair with his legs thrown over the arms: "Come, come! What are you talking about!" he exclaimed laughing.

Groans of "Oh, Don Juan! Oh, wily serpent!" from several of the party.

"You probably are not aware, Bolkonsky," Bilibine went on, "that all the atrocities committed by the French army—by the Russian army I was on the point of saying—are as nothing in comparison with the ravages committed by this man among the ladies here."

"Woman is the helpmeet for man," said Prince Hippolyte, looking at his feet through his eyeglass. Bilibine and the "set" went into fits of laughter; and Prince André perceived that this youth, of whom he had, it must be owned, so nearly been jealous, was the butt of his circle.

"I must draw out this Kouraguine for your benefit," whispered Bilibine. "He is delightful when he discourses on politics: you will see the important manner . . ." and turning to Hippolyte, with a furrowed brow he began a discussion on the events of the day which at once attracted general attention.

"The Berlin cabinet cannot put forward any idea of an alliance," Hippolyte began, looking round at his audience with great composure, "without expressing, as in its last note, you know, you understand . . . And then, if his Majesty the Emperor maintains his principles our alliance . . . stop, I have not done . . ." He seized

Prince André by the hand — "I fancy that intervention will prove stronger than non-intervention and, the non-receipt of our dispatch of the 28th of November cannot be charged as intentional; that is how it will all end," and he released Prince André.

"Demosthenes, I know thee by the pebble hidden in thy mouth of gold! cried Bilibine who had shaken his mane of hair over his forehead, as it seemed to give more emphatic expression to his satisfaction. Hippolyte laughed louder and longer than any of them, but he did not appear quite comfortable in spite of this forced laugh which distorted his generally apathetic countenance.

"Now, gentlemen," said Bilibine, "Bolkonsky is my guest, and I am bent on his enjoying all the pleasures of Brünn so far as lies in my power. If we were at Vienna there would be far less difficulty, but here, in this horrible Moravian hole, I claim your assistance; we must do the honors of Brünn. If you will undertake the theatres I will find him society. As for you, Hippolyte, you are best qualified in the matter of the fair sex."

"He must be introduced to the bewitching Amelia," said one of the "set," and he kissed the tips of his fingers.

"To be sure; the bloodthirsty soldier must be taught to feel some human sentiments," said Bilibine.

"Unfortunately," said Bolkonsky, "I cannot take advantage of your kind plans on my behalf. It is time for me to go out."

"Why, where are you going?"

"I am going to the Emperor."

"Oh! indeed — then good-bye for the present."

"Yes, good-bye for the present; but come back and dine with us and we will look after you."

"Listen to me," said Bilibine in the anteroom, as he went to see Bolkonsky out. "In speaking to the Emperor, you had better say a few words in praise of the commissariat, of the distribution of food and the arrangement of halting-places."

"I could not even if I wished it," said Bolkonsky.

"Well, at any rate talk for both; he has a passion for personal receptions, and never has a word to say, as you will find out."

Prince André found a place among the Austrian officers, where the Emperor was to pass, and achieved the honor of attracting his notice and receiving a bow of his long narrow head. The ceremony ended, the aide-de-camp he had seen the day before came to express to Bolkonsky his majesty's wish to speak with him. The Emperor Francis received him standing, in his private room, and Prince André was struck by his awkwardness; he blushed and hesitated and did not seem to know how to express himself.

"Tell me at what hour the battle began," he said hurriedly, and Prince Andre, having replied to this question, was immediately required to answer a number of others no less childish.

"How is Koutouzow? When did he leave Krems? —" and so forth.

The Emperor's sole idea seemed to be to ask questions; the answers did not interest him.

"What o'clock was it when the fighting began?"

"I cannot tell your Majesty the precise time when it began in front, for I was at Diernstein. There the first collision took place at six in the evening," said Bolkonsky eagerly, for he was prepared to give the Emperor an exact description of all he had seen and heard.

The Emperor, however, interrupted him by asking with a smile:

"How many miles is it?"

"From whence and to where, Sire?"

"From Diernstein to Krems."

"Three and a half, Sire."

"And have the French abandoned the left bank?"

"According to the reports of our scouts the French all crossed on rafts that same night."

"Is there plenty of forage at Krems?"

"Not enough . . . ."

The Emperor again interrupted him. "At what hour was General Schmidt killed?"

"It must have been about seven."

"At seven? How sad — how very sad!"

And then, thanking him, he dismissed him. Prince André retired and found himself immediately surrounded by courtiers. Everyone had a polite speech ready and he was the centre of approving glances; the aide-de-camp reproached him for not taking up his abode at the palace and even offered him his own rooms. The minister of war complimented him on having won

the order of Maria Theresa, of the 3d class, which his majesty had just conferred on him; the Empress' chamberlain begged him to visit her majesty: the grand duchess also wished to see him it would seem. He did not know what to say and stood trying to collect his ideas, when the Russian ambassador touched him on the shoulder and led him away to a window to talk to him.

Notwithstanding Bilibine's evil augury the news of which Bolkonsky was the bearer was hailed with joy; a *Te Deum* was to be performed by command. Koutouzow had received the grand cross of the order of Maria Theresa, and all the army was rewarded. Invitations showered in on Prince André who was obliged to devote his whole day to paying visits to the Austrian magnates.

Having fulfilled this duty he was returning to Bilibine's at about five in the afternoon, composing in his head, as he went along, a letter which he intended sending to his father with an account of his journey to Brünn, when he perceived in front of the steps a britzska more than half full of luggage and packages, while Franz, Bilibine's servant, was struggling to cram in another trunk. Prince André had gone into a bookseller's on his way and was rather late.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked.

"Oh, your Excellency!" cried Franz. "We are moving on again: the villain is at our heels once more."

"But what on earth is happening?" repeated Bol-

konsky, just as Bilibine came out to meet him; his face, though always calm, betrayed some agitation.

"This is a pretty business this crossing of the bridge at Thabor. There was not a blow struck!" Prince André did not understand.

"Where on earth have you come from that you do not know what every cab-driver knows?"

"I have come last from the grand-duke's—I heard nothing there."

"And have you not seen that everyone is packing up?"

"I have seen nothing. But what is it all about after all?" he added impatiently.

"What is it about?— Why the French have crossed the bridge that Auersperg was to defend; he did not blow it up; Murat is coming full gallop down upon Brünn, and if they are not here to-day they will be to-morrow."

"Here!—but if the bridge was mined why was it not blown up?"

"Why indeed? I might as well ask you, for no one will ever know, not even Bonaparte himself."

Bolkonsky shrugged his shoulders: "But if they have crossed the bridge the army is lost, it will be cut off."

"There lies the hitch . . . Listen to the facts: The French had occupied Vienna—very good; but the next day—that is to say yesterday evening—Marshals Murat, Lannes and Belliard* set out on horseback

* The French translator points out a mistake here on the part of the Russian author: Belliard was never a marshal.

to reconnoitre the bridge. Mark, three Gascons! — 'gentlemen,' says one of them, 'the bridge, as you know, is mined and countermined, it is guarded by that famous *tête-de-pont* of which we have heard so much, and 15,000 men are charged to fire it and stop our way; but, as it would suit our Emperor and master far better to have possession, let us go, us three, and take possession of it.' 'Let us go,' say the other two. So away they go; they take the bridge, they cross it and all the army cross after them — across the Danube, straight down on us and on you, and cut off our communications."

"Do not jest," said Prince André, "the subject is a grave one, and a sad one."

At the same time, in spite of the distress he ought to have felt at this disastrous news, he was conscious of a secret satisfaction. Since he had heard of the desperate situation of the Russian army he believed himself destined to extricate it: this was to be his Toulon; this would distinguish him above the obscure crowd of his fellow-soldiers and open his path to glory. Even while listening to Bilibine he pictured himself arriving at the camp, giving his advice at the council of war, and suggesting some plan — the only plan for saving the army. Of course the execution would be entrusted to him.

"I am not jesting," said Bilibine, "nothing could be more true or more serious. These gentlemen rode on to the bridge and waved their white handkerchiefs, they asserted that an armistice had been agreed to, that

they were going to confer with Prince Auersperg; — the officer on guard let them pass into the outworks. They crammed him with no end of rhodomontade: the war was at an end, the Emperor Francis was going to receive Bonaparte, they were going to see Prince Auersperg — and fifty more monstrous lies. The officer sends for Auersperg. The Frenchmen embrace their enemies, laugh and joke with them, ride a-cock-horse on the cannon, and meanwhile a French battalion quietly walks across the bridge and throws all the combustibles into the water . . . Then — at last, the lieutenant-general, our dearly-beloved Prince Auersperg von Nautern appears on the scene: 'Our dear enemy, the flower of modern soldiery, Austrians, heroes of the Turkish campaigns, a truce to our hostility; we may now shake hands, the Emperor Napoleon is dying to make the acquaintance of Prince Auersperg!' In short, these gentlemen, who are not Gascons for nothing, threw so much dust in his eyes with their fine words, while he, on his part, was so supremely honored by this sudden intimacy with the French marshals and so dazzled by Murat's cloak and ostrich-feathers that he was blinded by the blaze, and quite forgot that he ought to be blazing at them." And, in spite of the vehemence of his narrative, Bilibine paused that Prince André might have time to take in the joke.

"The French soldiers make their way into the *tête-de-pont*, spike the guns, and the bridge is theirs.— But the best of the story is to come," he went on, trusting to his delight in telling it to qualify his excitement.

"The sergeant in charge of the cannon which was to give the signal for exploding the mine, seeing the French approach, was on the point of firing when Lannes stopped his hand. The sergeant, who was sharper than his master, went up to Auersperg and said: 'Prince, you are sold — the French are down on us!' — or to that effect. Murat, fearing that if the man said anything more the job would fall through, turned to Auersperg, like the Gascon that he is, and pretended to be surprised. 'Is this your boasted Austrian discipline?' said he. 'What! do you allow an inferior to address you in this way?' — What a stroke of genius! — Prince Auersperg who piques himself on such matters had the sergeant put under arrest.

"Don't you think that a nice story altogether, this taking of the bridge?"

"It is not stupidity nor cowardice — but treason perhaps!" cried Prince André, thinking of the grey-coats, the gunpowder reek, the cannonade, and the glory he had hoped for.

"Not a bit of it. That is suspecting the Court of too dirty a job. No, it is neither treason, nor stupidity, nor cowardice; it is Ulm over again, it is . . ." he paused for a word, "it is Mack — we are *Macked*," he said, quite pleased at having hit on a perfectly new word which was certain to be repeated; his brow unbent and he contemplated his nails with a smile on his lips.

"Where are you going?" he asked Prince André.

"I am off."

"Where to?"

"Why, to join the army, of course."

"But you meant to stay two days longer?"

"Impossible, I must start immediately."

And Bolkonsky gave his orders and went to his own room.

"My dear fellow," said Bilibine following him, "what are you going for?"

Prince André looked at him enquiringly but did not answer.

"Yes, I say what are you going for? I know, you fancy it is your duty to join the army now that it is in peril; I quite understand; it is heroic."

"Not in the very least."

"Yes, you are a philosopher — but be so completely. If you only look at things from the other side you will see that your first duty, on the contrary, is to keep out of danger. Let those who are good for nothing else throw themselves into the gulf; you have had no orders to return, and we, here, will not let you go. You may as well remain and follow us whither our miserable fate may lead us. We are bound for Olmütz they say — it is a pretty town and we shall have a pleasant drive there in my carriage."

"For God's sake, Bilibine, cease jesting."

"I am speaking quite seriously, and as your friend. Judge for yourself: Why should you go when you can stop here? One of two things is certain: either peace will be concluded before you can reach the army, or there will be a mad stampede and you will share the

disgrace of Koutouzow's army . . . ." And Bilibine looked satisfied that the dilemma was final.

"I cannot judge," said Bolkonsky coldly. And at the bottom of his heart his thought was: "I must go to save the army!"

"My dear fellow, you are a hero!" cried Bilibine.

CHAPTER XVII.

After taking leave of the minister of war Bolkonsky set out that night, intending to join the army, but not knowing where to find it, and fearing that he might fall into the hands of the French. All the Court was preparing to quit Brünn, and the heavy baggage was already forwarded to Olmütz.

On reaching the neighborhood of Etzelsdorf Prince André unexpectedly came across the Russian army which was retiring in great haste and utter disorder; vehicles crowded the road and intercepted the progress of his chaise. The prince, having begged a horse and a man from the captain of the Cossacks, though he was tired and almost dying of hunger, soon outrode the baggage-wagons, in search of the commander-in-chief. Dismal reports reached his ears as he went on and the confusion all round him only too surely confirmed them.

"As for the Russian troops, which England's gold has tempted from the ends of the earth, they shall meet

the same fate," (the fate of Ulm) Napoleon had said in his general orders at the beginning of the campaign. These words suddenly recurred to Bolkonsky's memory and filled him with admiration for the man's genius, mingled with a sense of wounded pride across which flashed a hope of imminent revenge. "And if there is nothing left but to die?" thought he. "Well, I shall know how to die, and no worse than another, if I must."

He looked round him contemptuously at the endless files of carts, of artillery, getting entangled and locked, and further back more and still more carts and carriages of every form, trying to outstrip each other, running foul of each other, and getting in each other's way as they toiled, three or four deep, along the miry road. In front and behind, as far as the ear could catch a sound there was a rumbling of the wheels of vehicles and gun-carriages, the tramp of horses, the shouts of drivers urging on their teams, and the oaths of the soldiers, of servants and of officers. Lying by the road were the carcasses of dead horses, some of them flayed already, and broken-down carts; soldiers of every description poured out of the various villages, dragging sheep, fowls, hay, and sacks crammed to the brim; on every slope, up or down, the crowd packed closer, and their various cries mingled in an incessant roar. Some soldiers, up to the knees in mud, held up the wheels of the gun-carriages and wagons; whips whistled and cracked, horses slipped, harness gave way, and the shouting seemed enough to burst the men's lungs. The officers superintending the march rode backwards

and forwards; their harassed faces betrayed their inability to restore order, and the word of command was lost in the general uproar of this sea of humanity.

"This is our precious orthodox army!" said Bolkonsky to himself, recalling Bilibine's words as he made his way up to a wagon to enquire for the commander-in-chief.

An oddly-shaped vehicle drawn by one horse, a sort of cross between a cart, a phaeton and a gig, evidently of make-shift construction from heterogeneous materials, caught his eye. It was a little way behind him, driven by a soldier, and under the hood and leather apron a woman could be seen wrapped in a heap of shawls. Just as he was about to make his enquiry Prince André was interrupted by this woman's shrieks of despair. The officer who rode at the head of this file of vehicles was beating her driver for trying to get ahead of the others, and the blows of his whip lashed the apron of the carriage. Seeing Prince André the woman put out her head and signing to him energetically with her hand she called out: "Monsieur l'aide-de-camp, pity, mercy, defend me, protect me! What will become of me? I am the doctor's wife, the doctor of the 7th chasseurs — and they will not let us go on. We have been left behind and have lost our party!"

"Keep back or I will thrash you as flat as a pancake," cried the officer, fairly in a rage. "Keep back, you and your hussy!"

"Protect me! Monsieur l'aide-de-camp. What are they going to do with me?"

"Let this carriage pass, do you not see that there is a woman in it?" said André to the officer, who looked at him but made no answer, and turned to the soldier once more.

"So I should think, let you pass indeed! Back I say, hound!"

"Let him pass, I tell you," repeated Prince André.

"And who are you, I should like to know," said the officer insolently. "Are you the master here? I am master here, and you, do you hear? — you there, go back I say, or I will beat you as flat as a pancake . . ." the expression had evidently hit his fancy.

"Well done, the little aide-de-camp!" said a voice in the crowd.

The officer had reached the pitch of rage when a man is hardly aware of his actions and Prince André felt for an instant that his interference was verging on the ridiculous — the thing that, above all others he dreaded; but his instinct suddenly surging up, he too felt an impulse of mad rage; he went up to the officer and said with deliberate emphasis:

"Have the goodness to make way."

The officer hastened to draw back though with an angry gesture: "It always is the fault of the staff-officers; they make all the confusion and turmoil," he muttered. "Very well, go your own way."

Prince André also made haste; without looking at the surgeon's wife — who called him her deliverer, but thinking over the details of this absurd scene he cantered on to the village where, as he was told, the

commander-in-chief was to be found. There he got off his horse intending to get something to eat, and to rest a little while, so as to recover from the painful agitation of his mind and feelings. "It is a troop of banditti, it is not an army," he was saying to himself, when a familiar voice called him by name. He turned round, and at a little window perceived Nesvitsky who was munching something and gesticulating energetically:

"Bolkonsky, don't you hear me? Come here, come quickly."

He went into the house where he found Nesvitsky and another aide-de-camp at breakfast; they hastened to enquire, with much alarm, whether he had brought any news.

"Where is the commander-in-chief?" asked Bolkonsky.

"Here, in this house," said the aide-de-camp.

"Well, and is it true about the peace and capitulation?" asked Nesvitsky.

"You must tell me that, I know nothing about it. I have had the greatest difficulty in joining you."

"Oh! my dear fellow, what is going on is absolutely frightful — I cry *mea culpa* — we laughed at Mack, but our plight is worse than his. Sit down and eat some breakfast," added Nesvitsky.

"It is quite impossible, Prince, that you should now be able to discover your baggage-wagon and effects, as to your man Pierre, God knows what has become of him!"

"Where then are the headquarters?"

"We are to sleep at Znaïm."

"I," said Nesvitsky, "have loaded two horses with everything I most needed and have had capital pack-saddles made which will stand even a journey in the mountain roads of Bohemia. — It is a bad business, my good friend. — Are you ill? You are shivering I fancy."

"No, there is nothing the matter with me," replied Prince André. At that moment he recalled his meeting with the surgeon's wife and the officer in command of the train. "And what is the commander-in-chief doing here?"

"I have no idea," replied Nesvitsky.

"And I have only one; which is that the whole business is deplorable," said Prince André.

He went to see Koutouzow; as he went he noticed his carriage and the horses of his staff, tired out, and dead beat, surrounded by servants and Cossacks all talking at the top of their voices. Koutouzow was sitting with Bagration and Weirother, the Austrian general who now filled Schmidt's place. In the hall little Koslovsky, looking wan from late hours, was sitting on his heels and dictating some instructions to a secretary who hastily wrote them down, using a tub for a table. Koslovsky glanced up at the new-comer but could not spare time to bow.

"Next line — have you written? — The regiment of Kiew grenadiers; the regiment of. . . ."

"Impossible to keep up with Your Highness," said the secretary in a cross tone.

At this moment the eager and dissatisfied voice of the commander-in-chief was audible through the door, answered by another which was quite unknown to Bolkonsky. The noisiness of the discussion, Koslovsky's indifference, the incivility of the weary amanuensis, evidently quite exhausted, this strange scene with the tub for a writing-table close to the commander-in-chief, the uproarious laughter of the Cossacks just outside the window — all these details forced upon Prince André's mind the reality of some grave disaster. He besieged the aide-de-camp with questions.

"Directly, Prince," said the officer, "Bagration is in command of the troops."

"And the capitulation?"

"There is none; we are preparing for battle."

Just as Prince André was about to enter the adjoining room Koutouzow, with his aquiline nose and burly figure, appeared at the door. Prince André was in front of him but the commander-in-chief looked at him without recognition; the vague expression of his one eye showed that he was so absorbed by anxiety and worry as to be totally absent minded as to the outer world around him. "Is it done?" he asked Koslovsky.

"In a moment, Your Excellency."

Bagration had followed the commander-in-chief; he was a small, wiry man, still young, and his face, which was Oriental in character, commanded notice by its calm and firm expression.

"Your Excellency. . . ." and Prince André held out a packet to Koutouzow.

"Ah! from Vienna; very good. . . ." He left the room with Bagration; and they went out and stood on the steps.

"Good-bye then, Prince," he said to Bagration. "May the Lord have you in his keeping. Take my blessing on this great enterprise!"

His voice broke and his eyes were full of tears. He drew Bagration to him with his left hand, while with his right he made the sign of the cross on his forehead—a gesture he was wont to make use of; then he offered him his cheek, but Bagration threw his arms round his neck.

"The Lord be with you!" said Koutouzow, and he got into his carriage. "Come with me," he added to Bolkonsky.

"Your Excellency, I could wish to be of use here.—If you would allow me to remain under the orders of Prince Bagration. . . ."

"Get in," said Koutouzow, seeing his hesitancy. "I, too, want good officers. — If the tenth part of his division comes back to-morrow evening we may thank God!" he added, as if speaking to himself.

Prince André involuntarily looked round for a moment at Koutouzow's sightless eye and the scar on his temple, a double memorial of a Turkish bullet.

"Aye," said he to himself, "he has a right to talk so coolly of the death of so many men."

"That is the reason," he said aloud, "why I begged you to send me with them."

Koutouzow made no reply; he sat sunk in thought

and seemed to have forgotten what he had just said. Cradled on the cushions of his carriage in a minute he turned to Prince André a passive face in which it would have been vain to look for any trace of emotion, and with a great deal of subtle irony he incited Bolkonsky to tell him the history of his interview with the Emperor, the gossip of the Court as to the fight at Krems, and even questioned him about some ladies with whom they were both acquainted.

CHAPTER XVIII.

On the first of November Koutouzow had received information from one of his spies which led him to believe that his army was in a position of almost checkmate. The French, said this reporter, after crossing the bridge were marching on in considerable strength to intercept his junction with the reinforcements coming from Russia. If Koutouzow decided on remaining at Krems Napoleon's 150,000 men would cut off his communications by surrounding his exhausted force of about 40,000, and he would be in the same predicament as Mack at Ulm; if, on the other hand, he abandoned his hold on the main road of communication with Russia, his only resource was to retreat, constantly defending his rear, into the barren and unknown highlands of Bohemia, giving up all hope of effecting a

junction with Bouksevden. If, finally, he made up his mind to fall back from Krems on Olmütz and meet the reinforcements, he ran the risk of being intercepted by the French and forced to fight in the middle of his march, with all his baggage at his heels, against an enemy three times as strong, who could attack him on both flanks. This, however, was the alternative he accepted. He now heard that the French were making forced marches towards Znaim across his line of retreat but about a hundred versts (or about 66 miles *) ahead of him. To be outstripped by them was, for the Russians, the disgrace of Ulm, and the total loss of the army; their only hope of salvation was to reach Znaim first, and it was impossible to do this with a mass of 40,000 men; the road from Vienna to Znaim was better and less circuitous than that Koutouzow had before him from Krems.

On hearing this news he had sent off Bagration across the hills with the vanguard of 4,000 men to occupy the road from Vienna to Znaim. Bagration was charged to effect this without a halt, and place himself with Vienna in front of him and Znaim behind; and if his good star prevailed and he reached the spot first he was to delay the enemy as long as he could, while Koutouzow and the main force made their way to Znaim. Bagration having marched over thirty miles of mountainous country, devoid of roads, through a dark and stormy night, losing a third of his men in stragglers, brought out his famished and ill-shod army at Holla-

* A verst is 3500 feet, about ⅔ of a mile.

brünn, between Vienna and Znaim, some few hours before the French had reached the spot.

To give Koutouzow the twenty-four hours start which he needed to achieve his purpose these 4,000 men, worn out with fatigue, were to keep the enemy busy and so save the army—it was impossible. But capricious Fortune made the impossible possible. The success of the trick by which the French had taken possession of the bridge at Vienna without drawing swords suggested to Murat the idea of attempting a similar stroke with Koutouzow. When he met Bagration with his slender force he fancied that the whole Russian army was behind them, and being certain of crushing it as soon as his reinforcements should come up he proposed an armistice for three days, during which both parties were to remain where they were. To make quite sure of its acceptance he asserted that preliminaries of peace were certainly under discussion, and that it was useless to shed blood. General Nostitz, an Austrian, who held the advanced posts, took his word for it and, by retiring, left Bagration exposed. Another emissary carried the same false assurances to the Russian camp. Bagration, however, replied that he could neither accept nor refuse any terms, that he must refer everything to his commander-in-chief to whom he would send an aide-de-camp.

This proposal was the salvation of the army; Koutouzow at once despatched his aide-de-camp, Wintzengerode, to the enemy, charged, not merely to accept the armistice, but to discuss the terms of a capitulation.

At the same time he sent off instructions to the rear to hurry on the army, of whose movements the French were not aware as it was screened by Bagration's little force which held its position unflinchingly in the face of eight times its own numbers. Koutouzow's anticipations were justified; his proposals bound him to nothing, but gained him precious time; Murat's blunder could not fail to become evident. When Bonaparte—who was still at Schoenbrünn, about 16 miles from Hollabrünn—received Murat's despatch reporting the proposals for an armistice and a capitulation, he saw at once that the marshal had been duped and he wrote to him as follows:

"To Prince Murat.

"*Schoenbrünn*, 25 Brumaire, (16 Nov.) 1805.
[8 in the morning.]

"I cannot possibly find words to express my vexation. You command only the van and have no right to propose an armistice without my orders. You have made me lose the advantages of a whole campaign. Break the armistice at once, and march on the enemy. Have it explained to him that the general who signed the capitulation had no right to do so, that no one has the right but the Emperor of Russia.

"If, after all, the Emperor of Russia should sign the agreement I would ratify it, but it is simply a trick. March in and destroy the Russian army.— You are in a position to secure its baggage and artillery.

"The Russian aide-de-camp is a . . . officers count

for nothing when they have no powers, and this one had none. The Austrians were duped about the bridge at Vienna, but you have been duped by a Russian aide-de-camp.

NAPOLEON."

The aide-de-camp who acted as courier with this fulminating letter rode like mad. Napoleon himself, fearing lest his easy prey should escape him, came up with all his guards to give battle, while Bagration's 4,000 men were contentedly lighting their fires, and warming and drying themselves for the first time in three days; cooking their porridge, and not one of them dreaming of the storm that was about to overwhelm them.

Napoleon's aide-de-camp had not yet reached Murat when Prince André, having extracted the permission he desired from Koutouzow, reached Grounth, where he found Bagration, at about four in the afternoon. No one there knew anything about the progress of affairs outside; they talked of peace without believing in it, and of a battle, but with no idea that it was imminent. Bagration welcomed Koutouzow's favorite aide-de-camp with every mark of distinction and kindness; he told him that they were certain to come to blows ere long, and offered him the choice of attaching himself to the Commander's immediate following during the action, or of superintending the retreat of the rear, which was quite equally important.

"At the same time I do not expect an engagement

to-day," he added, as if to set Prince André's mind at ease while he said to himself: "If he is only a young puppy sent to the front to win a medal he will do that just as well by keeping in the rear, but if he chooses to stick by me, so much the better; a brave officer is never one too many."

Prince André gave no answer to either proposal but begged Bagration's permission to go over the ground and see how the troops were placed that he might know where he was in case of need. The officer on duty with the detachment, a handsome and remarkably elegant man with a large diamond on his forefinger, who spoke French readily but very badly, offered to guide him.

On all sides they saw officers, drenched to the skin, all searching for something, and soldiers dragging doors, palisades and benches.

"You see, Prince, we cannot succeed in getting rid of fellows like those," said the officer pointing to them and then to a vivandière's canteen. "The commanding officers are so weak; they allow them to collect here — I drove them all away this morning and the place is full again. One moment, excuse me, and I will clear them out."

"Let us go in," said Bolkonsky, "and I will get a bit of bread and cheese, I have had no time to eat."

"If you had told me I would have offered you a share of my bread and salt."

They dismounted and went into the vivandière's

tent where a party of officers, looking weary but excited, were eating and drinking.

"For God's sake, gentlemen!" said Bolkonsky's companion, in a tone of emphatic reproof which showed that it was not the first time he had spoken, "you know that the Prince has forbidden your leaving your posts and assembling here . . ." He turned to an artillery officer — a little man, very lean and slovenly, who had risen at their entrance with an awkward smile, having taken off his boots for the woman to get them dried. "You, too, Captain Tonschine! Are you not ashamed of yourself? As an artillery officer you ought to set an example, and here you are with no boots; if the alarm should be sounded a pretty figure you would cut, barefoot. Come, gentlemen, you will have the goodness to return to your posts," he added in a tone of command.

Prince André could not help smiling as he looked at Tonschine who stood silent and smiling, and lifting first one foot and then the other while his genial and intelligent eyes looked from one to another.

"The men say that it is more comfortable to go barefoot," replied Tonschine humbly, trying to get out of his scrape by a laugh, but finding his sally ill-received he looked uncomfortable.

"Back to your posts, gentlemen," repeated the staff-officer, doing all he could to keep his countenance.

Prince André cast a parting glance at the artillery-man whose comical individuality was of a peculiar

type — anything rather than military, but curiously attractive.

Once outside the village, after passing and meeting soldiers and officers of every class they saw on their left the entrenchments — earth-works of red clay — which the men were still busied in throwing up. Some battalions, in shirt sleeves in spite of a bitter north wind, were working like a swarm of ants. Having inspected these they galloped on and up the opposite slope. From the rising ground they could see the French.

"That is our battery over there, under our queer barefoot friend; we will go there, Prince, it is our highest point and we shall see better."

"A thousand thanks, but I can find my way alone," said Prince André, to be rid of his escort "Do not trouble yourself any further I beg . . . ." And they parted.

At between six and seven miles from the French camp, on the road from Znaim which Bolkonsky had ridden over that morning, a scene of indescribable confusion was going on, and at Grounth the air seemed full of anxiety and unusual excitement; but here, much closer to the foe, he was glad to see the good order and confident feeling that prevailed. The soldiers, each in his grey capote, stood in well-formed ranks before the captain and sergeant-major who were counting the men, laying a finger on each man's breast and making the last man of each little division hold up his hand. Some, who had been told off to fetch wood and brushwood to build huts, were laughing and chatting; groups had

gathered round the fires — some dressed while some were half-stripped, drying their shirts, mending their boots or their coats, squatting round the kettles and the cooks. In one company the stew was ready and the eager men watched the steam with greedy eyes, while a sergeant carried a basin-full to be tasted by the officer who sat on a log in front of his shanty.

The men of another and a luckier company — for they had not all a store of brandy — stood crowding round their sergeant, a broad-shouldered fellow marked with the small-pox, who poured for each a dram into the lid of his can, tilting his little barrel. The soldiers lifted it reverently to their lips, rolled it round in their mouths, wiped their lips on their sleeves and, after covering their cans again, went off in the best temper and spirits. They were all so cool that it was difficult to believe that the enemy was close by. They seemed to be resting in a quiet halting-place in their own country rather than on the eve of a struggle in which half of them perhaps would be left on the field. Prince André rode past the regiment of *chasseurs* and came to the serried ranks of the Kiew grenadiers; these, though they had all their habitual martial neatness, were as peacefully employed as the rest; but he observed at a short distance from the taller hut of the officer in command, a knot of soldiers standing by a man who was stretched naked on the ground. Two held him down, two others whipped him on the back in regular time with thin, elastic canes. The victim cried out piteously, but a burly major, marching up and

down in front of the detachment, took no heed of his howling and only said again and again: "It is a disgrace to a soldier to steal, a soldier must be honest and brave: if he robs his comrades it shows that he has no sense of honor, that he is a mean wretch — Go on! go on! . . ." And the switching and the howling continued.

A young officer who had just turned away his face, betraying some involuntary compassion, looked up in surprise at the aide-de-camp as he rode by.

Prince André having reached the outposts inspected the position with care. The enemy's sharp-shooters were parted from the Russians by a considerable space at each end of the line, but in the middle, where the envoys had crossed in the morning, they were so near each other that the men could see each other's faces and exchange speech. Several inquisitive natives had mingled with the soldiers to examine this unknown and foreign foe, and though they were bidden again and again to quit the spot they remained as if nailed to it. The Russians were very soon tired of the amusement; they did not look at the French but passed their time when on duty in cutting jokes on the new-comers.

Bolkonsky pulled up to study the enemy.

"Look, look!" cried one sentry to another, pointing to a third who had gone forward beyond the line and was carrying on a lively conversation with a French grenadier — "just see how he gabbles it out; the Frenchman cannot get a word in."

"What do you say to that, Siderow?"

"Stop — let me listen. — The devil! how he goes at it!" said Siderow, who was supposed to speak French well.

The soldier they were admiring was Dologhow; he and his captain had come up from the left flank where their regiment was.

"Bravo, encore!" said the captain, leaning forward and trying not to lose a word though it was all perfectly unintelligible to him. — "Go on, talk faster! .... What does he want?"

Dologhow, who had plunged into a hot discussion, made no reply. They were talking of the campaign: the Frenchman, mixing up the Russians with the Austrians, maintained that they had surrendered and abandoned Ulm, while Dologhow tried to prove to him that the Russians had beaten the French and had not given in: "And if we are told to clear you away from here we will do it," he added.

"You had better take care that when we go we do not take you with us, you and all your Cossacks," retorted the Frenchman, and his audience laughed.

"We will make you jump, as Souvorow did," answered Dologhow.

"What nonsense is he talking?" asked a Frenchman.

"Ancient history!" sneered another, perceiving that the reference was to a past war.

"Our Emperor will teach you Souvara as he has taught others. . . ."

"What, Bonaparte?" said Dologhow, but the excited Frenchman interrupted him.

"There is no Bonaparte — there is the Emperor, *sacré nom!*"

"Go to the devil with your Emperor. . . ." And Dologhow, swearing soldiers' oaths in Russian, hoisted his gun on to his shoulder and walked away saying to his captain:

"Come along, Ivan Loukitch."

"So much for his French!" said the soldiers laughing. "Now, Siderow, it is your turn."

Siderow, with a sly wink addressed the Frenchmen, pouring forth a torrent of gibberish: "*cari, mata tafa, safi, murter, casca,*" trying to throw great expression into his voice. A Homeric roar rose up, such a jolly, hearty laugh that the French caught the infection. A looker-on might have supposed that there was nothing more to do but to fire the guns in the air and go home; but the guns were not discharged, the loop-holes in the houses and the outworks looked as sinister as ever, and the cannons placed in position and pointing at the enemy did not stir from their ominous guard.

CHAPTER XIX.

After riding along the front to the left flank Bolkonsky went up to the battery whence, as the staff-officer had told him, he could get a view of the whole ground. He got off his horse and stood at the end of the

battery close to the fourth and last piece. The man on guard was going to present arms, but the aide-de-camp gave him a negative sign, and he resumed his regular walk. Behind the guns were the gun-carriages, and further off the horses were picketed and the bivouac fires were blazing. To the left at a short distance, a little hut had been constructed of wattles, within which the eager voices of several officers could be heard.

He could, in fact, survey from this battery almost all the Russian troops and the larger part of the enemy's. On a hill in front of him the village of Schöngraben stood out against the sky; to the right and left, in three separate divisions, the French could be seen in the midst of their reeking fires, but the greater portion were collected in the village and behind the hill. To the left of the houses, through clouds of smoke, a dark mass was discernible, which might be a battery but which was quite indistinct to the naked eye. The Russian right lay distributed over a moderately high ridge, commanding the enemy and held by the infantry and dragoons who could be clearly made out along the top. From the centre, occupied by Tonschine's battery and where Prince André was now standing, a road down an easy slope, led straight to the stream which divided the Russian position from Schöngraben. On their left wing the Russians occupied the ground to the skirt of the forest, and the trees at the edge of it were lighted up in the distance by the fires made by the infantry. The enemy's front was the more extensive and it was very evident that he could turn the Russians on both flanks,

while a ravine ending in a precipitous gully made any retreat difficult for cavalry and artillery. Prince André, leaning against a cannon, hastily sketched, on a scrap of paper torn from his note-book, the position of the troops, specially noting two points to which he intended to direct Bagration's attention: in the first place the concentration of all the artillery in the centre and in the second the transfer of the infantry to the other side of the ravine. Prince André having been the constant companion of the commander-in-chief from the beginning of the campaign had acquired practice in apprehending the moving of masses and the judicious distribution of the forces. He had carefully studied historical narratives of battles, and in the engagement now imminent he grasped only the main features, involuntarily reflecting on their bearing on the general conduct of the action. "If the enemy attacks the right wing," he said to himself, "the Kiew grenadiers and the Podolie chasseurs must defend their positions till they can be supported by the reserves in the centre, and then the dragoons can make a flank movement and cut them to pieces. If they attack the centre, which is covered by the principal battery, we can concentrate the left flank on this height and retire in good order to the ravine." — As he made these reflections he could still hear the voices in the officers' hut, though without paying the slightest attention to what they were saying. One, however, caught his ear by its honest ring, and he involuntarily listened: "No, my dear fellow," said the attractive voice, which he fancied he knew, "what I

say is that if we only knew what awaits us after death not one of us would be afraid of it; that is the fact, my dear fellow."

"Well, afraid or not," said a younger voice, "it is the same thing in the end; we cannot escape it."

"No, but meanwhile we are afraid."

"Oh, you know all about it of course!" came from a deeper throat. "You artillery men are so cock-sure only because you always have your brandy and rations handy."

An infantry man's jest no doubt.

"Yes; and yet we are afraid," the first voice began again, "afraid of the unknown, that is what it is! It is all very well to say that the soul goes up to Heaven. We know very well that there is no such thing as Heaven, nothing but space above us."

"Come, Tonschine, give us a share of your absinthe," said the heavier voice.

"Then it is the little captain I saw without his boots in the vivandière's tent," thought Bolkonsky, pleased to recognize the voice of the philosopher.

"Absinthe, to be sure, why not?" said Tonschine. "As to understanding the life to come . . . ." He did not finish the sentence, for at this moment a hissing whistle clove the air and a ball, rushing down with giddy swiftness, plunged into the ground, flinging up the soil, at two yards from the hut; the shock shook the earth. Tonschine rushed out with his pipe in his mouth; his kindly, bright face was rather pale. After him came the infantry officer of the bass voice, button-

ing his jacket as he ran off, full tilt, to join his company.

Prince André remounted, and stood by the battery seeking all round the wide horizon the piece which had fired the ball. He could detect a sort of undulation among the masses of French, which till now had remained motionless, and made out the position of the battery he had suspected. Two men on horseback were galloping down the mountain side, and at the foot a small column of the enemy were advancing, evidently for the purpose of strengthening the outposts. The smoke of the first shot had not dispersed before a second cloud puffed up and another roar was heard: the action had begun. Prince André rushed off, full speed, towards Grounth to join Prince Bagration. The cannonade grew in violence behind him, and the Russians were answering. Below, where the envoys had met, a brisk fusillade was going on.

Lemarrois had just delivered Napoleon's irate letter to Murat. Murat, ashamed of having been duped and only anxious to win forgiveness, at once marched his troops down on the Russian centre, hoping to turn both flanks at once and to demolish the small division that opposed him before nightfall, and before the arrival of Bonaparte.

"It has begun!" said Prince André to himself. "But where am I to find my Toulon?"

As he rode through the companies which, only a quarter of an hour ago, had been quietly eating their soup, he found them everywhere astir; the soldiers

seizing their muskets and falling into their ranks, while the excitement he felt at the bottom of his heart was plainly legible on their faces. Like him, they, too, seemed to be saying with mixed emotions of dread and gladness: "It has begun!"

At a short distance from the unfinished earthworks he saw, through the dusk of a misty autumn evening, several officers on horseback, riding towards him. The foremost, wrapped in a *bourka* * was on a white horse; this was Bagration himself, who recognized Bolkonsky and nodded to him. Bolkonsky drew up to wait for him and report on what he had seen. As he listened Bagration gazed before him, and Prince André could not help wondering with uneasy curiosity as he studied the details of his face—with its strongly-marked features, and half-shut, vague, dreamy eyes—what thoughts and feelings lay hidden behind that impenetrable mask?

"Very good," he said bowing acquiescence, as though he had foreseen everything Prince André could tell him. Prince André, out of breath with the pace he had been making, talked volubly, while Prince Bagration accented all his words, dropping them slowly, in Eastern fashion, from his lips. He put spurs to his horse, but without the slightest appearance of precipitancy, and rode towards Tonschine's battery, followed by his suite which consisted of a staff-officer, of his personal aide-de-camp, of Prince André, Gerkow, an orderly, the staff-officer on duty and a civil official em-

* A *bourka* is a hooded coat of woollen stuff. In French *caban*.

ployed as auditor, who, out of sheer curiosity, had asked and obtained permission to look on at a battle. This burly, round-faced civilian, seated on a pack saddle and jolted by his steed, in his thick camlet cloak, looked about with a placid, greenhorn smile, a queer figure in the midst of the hussars, Cossacks and aides-de-camp.

"To think that he should want to see a battle!" said Gerkow to Bolkonsky, pointing out the civilian. "Why his stomach turns already."

"Come now, you might spare me," said the stranger, who seemed very well content to be the butt of Gerkow's jokes, and tried to look more obtuse than he really was.

"Very amusing, *mon monsieur Prince*," said the officer on duty; he remembered that in speaking French the title must be preceded by another word, but could not hit it quite rightly. They were near Tonschine's battery when a ball fell at a short distance.

"What was that?" asked the civilian.

"A French pancake," replied Gerkow.

"That is what kills men then?" said the other. "Heavens! This is very alarming!" he added lightly.

He had hardly spoken when a terrific, an appalling whistle rang through the air. A Cossack slipped off his horse and fell a little way to the right of the speaker. Gerkow and the officer on duty bent low pulling their horses aside. The civilian stopped, looking with curious contemplation at the Cossack; he was dead; his horse was still struggling.

Bagration glanced over his shoulder, and guessing the cause of the commotion coolly turned away, as much as to say: "It is not worth while to be worried about such trifles."

He drew up, however, and leaning over like a good horseman as he was, he disengaged his sword which had caught in his cloak. It was an old sword, unlike those commonly worn, a present from Souvorow in Italy. Prince André, remembering this circumstance, accepted it as a good omen.

When they reached the battery Bagration asked the gunner in charge of the ammunition: "Whose company?" But he looked rather as if he were asking: "Are you not a little frightened?"

The man read it so.

"Captain Tonschine's company, Your Excellency," he answered jovially — he was a red-haired fellow.

"Very good, very good," replied Bagration. He was riding along by the gun-carriages to reach the furthest field-piece when it rang out with a deafening roar, and in the midst of the smoke that hung round it he could see the men that served the gun toiling and struggling to get it back into its place. Then gunner No. 1, who held the ramrod, stood back by the wheel, while No. 2, with a trembling hand, put in the charge. Tonschine, a short square figure, stood tottering on the carriage and gazing into the distance, shading his eyes with his hands.

"Two lines higher will do it," he called out in his piping voice, to which he tried to give a military se-

verity that ill matched his appearance. "No. 2— Fire!"

Bagration called the little captain who at once came up, saluting shyly and awkwardly, with his three fingers raised to his cap, more like a priest giving a blessing than a soldier's salute. Instead of sweeping the low ground, as had been intended, the guns were throwing shell into the village of Schöngraben, in front of which the enemy were swarming like ants.

No one had given Tonschine any orders as to where or what he was to fire; but having taken council of his sergeant-major Zakartchenko, for whose opinion he had a great respect, they had agreed that the best thing would be to try to set the village on fire.

"Very good," said Bagration, after listening to his account and examining the field of action. From the foot of the slope where the Kiew regiment was stationed, came up the mutter and rattle of musketry; further to the right, behind the dragoons, a column of the enemy could be seen turning the Russian flank; to the left the forest bounded the horizon.

Prince Bagration ordered two battalions from the centre to be sent up to support the right flank; the staff-officer took the liberty of representing that in that case the battery would be exposed on that side. Bagration looked once more and said nothing; the observation was correct: there was nothing to be said. At this instant an aide-de-camp came up at full gallop from the officer in command of the regiment that was fighting down by the river. He reported that enor-

mous masses of French were in motion across the low ground, that his regiment was scattered and that he was about to retire and join the Kiew grenadiers. Bagration signed consent and approbation. Then, he slowly went off to the right, sending an order to the dragoons to attack at once; about half an hour later his messenger came back to say that the dragoons had already retired to the other side of the ravine in order to avoid the terrific fire and useless loss of life; they were sending out sharp-shooters among the brushwood.

"Very good," said Bagration once more, and he quitted the battery.

Firing could be heard in the forest; the left flank was too distant for the commander-in-chief to reach it in time, so he sent off Gerkow to desire the general in command — the very man whose regiment had been reviewed at Braunau by Koutouzow — to retire as fast as possible beyond the ravine as the right flank would not long be able to hold out against the enemy. Thus, Tonschine was forgotten and his battery left exposed and unprotected.

Prince André listened carefully to the remarks that passed between the commander-in-chief and the different commanding officers, and to the orders that were given.

He was surprised to find that Bagration, in fact, never gave an order, but merely tried to give the impression that his own intentions had been implicitly carried out when, in reality, all that was done was the outcome of circumstances, of the resolution of his sub-

ordinates, or the caprices of chance. Nevertheless—and in spite of the unsatisfactory turn that events were taking and that he had not expected—Prince André was obliged to confess that his chief's perfect tact made his presence most valuable. The mere sight of him restored confidence to those who came up to him with grieved and anxious looks; officers and soldiers alike saluted him cheerfully, and spurred each other on to display all their courage in his presence. Prince Bagration mounted to the highest shoulder of the Russian ridge on the right and rode down into the plain, where the firing never ceased, and where he and his suite were presently wrapped in the dense cloud of smoke which hid the scene from their ken. At every step, though they could see nothing distinctly, they felt that they were getting nearer to the heart of the struggle. They met wounded men; one of them, who had lost his shako and whose head was wounded, was being dragged along supported by two soldiers; he was vomiting blood and his breath rattled: the bullet had, no doubt, gone into his mouth or throat. Another had dropped his gun and was striding bravely along, looking more scared than hurt, but wringing his smashed hand from the keen, unaccustomed smart, while the blood ran down over his coat. After crossing the high-road they went down a scarped incline where several men had fallen, and further on were met by some more soldiers, unhurt, but shouting and gesticulating in spite of the general's presence. At a few paces off the lines of grey coats could be distinguished through the smoke,

and an officer, seeing Bagration, ran to the men who were following him and desired them to return at once.

The commander-in-chief went down to the ranks; the incessant snap of shots rose above the hum of voices and the word of command. The men's eager faces were blackened with gunpowder; some were ramming the charge home, others were pouring powder into the pan or taking cartridges out of their pouches; others again were firing at random, through the dense cloud of smoke that hung motionless in the air. Now and again, at short intervals, a sharp disagreeable whiz, unlike any other sound, jarred painfully on the ear.

"What is going on here?" thought Prince André, approaching this mob. "They are not skirmishers for they form in a mass; it is not an attack, for they are standing still, nor, on the other hand, is it a square . . ."

The commanding officer, a lean and frail-looking old man with heavy eyelids that almost hid his eyes, met Prince Bagration with a genial smile as if he were receiving a welcome guest. He explained that his regiment had been attacked by the French cavalry and had repulsed them, but with the loss of more than half its number. He used military language in calling the fray that had just taken place an attack, though, in point of fact, he had no clear idea of the position of his troops during the last half-hour, or whether the attack had been repulsed, or his regiment broken through. Nothing was certain but the hail of bullets and grenades which had incessantly decimated his men ever since they had

begun fighting at the cry of: "Here comes the cavalry!" The cry was the signal for a general mêlée and they had fired, not indeed on the cavalry, but on the French infantry who had been seen in the valley.

Prince Bagration again nodded approbation of the report, as though it were all he could wish, and just what he had foreseen. Then turning to his aide-de-camp, he desired him to fetch down from the height the two battalions of the sixth chasseurs whom he had seen as he rode past. At this moment Bolkonsky was struck by the change that had taken place in his chief's face: it expressed decision and self-reliance — the look of a man who takes a run and a leap to plunge into cool waters on a hot summer-day. The vague, sleepy gaze, the deceptive mask affecting to cover deep calculations, had vanished; his hawk's eyes, round and determined, looked up brightly without fixing on anything, with a sort of contemptuous enthusiasm, while his movements were as deliberate and methodical as ever. The general begged him to withdraw as the spot was a perilous one: "In Heaven's name, Your Excellency! Only look!" for the bullets were singing and rattling on every side.

He spoke with the persuasive tone of remonstrance that a carpenter might use who saw his master trying to use a hatchet: "As for us, we are used to it — but you will get corns on your hands."

He himself seemed confident that the bullets would respect him, and the staff-officer vainly added his entreaties. Bagration, instead of answering them, ordered

that the men should stop firing and form in ranks to make way for the battalions who were advancing. Even while he was speaking it seemed as though some invisible hand on the left were raising a corner of the curtain of smoke that shrouded the distance; every one looked at the hill, which was gradually unveiled before their eyes, and which the enemy were steadily descending. Already the fur hats of the grenadiers were recognizable, the officers could be distinguished from the rank and file and the flag could be seen hanging in heavy folds round the staff.

"How well they march!" said a voice in Bagration's suite. The head of the column had now reached the bottom of the ravine and on that side of the slope a collision was imminent.

The remains of the regiment that had stood the brunt of the attack hastily re-formed and went off to the right, while the two battalions of sixth light infantry came on with a heavy, regular, rhythmical tramp, driving the stragglers before them. On the left, nearest to Bagration, marched the captain in command; a man of splendid physique with a broad face and dull, self-satisfied expression — the man who had rushed out of the hut with Tonschine. It was evident that he had but one idea: that of marching past his chief with an effective swagger. Balancing himself steadily on his big feet, he walked bolt upright without the slightest effort, holding his short sword with its slender curved blade naked in his hand; he looked now at the prince and now at his men, without ever losing step, and re-

peated as he strode on, turning his strong, supple form: "Left, left, left."—The moving wall of men marched in time, and each face, all grave, all different, weighted as it were by the gun and knapsack, seemed, like him, to express but one idea and to be repeating after him: "Left, left, left! . . ."

A breathless sergeant lost step in getting round a bush in the path; a straggler, frightened at his own heedlessness, was running to catch up his company.

A ball came singing over the heads of Bagration and his staff, and fell in the middle of the column, a grim accompaniment to the steady: "Left, left, left!. . ."

"Close up the ranks," shouted the captain with a swagger; the soldiers parted as they went past the spot where the ball had fallen, and an old sergeant with many stripes, who had been left behind in charge of the killed, fell into the ranks and caught up the step with anxious haste; the word of command: "Left, left, left," again gave time to the regular tramp of the soldiers, a voice from the ominous silence.

"You have come through it like men, my children!" said Bagration. "Glad to have had the trouble!"* rose from each detachment in turn. One sullen man looked up at the general as much as to say: "We know that as well as you do," and another, without looking round for fear of losing step, opened his mouth wide and shouted.

The word was given to halt and unstrap their knap-

* This response is required of the soldiers in the Russian army when thanked or praised by their commander.

sacks. Bagration rode down the ranks that had just marched past him, got off his horse, threw the bridle to his Cossack, gave him his bourka to hold, and stretched his legs. At this instant the front of the French column, with the officers leading, appeared from behind the hill.

"Forward! and God help you!" cried Bagration in a firm clear voice; he glanced round at the men and went forward himself on the uneven ground, with the rolling gait of a cavalry officer on foot. Prince André was carried away by an irresistible impulse; he felt perfectly happy.*

The French were not far off; he could see their faces, their belts and red epaulettes, and an old officer painfully climbing the height — his feet turned out and he wore gaiters. A shot — another — a third, and the hostile lines were shrouded in smoke, the battle had begun again. Some of the Russians fell, and among them the officer who had been at such pains to cut a figure in the eyes of his superiors. At the crack of the first shot Bagration shouted hurrah! And a prolonged cheer had answered him all along the line; the soldiers, outstripping their officers and each other, rushed triumphantly in pursuit of the French whose ranks had given way.

The attack of the 6th chasseurs had covered the re-

* Monsieur Thiers gives the following account of this collision: "A rare thing in battle, the two masses of infantry marched resolutely to meet each other, neither giving way, till they were within range . . . The Russians bore themselves valiantly."

treat of the right flank. In the centre, the conflagration caused at Schöngraben by Tonschine and his neglected battery checked the progress of the French who stopped to put out the fire which the wind fanned and spread, thus giving the Russians time to retire; the retreat of the centre across the ravine was effected with much noise and hurry, though in very good order. The left flank, however, consisting of the Azow and Podolie regiments, which had been attacked at the same time and surrounded by superior numbers under Lannes, had completely given way.

Bagration sent Gerkow to instruct the general in command to retire at once. Gerkow, saluting with his finger-tips, set off at a smart gallop, but he had hardly started when his courage failed him; seized by an insane fit of fright he could by no effort persuade himself to meet the danger; not venturing within range of the firing he looked for the general and the other officers where they could not possibly be — of course the order was never delivered.

The officer in command of the left flank was by seniority and rank the chief of the regiment we saw arrive at Braunau, in which Dologhow was serving, while the extreme left was commanded by a colonel of the Pavlograd regiment, to which Rostow belonged. These two officers were excessively angry with each other, and this occasioned a misunderstanding; they were still losing time in abusive recrimination when fighting had long since begun on the right flank, and the French were beginning to give way. The cavalry and light in-

fantry regiment were in no condition to take part in the engagement, and from the general to the private, no one expected to be called upon: the infantry were quietly making their fires and the cavalry finding forage.

"Your chief is my senior in rank," said the German officer in command of the hussars to the aide-de-camp of the light infantry regiment; his face was purple with rage. "He may do as he pleases; I will not sacrifice my men. Buglers, sound a retreat!"

However, the battle waxed hot; cannon and musketry roared and rattled; in the centre and on the right Lannes' skirmishers were crossing the mill-dam and forming just beyond gun-shot range along the Russian flank. The infantry general clambered heavily into his saddle, and drawing himself up to his full height, rode off to speak to the colonel of cavalry. The extreme politeness of their manner concealed their animosity.

"Really, Colonel, I cannot leave half my men in the wood. I beg of you. . . ." and he emphasized the word — "I beg of you to occupy the ground and be prepared for an attack."

"And I beg of you to mind your own business; if you were a cavalry officer. . . ."

"I am not in the cavalry, Colonel, but I am a Russian general; if you do not know it. . . ."

"I know it perfectly well, Your Excellency," said the other, digging his spurs into his horse and turning red.—"Would you like to come with me to inspect the outposts! Then you would see for yourself that the

position is untenable; I have no fancy to see my men massacred to please you."

"You forget yourself, Colonel; it is not to please me, and I cannot allow you to say so. . . ."

The general accepted this challenge to a test of courage: his breast swelling and his brows fiercely knit he went forward with the colonel to the line of skirmishers, as if their disagreement could only be settled under fire. Having got so far they stopped in silence while a few bullets whistled over their heads. There was nothing fresh to be seen, for the impossibility of manœuvring cavalry in the midst of rifts and brushwood was as obvious from the spot they had left as the movement of the French to surround the left wing. The two officers looked at each other like two game-cocks about to fight, each waiting in vain for the other to show a sign of yielding. They both stood the test with honor and might have prolonged it for an indefinite period out of bravado, neither being willing to give in first, if, at this instant, a sharp volley and a confused outcry had not rung out close behind them.

The French had fallen on a fatigue party who were collecting firewood; the question as to whether the hussars should retire with the infantry was thus settled, for their retreat was cut off on the left by the enemy's outposts, and they had no choice but to attack and force a passage, in spite of the difficulties of the broken ground.

Rostow's squadron had barely time to mount; they were just in front of the enemy, and, as on the bridge at Enns, there was nothing between them and the foe but

that space, that gulf of terror and the unknown between the living and the dead, of which each was instinctively conscious as he wondered whether he would be one of those to cross it safe and sound!

The colonel rode to the front, answering the officers' questions with ill-temper; he flung out an order, evidently determined to go his own way. Nothing very clear was known, but something in the air gave warning of an attack and suddenly the word came: "Fall in!" and the clash of unsheathing sabres. No one stirred: the indecision of the commanding officers was so apparent that it soon infected the troops, infantry and cavalry alike.

"Oh! if only it would come quicker, quicker," thought Rostow, feeling the moment of attack at hand — that supreme and triumphant joy of which he had so often heard his comrades speak.

"Forward and God be with you, lads!" cried Denissow. The horses' haunches rose and fell; the "Crow" tossed his bridle and cantered off.

On Rostow's right were the foremost ranks of his hussars; in front of him a dark line, too far off to be distinctly visible, but which he knew to be the enemy. The crack of muskets in the distance.

"Charge!" And Rostow felt his blood fire in sympathy with his excited charger. A tree standing alone, which to his fancy had seemed to mark that mysterious line, was left behind them: "Well, we have passed it, and there is nothing terrible about it; on the contrary, it is livelier and more amusing every moment. Oh! how

I will slash at them!" he muttered to himself, and he gripped the hilt of his sword.

A tremendous hurrah was shouted behind him. "Only let me get at them!" And giving his horse a lift he spurred him to top-speed; the enemy were in sight. Suddenly a tremendous crack of whips lashed the whole line — Rostow raised his hand to strike with his sword, but at the same moment he saw Nikitenka, the man who was riding in front of him, gallop off out of sight, and he felt himself rushing on at a giddy pace, as if in a dream, without moving from the spot. A hussar flew past and looked at him with a gloomy face.

"What is happening? — I am not moving; have I had a fall? — Am I dead?"

Questions and answers buzzed in his brain. He was alone in the midst of a field; no frenzied horses, no hussars, nothing to be seen anywhere but the still earth and the short stubble. Something warm — blood — was flowing round him.

"No, I am only hurt; my horse is killed."

The "Crow" tried to get on to his feet, but fell back with all his weight on his rider; a stream of blood was flowing from his head, and he struggled in vain efforts to rise. Rostow attempting to get up also fell back; his sash had caught on the saddle.

"Where are our men? Where are the French?"

He could not imagine — not a soul was to be seen.

Having succeeded in freeing himself from the weight of his horse he got on his feet; where now was the line that so clearly divided the armies?

"Something serious must have happened to me. Is this always the way I wonder? What ought I to do next?" He felt a strange heaviness about his left arm; it was quite numb, and his wrist did not seem to belong to him, still there was no sign of blood on his hand.

"Ah! here are some men at last, they will help me," he thought with much joy. The foremost of the men who were running towards him, a weather-beaten sunburnt fellow with a hooked nose, wore a blue cloak and a shako of foreign shape; one of them spoke a few words in a language which was not Russian. Some others, dressed in the same fashion, were leading a hussar of his own regiment.

"A prisoner no doubt — but will they take me, too?" said Rostow to himself, hardly believing his eyes. "Are they French?"

He looked sharply at the party as they drew nearer, and in spite of his recent valiant fit and wish to exterminate them all their vicinity froze him with fear.

"Where are they going? — Are they coming after me? — Will they kill me? — Oh! why — me? — everyone loves me . . . ." And the affection that his mother, his family, everyone had shown him, rose up in his mind to make the idea seem monstrous.

He stood rooted to the spot, not fully understanding the predicament: the hook-nosed Frenchman, his queer face flushed with running, as Rostow could already make out, was coming straight at him with his bayonet fixed. Rostow clutched at his pistol, but instead of firing at his foe he flung it at his head with all his

strength, took to his heels, and ran as fast as he could to hide among the brushwood.

The impulse of pugnacity and enthusiasm that he had felt on the bridge at Enns was utterly extinct; he ran like a hare with the dogs at her heels; the instinct of preserving his young and happy life possessed him wholly and lent him wings. Leaping ditches, skipping over furrows with all the nimbleness of his boyhood, he constantly turned his pale, sweet face to look behind him while a shudder of fear spurred him to fly faster.

"It is better not to look back," he thought; but when he reached the first bushes he stopped. The Frenchmen were far behind and the one who was pursuing him was going slower and seemed to be calling his companions.

"It is impossible, they cannot want to kill me," said the lad to himself.

But his arm grew heavier every minute; he could have believed he had a hundred-weight to carry — he could drag himself no further. The Frenchman was aiming at him, he shut his eyes and ducked: a bullet, another, whistled past his ears. Then, collecting all his remaining strength and carrying his left wrist in his right hand, he scrambled on through the bushes. There was safety — there were the Russian sharpshooters.

The infantry taken by surprise in the wood had rushed out in hot haste and in complete confusion. A

scared soldier had spoken the words of such terrible significance in war: "We are cut off."

A panic spread through the whole mass: "Surrounded, cut off, lost!" cried the fugitives.

At the first sound of firing and the first outcry the general understood that something terrible had happened. Struck with the thought that he—a punctilious officer, for so many years an exemplary soldier—might possibly be accused by his superiors of negligence and indifference, he grasped the bow of his saddle, and forgetful of the danger, spurred his horse to a gallop and set off to join his regiment, under a storm of bullets which fortunately did not even graze him. He had but one wish: to ascertain what had occurred, to repair the error if it should be attributed to him, and escape all blame—he who could show twenty-two years of untarnished service!

When he had thus happily crossed the enemy's line of fire, on the other side of the wood he fell into the midst of the fugitives who were dispersing in every direction, and deaf to every word of command. It was the critical moment of moral vacillation which decides the issue of a battle. Would these frenzied troops obey the hitherto respected voice of their commander, or would they persist in flight? In spite of his despairing appeals, his face of fury, his threatening demonstrations, the men ran and still ran, firing in the air without looking back. Their fate was sealed: the balance at that doubtful crisis had been struck on the side of terror.

The general was nearly choking with shouting, the

smoke blinded him; in his despair he did not even stir. All seemed lost, when suddenly the French in pursuit, without any apparent reason, turned round and fled back to the forest where the Russian skirmishers were now to be seen. It was Timokhine's company: he alone had succeeded in keeping his men in good order and had entrenched himself in the ditch at the edge of the wood whence he had attacked the French in their rear; Timokhine, flourishing his short sword, had rushed upon the foe with such terrific impetus and such rash courage that the French in their turn took flight and fled, throwing away their guns. Dologhow, who ran, too, and kept up with him, shot one point-blank, and was the first to seize an officer who surrendered at once. The Russian fugitives paused, the battalions formed again and the enemy, within an ace of cutting through the left wing, were driven back.

The commanding officer of the regiment was on the bridge with Major Ekonomow, watching the filing off of the companies as they retired, when a private came close up to his horse, pressing against him; the man held an officer's sword; he had on a dark blue, French capote and a French cartridge-pouch and shoulder belt; his head was bandaged and he had lost his shako and knapsack; there was a smile on his pale face and his blue eyes looked proudly up at his chief who could not forbear paying him some attention though he was engaged in giving orders to Ekonomow.

"Your Excellency, two trophies," said Dologhow, holding up the sword and the pouch. "I took an officer

prisoner — I stopped the advance of a company. . . ." His short, panting breath betrayed his exhaustion; he spoke in jerks. "All my company will bear me witness; please to remember it, Your Excellency!"

"Very good, all right," replied the general, still listening to the major.

Dologhow, untying the handkerchief pulled him by the sleeve, and pointing to the clots of blood in his hair: "A bayonet wound," he added. "I was in front — don't forget me, Your Excellency!"

As has been said Tonschine's battery had been completely forgotten; but, towards the end of the battle, Prince Bagration, hearing the cannon still thundering away at the centre, despatched first the staff-officer on duty and then Prince André to order Tonschine to retire as soon as possible. The two battalions which had been placed to defend the battery had been moved away, in obedience to an order of which Tonschine knew not the source, to take part in the fighting; still the battery kept up its fire. The French, deceived by this vigorous display, and fancying that the main strength of the enemy was concentrated on that side, tried three times to take the battery but were driven back each time by the grape-shot that poured from the mouths of these four solitary cannon left on these heights.

Not long after Bagration's visit of inspection Tonschine had succeeded in setting fire once more to the village of Schöngraben.

"Look what a blaze! and what a smoke! — See

them run!" said the gunners, delighted at their success. All the pieces were directed on the village and every hit was hailed with shouts of triumph. The flames, driven by the wind, spread rapidly; the French abandoned Schöngraben and mounted ten guns to the right of it which responded to Tonschine's firing.

Their childlike delight at the sight of the conflagration and the success of their labors prevented the Russians from observing this hostile battery. They did not notice it till two balls, followed by others, plunged into their midst. A gunner had his leg shot off and two horses were killed. This did not cool their ardor, but it changed its character; the horses were replaced by two from a reserve carriage, the wounded were carried under shelter, and the four guns were turned on the enemy's battery. The officer second in command to Tonschine had been killed at the beginning of the action, and out of forty men to serve the guns seventeen met the same fate within an hour. But the survivors went on merrily at their work. The little captain, with his boyish, awkward ways, made his servant constantly refill his pipe and sprang forward to see what the French were doing, shading his eyes with his hand.

"Fire, boys!" he would say, and point the cannon with his own hand. Backwards and forwards, through the smoke, deafened by the incessant roar and quivering at the shock of every shot, Tonschine ran from one gun to another with his pipe between his teeth, adjusting the aim, counting the remaining charges, or chang-

ing the horses. In the midst of this infernal uproar his thin little voice gave unceasing orders, his face grew more eager every moment; it only clouded when a man fell dead or wounded, then he turned away to call out angrily to the survivors — always slow to remove the dead or disabled. The gunners — all fine men and, as is often the case in the artillery, two heads taller and of much broader build than their captain — looked at him enquiringly, like children in a difficulty, and the expression of his face was immediately reflected in their manly features.

Thanks to the incessant rating, to the din and the compulsory activity, Tonschine felt not the smallest fear; he did not admit the possibility of his being wounded or killed. He felt as though it were quite a long time since he had fired the first shot at the foe, that he had been there since yesterday, that those few feet square of earth were familiar and long-known to him. He forgot nothing and made his arrangements with as perfect coolness as the most experienced officer could have done in his place, and nevertheless he was in a state bordering on intoxication or delirium. In the midst of the stunning clamor of the battery, of the smoke, of the enemy's ball — which were falling on the ground, on a gun, on a man or a horse—surrounded by his bustling men, while his face streamed with sweat, his brain was busy in a weird fantastic world full of feverish delights. In this waking dream the hostile cannon were gigantic tobacco pipes out of which an invisible smoker was blowing light clouds of vapor.

"Hallo! another puff!" said Tonschine in an undertone marking a white smoke-wreath borne away by the breeze. "Catch the ball and toss it back!"

"What are Your Highness' orders?" asked the man by his side, who half heard the words.

"Nothing. Go on, fire away. Give it them, Matéevna!" he replied, addressing the large, old-fashioned field-piece at the further end of the row and which he called Matéevna.

To him the French looked like ants swarming round their guns; a fine artillery-man, somewhat given to drink, who served the second cannon as No. 1, figured in Tonschine's excited imagination as "the uncle," and he watched his slightest movements with particular interest; the volleys of musketry came up to him like the breathing of a living creature to whose sighing he listened eagerly.

"He is breathing hard," he muttered, and he seemed to himself a huge man, tall and strong, hurling ball at the enemy with both hands.

"Now then, Matéevna, do your duty!" he had just said, quitting his favorite cannon, when he heard above his head an unknown voice: "Captain Tonschine — Captain. . . ." He started and turned round. It was the staff-officer who addressed him.

"Are you mad? This is the second time you have been ordered to retire."

"I — I am all right. . . ." he stammered, raising his two fingers in a salute.

"I. . . ." but the aide-de-camp did not finish. A ball, rending the air close to him, made him duck his head. He was going to speak again when another ball cut him short. He turned his horse and disappeared at a gallop, calling over his shoulder: "Retire!"

The artillery-men shouted with laughter. Almost immediately another aide-de-camp came, with the same message. This was Prince André.

The first thing that struck his sight as he reached the spot was a horse that had his foot smashed and was whining with pain as he stood with his companions still in harness. Some of the killed were lying among the gun-carriages. Balls flew over his head in quick succession, and a nervous thrill ran down his spinal marrow; but the thought that this might be fear revived all his courage. He deliberately got off his horse in the middle of the battery and gave the order there, on the spot. He was quite determined to see it carried out under his own eyes, to convoy the guns himself, if necessary, under the murderous French fire, and he proceeded to help Tonschine, striding over the bodies that lay stretched on all sides.

"Another messenger came just now, but he made himself scarce in no time — not like Your Highness!" said a gunner to Prince André.

He and Tonschine had not exchanged a word; indeed, they were both busy, and did not seem to see each other. Having succeeded in getting four pieces safely limbered up they set out down the slope, leaving two guns, one spiked.

"Now good-bye," said Prince André, and he held out his hand.

"Good-bye, my friend — brave, good soul!" And Tonschine's eyes filled with tears, though he could not have said why.

The wind had fallen; the heavy clouds that seemed to mingle on the horizon with the reek of gunpowder hung low over the field of battle, and two blazing villages stood out against the black background more visible as night fell. The cannon were firing less steadily, but the fusillade behind and to the right was nearer and louder as they went on. Tonschine had scarcely got his pieces beyond the range of the enemy's fire and down into the ravine when he met a party of staff-officers, among them he who had brought the order to retire, together with Gerkow, who, though twice despatched, had never reached him. All, with one consent interrupting and contradicting each other, gave him orders and counter-orders as to the road he should take, loading him with blame and criticism.

He, for his part, mounted on his worn-out horse, sat in gloomy silence, for he felt that if he spoke a word his nerves, in their utter reaction, must give way and he should betray some emotion. Though he had been instructed to leave the wounded, several had dragged themselves after him, imploring to be carried on the guns. The smart infantry officer who, a few hours before, had come hurrying out of Tonschine's hut was stretched on "Matéevna's" gun-carriage with a bullet

in his stomach. A *junker* of hussars, pale and nursing a crushed hand, besought a little room.

"For God's sake, Captain!" he said. "I am badly hurt — I can walk no further!" It was evident from his tone of timid entreaty that he had repeated his request many times in vain. "For pity's sake do not refuse!"

"Find a place for him, tuck a cloak under him, little uncle," * said Tonschine to his favorite gunner. "Where is the wounded officer?"

"We took him down — he is dead," said a voice.

"Sit there, then, sit down: spread out the cloak, Antonow." The *junker*, Rostow himself, his teeth chattering with fever, was helped on to "Matéevna" from which the dead man had just been removed. The blood on his cloak stained Rostow's trousers and hands.

"Are you wounded, friend?" said Tonschine.

"No, only bruised."

"But there is blood on the cloak?"

"The officer's, Your Highness, . . .!" said the gunner, wiping it away with his sleeve, as if apologizing for the stain on one of his cannon.

With the help of the infantry to push, the guns were, with great difficulty, hauled up the hill as far as the village of Günthersdorf; there they halted. It was

* "Little father," "little uncle," "my children," and other words of endearment are terms of respectful familiarity often used in Russia. On the other hand formal titles of address, such as "Highness" or "Your Nobleness," and so on, are freely given to superiors in rank, irrespective of birth.

now so dark that the different uniforms were indistinguishable at ten paces distance. The firing was gradually ceasing. Suddenly it began again and quite close, on the right; the flashes gleamed in the darkness. This was a last effort on the part of the French; the Russians replied from the houses in the village and then rushed out. Tonschine and his company, unable to advance, awaited their fate, looking at each other in silence. However, the firing was soon over and a party of soldiers came out of a cross-street, talking loudly.

"We have given them a warming, lads; they will not try it again."

"Are you safe and sound, Pétrow?"

"It is impossible to see a thing," said a third. "It is as dark as pitch . . . I say, boys, can we get anything to drink?"

The French were finally driven off; Tonschine went on with his guns into the remoter darkness, the noise and bustle of the infantry flowing on with him. It was like a black, invisible stream going steadily onwards, its deep murmur being represented by the dull sound of voices, the clatter of horses and the rumble of wheels. Above this medley of noises rose, piercing and distinct, the groans and cries of the wounded, which seemed indeed to fill the darkness and become one with it — a single hideous impression. A little further on the moving mass was visibly excited: an officer on a white horse, followed by a numerous staff, had just ridden by, shedding a few words as he passed.

"What did he say? Where are we to go? Are we to stop here? Did he say anything by way of thanks?"

In the midst of this cross-fire of questions the living stream was suddenly checked in front; the foremost ranks had halted: orders had been given that they were to stop for the night in the middle of this miry road.

Fires were lighted and tongues wagged again. Captain Tonschine, after making his arrangements, sent a soldier to seek out an ambulance or a surgeon for the hapless *junker*, and sat down by the fire. Rostow dragged himself there, too; his whole frame shook with the feverish chill caused by pain, cold, and damp; he was almost overpowered by sleep, but he could not give way to it for the acute suffering caused by his arm; he would shut his eyes for a minute or two and then gaze at the fire which he saw in a blood-red glare, or at Tonschine's square little figure as he squatted like a Turk and looked at Rostow with a kindly, shrewd twinkle, full of pity and sympathy. He would have helped him with all his heart if he could, but he knew he could not: on all sides they could hear steps and voices, the infantry settling down for the night, the horses' hoofs as they pawed the mud, and the splitting of wood at a distance.

It was no longer the roar of an invisible torrent; it was the swell and dash of the sea after a storm. Rostow saw and heard, but did not seem to understand what was going on round him. A trooper came up to the blaze, squatted on his heels and held out his hands to warm them, turning to Tonschine with an apologetic

look: "You will not object, Highness? I have missed my company, I don't know where."

An infantry officer with his face tied up came to ask Tonschine to have his guns moved; they blocked the way for a baggage-wagon; after him came two soldiers abusing each other and quarrelling for a boot.

"It is not true that you picked it up . . . ."

"Don't talk to me!" screamed the other hoarsely.

A third, with his neck wrapped in blood-stained bandages, came to the artillery-man and asked for a drink in a hollow voice: "Must I be left to die like a dog?" Tonschine bid them give him some water. Then a wag ran up wanting some fire for the infantry men.

"Fire, fire!" he said. "Fire, all hot!— Good-luck to you, friend, and thanks for the fire; we will return it with interest," and he disappeared with his flaming brand.

After this, four soldiers went past, carrying something heavy wrapped in a cloak. One of them stumbled.

"D—— them! They have left the place strewn with wood!" he grumbled.

"He is dead—what is the use of carrying him?" said another. "I tell you what . . . ." And the four men with their burthen were lost in the gloom.

"You are in great pain?" said Tonschine softly to Rostow.

"Yes, great pain."

"Highness, the general is asking for you," said an artillery-man to the captain.

"I am coming, friend," said Tonschine rising and buttoning his uniform as he quitted the fire.

Prince Bagration was at dinner in a cottage a few steps away from the artillery camp-fires, talking with several commanding officers whom he had invited to share his meal. Among them was the old sleepy-eyed colonel — who was gnawing at a mutton bone with an appetite; the general of twenty-two years' blameless service, his face radiant with wine and a good dinner; the German with the diamond ring; Gerkow, who looked anxiously from one to another of the company; and Prince André, very pale, his lips set and his eyes glittering with a fevered light.

In one corner of the room there was a French flag; the civilian sat feeling the stuff it was made of and shaking his head: was it out of curiosity, or was it that the sight of the dinner-table, at which there was no place for him, was a trial to his famished stomach?

In the neighboring cottage sat a French colonel, who had been taken prisoner by the Russian dragoons, and the officers were crowding round him inquisitively.

Bagration thanked the officers who had commanded the various divisions and made enquiries as to the details of the battle and the losses sustained. The general whom we know as commanding the regiment at Braunau, explained to the prince how, quite at the beginning of the action, he had called together the men who were gathering wood and had made them pass behind the

two battalions which he led with a rush, with fixed bayonets, on to the foe and completely routed them.

"Then, Your Excellency, seeing that the first battalion was giving way I took up a position on the road and said to myself: we will let these get past and receive the others with a volley — and that was what I did."

The worthy man would so much have liked to do this that he had ended by persuading himself that it had actually happened.

"I should wish, too, to point out to Your Excellency," he went on, with a reminiscence of his conversation with Koutouzow, "that Dologhow, the private, seized a French prisoner under my eyes, and distinguished himself conspicuously."

"At that very moment, Excellency, I was engaged in the attack made by the Pavlograd horse," added Gerkow with a rather doubtful manner, for he had not set eyes on a hussar during the whole day and only knew by hearsay of what they had done. "They broke two of the enemy's squares, Your Excellency."

Some of the officers present smiled as Gerkow spoke; they were prepared for one of his usual pleasantries; but as this lie was not followed up by any jest, and as, after all, it was to the honor and glory of their troops they looked grave again.

"I thank you all, gentlemen. Every corps — infantry, cavalry, artillery, all behaved heroically! — But how is it that two guns were abandoned at the centre?" he asked looking round for someone.

Prince Bagration made no enquiries as to what had become of the cannon of the left flank, which had been abandoned quite at the beginning of the engagement.

"I fancy I gave you orders to bring them down," he added, turning to the staff-officer on duty.

"One was spiked," replied the officer. "With regard to the other, I cannot understand . . . I was there all the while . . . It was a hot corner, to be sure," he added modestly.

Someone observed that Captain Tonschine had been sent for.

"But you were there?" said Bagration addressing Prince André.

"Of course . . . We just missed each other," said the staff-officer with an ingratiating smile.

"I had not the pleasure of seeing you," replied Bolkonsky shortly and sharply.

There was a pause. Tonschine had just come in, gliding shyly forward behind all these broad epaulettes; abashed, as usual, at the sight of them he stumbled over the flag-pole, and his awkwardness gave rise to a smothered laugh.

"How is it that two guns were left on the height?" said Bagration, with a frown which was meant for Gerkow and the laughers rather than the little captain.

Now, for the first time, in the presence of this dread Areopagus, did Tonschine perceive with alarm the enormity of his delinquency in abandoning two guns while he himself had life. In his bewilderment and the excitement he had gone through, he had entirely for-

gotten the incident. He succumbed, and only murmured: "I do not know, Your Excellency — there were not enough men . . . ."

"You might have had men from the battalions which covered you."

Tonschine might have replied that there were no such battalions: it was the plain truth. But he feared to compromise some superior officer, so he stood with his eyes fixed on Bagration like a school-boy caught in mischief. The silence remained unbroken; his judge, evidently anxious to avoid useless severity, did not know what to say. Prince André looked at Tonschine from under his brows, and his fingers twitched nervously.

"Your Excellency," he began, breaking the silence in a peremptory tone, "you sent me to Captain Tonschine's battery and I there found two-thirds of the men and horses killed, two cannon burst, and no battalions to protect it." Bagration and Tonschine never took their eyes off him. "And, if Your Excellency will allow me to express an opinion, it is to that battery and to Captain Tonschine's heroic steadiness that the success of the action is in great measure due."

He rose from table without waiting for a reply. Bagration looked at Tonschine, and not choosing to show his incredulity he simply bowed and told him he might withdraw. Prince André followed him.

"Thank you," said Tonschine wringing his hand. "You have got me out of a mess." Prince André said nothing; he looked at him sadly and turned away. He

felt a weight on his heart . . . everything was so strange, so different from what he had hoped.

"Who are they? What are they doing? When will it all end?" said Rostow to himself as his eyes followed the shadowy figures that passed him unceasingly. His arm hurt him more and more; want of sleep weighed him down; red spots danced before his eyes, and all the various impressions of the voices and faces around him, and of his own loneliness became one with the pain he was suffering: Those wounded soldiers were crushing him, knocking up against him, these others were racking his muscles, roasting his broken arm.

To be rid of the sight he shut his eyes, and forgot himself for a moment; and in that brief instant a whole phantasmagoria danced before his brain: his mother with her white hands, Sonia with her thin shoulders, Natacha's smiling eyes; then Denissow, Télianine, Bogdanitch and all his squabble with them — and the whole scene was epitomized in the figure of a soldier— out there, down there — that hook-nosed man with a shrill voice, who hurt him so much and dragged his arm. He tried, but in vain, to free himself from the clutch that tortured his shoulder — that unlucky shoulder which would have been quite sound if only he had not bruised it so cruelly.

He opened his eyes: a narrow strip of the black

veil of night was visible above the glare of the fires, and in the glare fluttered a silvery dust of fine, light snow. No surgeon — and Tonschine did not return. — With the exception of a poor little trooper, stripped to the skin, who was warming his starveling frame at the other side of the fire, he was quite alone.

"No one wants me," thought Rostow, "no one helps me or pities me — and at home I used to be strong and happy, and every one loved me." He sighed, and his sigh was lost in a groan.

"What is the matter? — Are you hurt?" asked the trooper, shaking his shirt over the blaze; and without waiting for a reply he went on: "What a lot of poor fellows have been cut and slashed this day. — It is fearful!"

Rostow did not heed him, he sat watching the snowflakes as they whirled in the air; he thought of his winters in Russia, of the warm, well-lighted house, of his soft furs, and swift sleigh — he saw himself happy, well, surrounded by his own people: "What on earth made me want to come here?" he asked himself.

The French did not renew the attack on the following day, and the remains of Bagration's division joined the army under Koutouzow.

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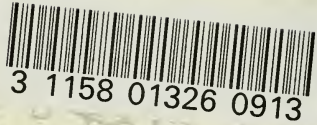

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